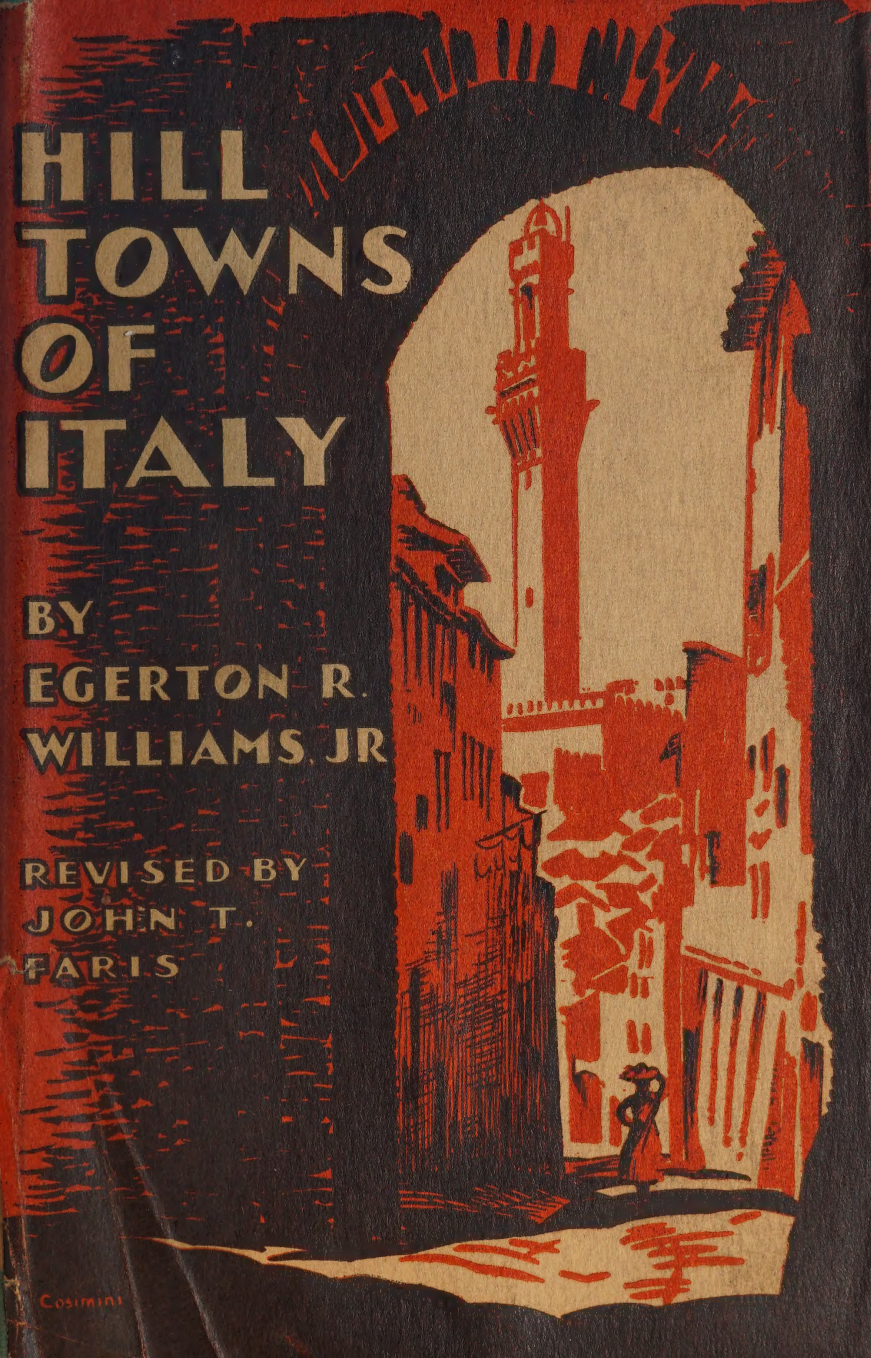
HILL TOWNS OF ITALY

BY
EGERTON R. WILLIAMS, JR

REVISED BY
JOHN T. FARIS



$3.00

HILL TOWNS OF ITALY

By Egerton R. Williams, Jr.

NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION

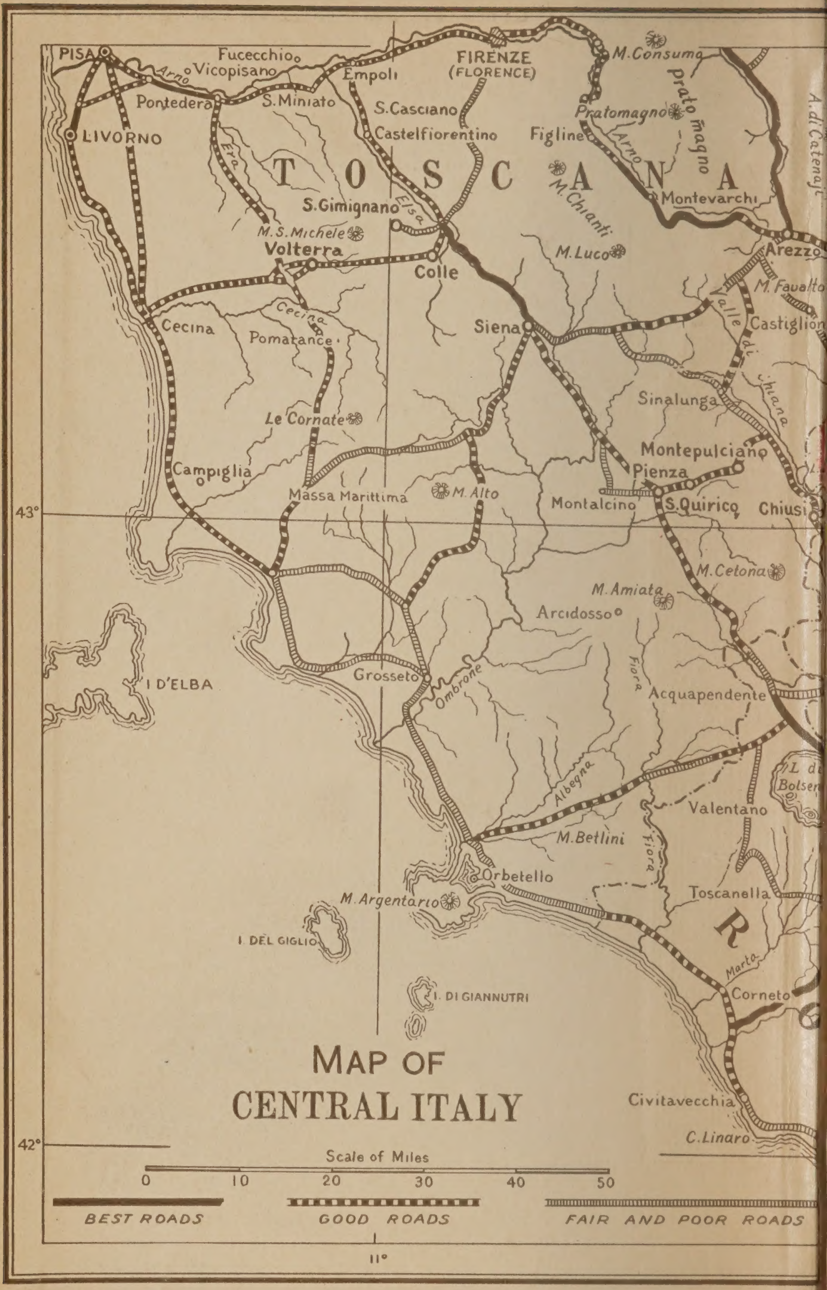
With supplemental material by
John T. Faris

The coming of the automobile and the extraordinary development of motor roads in Italy has made the hill towns accessible as they never were before. This new edition of Mr. Williams's book contains supplementary material by Dr. John T. Faris, well known for his intelligent and appreciative travel books.

Dr. Faris supplies also a map of the modern motor roads and furnishes the most up-to-date information concerning the best methods of reaching the hill regions by motor. The new book will be quite indispensable to all motor tourists in Italy and, as for many years, it remains the standard work for travelers in general.

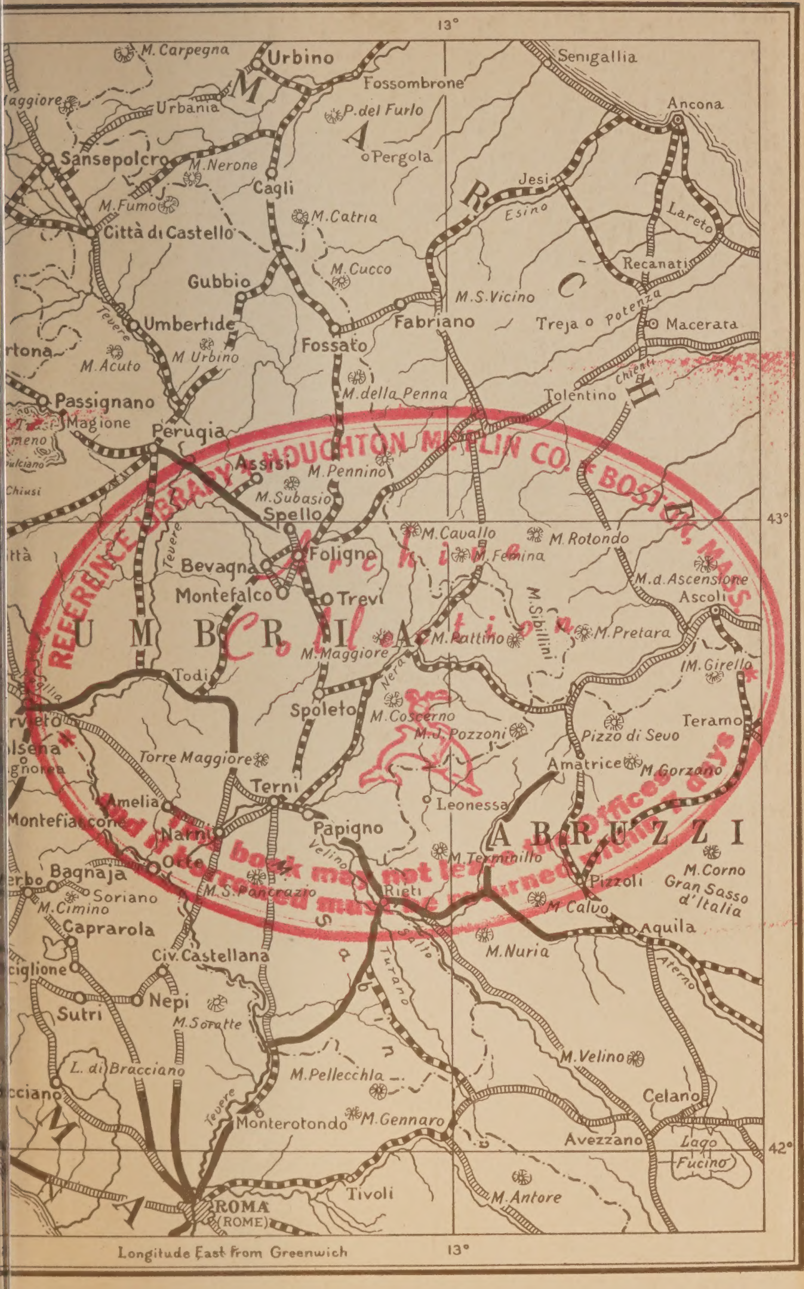
HILL TOWNS of ITALY

By Egerton R. Williams Jr.



MAP OF CENTRAL ITALY

PISA
Fucecchio
Vicopisano
Arno
Pontedera
S. Miniato
Empoli
FIRENZE
(FLORENCE)
M. Consuma
Prato magno
Pratomagno
A. di Catenaja
LIVORNO
Era
S. Casciano
Castelfiorentino
Figline
Arno
T O S C A N A
M. Chianti
Montevarchi
S. Gimignano
Elsa
M. S. Michele
Volterra
Colle
M. Luco
Arezzo
M. Favalto
Cecina
Cecina
Pomarance
Siena
Valle di Chiana
Castiglion
Sinalunga
Le Cornate
Montepulciano
Pienza
Campiglia
Massa Marittima
M. Alto
Montalcino
S. Quirico
Chiusi
43°
M. Cetona
M. Amiata
Arcidosso
I. D'ELBA
Grosseto
Ombrone
Fiora
Acquapendente
L. di Bolsena
Albegna
Valentano
M. Betlini
Fiora
Orbetello
M. Argentario
Toscanella
I. DEL GIGLIO
R
Marta
Corneto
I. DI GIANNUTRI
Civitavecchia
C. Linaro
42°
Scale of Miles
0
10
20
30
40
50
BEST ROADS
GOOD ROADS
FAIR AND POOR ROADS
11°


13°
M. Carpegna
Urbino
M
Fossombrone
Senigallia
aggiore
Urbania
P. del Furlo
Ancona
A
Pergola
Sansepolcro
M. Nerone
Cagli
Jesi
R
Esino
M. Fumo
M. Catria
Lareto
Città di Castello
Recanati
M. Cucco
Gubbio
C
M. S. Vicino
Teuere
Umbertide
Fabriano
Treja
Potenza
Macerata
rtona
M. Acuto
M. Urbino
Fossato
Chienti
M. della Penna
Tolentino
Passignano
H
Magione
Perugia
meno
lulciano
Assisi
M. Pennino
Chiusi
M. Subasio
Spello
43°
M. Cavallo
M. Rotondo
ttà
Tevere
Foligno
M. Femina
Bevagna
M. Sibillini
M. d. Ascensione
Montefalco
Trevi
Ascoli
U M B R I A
M. Pattino
M. Pretara
M. Maggiore
Todi
Nera
M. Girello
Spoleto
M. Coscerno
rvieto
Teramo
M. J. Pozzoni
Pizzo di Sevo
lsena
gnorea
Torre Maggiore
Amatrice
M. Gorzano
Terni
Leonessa
Amelia
Montefiascone
Papigno
A B R U Z Z I
Narni
Velino
M. Terminillo
Orte
M. Corno
Gran Sasso d'Italia
erbo
Bagnaja
Soriano
M. S. Pancrazio
Rieti
Pizzoli
M. Cimino
M. Calvo
Salto
Aquila
Caprarola
Turano
M. Nuria
Civ. Castellana
Aterno
ciglione
Nepi
Sutri
M. Soratte
S a b i n
L. di Bracciano
M. Velino
M. Pellecchia
Celano
cciano
Tevere
M. Gennaro
Monterotondo
Avezzano
Lago Fucino
42°
M
Tivoli
M. Antore
A
ROMA (ROME)
Longitude East from Greenwich
13°

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HILL TOWNS OF ITALY

AN OLD ARCHWAY — SIENA (page 287)

HILL TOWNS OF ITALY

BY

EGERTON R. WILLIAMS, JR.

New Edition

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND A CHAPTER
ON TOURING BY

JOHN T. FARIS

AND WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

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The Riverside Press

In accordance with that ancient custom of dedication, whose usage is no longer material, but has point when gratitude inspires it, I inscribe this volume to the wife without whose fortitude and care it would not have come into existence.

PREFACE

Central Italy is the most interesting country in the world. It includes not merely Rome, that made on her seven hills for twenty centuries the history of the Aryan race, and Florence, the beautiful reviver of the race's energies and accomplishments; but it includes also that wonderful region of mountains extending between those cities for one hundred and fifty miles, reaching from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic. On the lofty summits of those Apennines were perched the hundred cities of the Etruscans before Rome was founded, disseminating a high civilization, controlling by their powerful confederation the peninsula of Italy and the waters of the sea; behind their battlements only rested the remains of civilization when the Empire of Rome had fallen; in their churches and monasteries flickered the feeble light of learning through the ensuing dark ages, first beginning to glow again when these hill towns threw off the yoke of Frank and German to constitute themselves free and independent republics, — republics whose citizens displayed such valor, endurance, and patriotism that the world has not yet ceased to wonder. Then upon these mountain-tops was born that wonderful Renaissance of Religion, Humanity, Science, Literature, and Art, which dispelled the darkness of the Middle Ages, lifted the mind of man from its thralls, and spread to Rome and France and England, to give us the civilization that we have to-day. The hill towns did not merely give birth to the Renaissance; they bound it into the very fibres of their bodies and the principles of their existence. In due time they reflected the lives of Dante, Perugino, and Saint Francis of Assisi. To-day their work for humanity is long since done; they sit upon their crags far above the shining rails that carry modern commerce, mostly deserted and crumbling to decay.

What field is there on the broad earth carrying such enticement to the traveler as this? It is not only the cradle of our civilization, but there is no other field so replete with historical associations of every age. There is nowhere else such picturesqueness of scenery, — the natural and the man-made side by side, intermixed through a host of centuries. Here is beauty also, the purest and the original beauty of the art of the Renaissance, in the lines of countless palaces, in the glowing colors of the canvases of the early masters. And here is natural beauty, in the lovely plains which the mountains hold within their grasp, — the wondrous, golden plain of Umbria, the fertile table-land of Etruria, the luxuriant Valle di Chiana, the pastoral valleys of the upper Tiber and the Arno.

Why, then, has this field been so neglected by travelers? A sojourn of a spring and summer amongst the hill towns has given me a probable answer: it must have been because of their comparative inaccessibility, their lack of the comforts of modern life, and the necessity in visiting them of having a knowledge of their language. Their neglect by writers must have the same reason, but it is more strange. In preparing for my wanderings I was able to find but a few works bearing on the mountain cities, and these were either learned treatises such as Dennis's "Cities and Sepulchres of Etruria," or chance essays upon Perugia, Assisi, and Siena. It was this lack of a comprehensive book upon the hill towns which induced me to give to the public these memoirs of travel, records of individual experience, offered in order to draw the attention of those who go abroad to the wonderful cities of the

Apennines, and in the hope that those who stay at home may be able to see them, at least faintly, through my eyes. The field is too vast to dig far beneath the surface in any one place; the objects of interest are too infinite to mention them all. Mayhap I have particularized too much as it is; but my object has been to be specific enough to aid a little those who go in person.

To many the space devoted to the sphere of art will be wearisome; but, as I have shown, it is impossible to speak of the hill towns without speaking of the works of the Renaissance that are bound into their lives. The lines of their palaces are their dress; the glowing tones of the old masters are the color of their existence. I have tried to avoid profuseness and technicality, and to mention simply enough of the artistic history of a place to put the reader *en rapport* with its life and appearance; and just enough of the characteristics of the chief painters and their works in the hill towns to show the difference between the Umbrian, Sienese, and Florentine schools, and to indicate the distinctive traits of the masters themselves.

E. R. W.

Rochester, N. Y., October 4, 1903.

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INTRODUCTION TO NEW EDITION

Delightful experiences on the highways of other countries led to great satisfaction when, in the summer of 1929, I was planning for an automobile tour of the Hill Towns of Italy. When the trip had been made, I was not willing to count this one of a number of possible road journeys, all worth while, but as the European tour *par excellence*.

England offers wonderful experiences to those who wander on her highways. France can supply many thrills and pleasures, especially to those who take the Route des Pyrénées from the Mediterranean to the Bay of Biscay, the tours through the Château country or along the Mediterranean shores, or to the scenes made memorable by the titanic struggles of the World War. Germany makes almost irresistible bids by her roads along the Rhine, through the Black Forest, and in half a dozen other sections. Switzerland's superb offerings have been multiplied by a number of stupendous highway routes over the Alps into Italy or into Germany. Italy has an alluring programme for the leisurely automobile tourist, all the way from the tip of Sicily to the mountain fastnesses that lead into Switzerland, Germany, or Austria.

For a superb combination of picturesque country and historic background, the six or seven thousand square miles in which nestle the ancient Hill Towns are given first place in the minds of many seasoned travelers. The compelling charm of the country cannot be described adequately.

Although realizing the difficulties of the task, I returned from the Hill Towns with the feeling that a book should be written about them that would appeal, not only to the fireside traveler or the man who looks through the windows of a railway coach, but also to those who turn to the highways for the keenest satisfaction offered in the great out-of-doors. I even went so far as to plan a book, when my attention was called to "Hill Towns of Italy," by Egerton R. Williams, Jr. The first feeling was one of disappointment that such a volume was already in the field. But careful examination led to admiration that dispelled disappointment. For Mr. Williams's book was so complete, so well written, and is characterized throughout by such accuracy, that for many years no one should attempt another popular book on the rare old Etruscan towns and their neighbors.

However, because the volume was written in the early days of the automobile, when motor-cars were unknown on the winding roads of Italy, it lacked one thing for these days — a brief chapter telling of the roads that make access to the favored region easy and comfortable, and a map outlining the roads. Mr. Williams did his traveling by railway or by horse-drawn vehicle. How much more approachable the country is made by the more modern means of transportation! And what delight is in store for the traveler who can spend weeks in wandering up and down, amid lakes and hills, orchards and vineyards, villages and cities! A week may suffice for a general view. Yet months will not be too much for the study.

It is helpful to note that the ideal in Italy is a road for motor traffic only; other vehicles are to be restricted to ordinary roadways. "Autostrade," a publication of the company which has secured concessions from the Government for the construction of roads, notably in the Milan-Lakes section in the North, tells how toll is charged on these cement highways, which are to become the property of the State in fifty years. The construction of such roads in other parts of Italy is under consideration, but as yet none of these have come to the Hill Towns section. There the roads, like those in the United States, are for all vehicles.

But it is of interest to every owner of a car in Italy, even if he is in another section of the country, to read a few sentences from "Autostrade," since these show the ideal for road construction under Mussolini:

"The primary idea of the motor roads arose from the necessity of creating for the new means of locomotion — automobilism — faster and more suitable roads than those already existing, which were built for ordinary traffic represented by animal-drawn vehicles.

"The reason why the old roads no longer corresponded to the needs of the new vehicles — apart from the present state of bad maintenance which can only be considered to have a transitory character — are obvious: it is enough only to examine their narrowness, their winding nature, the quality of surface, the too-cramped bends, the concealed crossings, the frequent passage through inhabited centers, the tramway lines running laterally with the road, the level crossings, guarded and unguarded, the tramway crossings, the absolute lack of any road surveillance or tutelage, and, finally, the dust which, besides being an unhealthy factor, represents a permanent danger at crossings and to following vehicles.

"The inconveniences of the old type of road are, one may well assert, eliminated in the case of the motor road, which, according to the idea that inspired it, avoids the crossings of inhabited centers, runs in an almost straight line, entirely banishes level crossings, fixes the radius of bends at the greatest possible limit, imposes a road discipline on its users, excludes the passage of all unauthorized persons and vehicles, offers a width of carriage-way proportionate to the traffic, and is endowed with a smooth, homogeneous, and resistant surface, free from dust or mud, and finally, offers replenishing points along its length."

The visitor to the Hill Towns may rejoice because there is as yet no need for exclusive roads there, with their necessary rules for traffic. For a few years yet there will be, on these roads, the joy of real motoring, unhampered by many of the things that become inevitable along with the most up-to-date improvements.

In addition to "Hill Towns of Italy," the automobile tourist bound for Italy should have in his possession "Europa Touring," to be secured from the Alliance Internationale de Touring, Berne, Switzerland, for $3.50. This may be secured also from your bookseller, or from your automobile club.

One of the best companions on the way will be Hawthorne's "French and Italian Note-Books." [1] Hawthorne had Murray's Guide with him, but he found it "exceedingly vague and unsatisfactory."

Those who wish to avail themselves of the opportunity for a few days in the Hill Towns, though they have no private automobile at their disposal, will be interested in the bus tour of the Società Italiana Transporti Automobilistici, which announces "Autoservizi di Gran Tourisimo Dell' Italia Centrale." This company conducts three-day tours from Rome to Florence, and from Florence to Rome, once a week. The fare is but 350 lire, a little more than eighteen dollars. Viterbo, Orvieto, Perugia, Assisi, Pienza, Siena, San Gimignano, and Florence are included. This gives only a taste of the Hill Towns, but the trip is well worth taking.

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[1] Houghton Mifflin Company.

Those who take their cars to Italy will find entrance to the country easy; they have need of an Italian Triptyk, which can be secured from Touring Clubs in Europe. This is a permit to pass at frontier, or to deposit the duty on the automobile at frontier custom houses. When the country is left, the amount of duty paid is returned at the custom house passed at the frontier.

Duty must be paid on the value of the automobile. This is placed at thirty-five per cent of the commercial value of the car.

No tax is charged during the first three months in the country. After this period there is a charge, each month, of one twelfth of the yearly tax. This will amount, for a six-cylinder car of twenty horse-power, to about seventy-five lire per month; a car of thirty horse-power must pay twice as much.

A satisfactory road map of upper Italy can be got from the International Touring Club, 10, Corso Italia, Milan, Italy, for 18 lire if mounted on linen, or for 7 lire, on paper. Another good map is one of the series of Cartes Taride, 18 et 20, Boulevard St.-Denis, Paris. For the Central Italy map the charge is 4 francs, mounted on paper, and 12 francs, 50 centimes, on cloth. Still another good map is Foglio 5 of the Carta d' Italia, issued by the Touring Club Italiano, 10, Corso Italia, Milan, at 2 lire.

JOHN T. FARIS

PHILADELPHIA, *December*, 1929

ON THE ROAD IN CENTRAL ITALY

By John T. Faris

The story of the new highway transportation in Central Italy and the joy it brings to the tourist, can be told effectively in two brief quotations from the writings of the English traveler, Edward Hutton. Only a few years ago he said with an enthusiasm that was qualified most carefully:

"To those who have lived long with them, the roads of Italy at any rate have much of the humanity of the living world; they are a part of life. If you follow them, they will lead you where you would be, but the price is weariness and you must walk in the dust."

More recently he said:

"Too many of us cling helplessly to the railway, but now that the automobile is to be found in every village, the roads will get back their own, and I, who have tramped them all in the rain and the sun, cannot but smile when I think of the new Italy, Italy herself waiting there by the wayside for the traveler who has till now seen only the mongrel cities."

Like contrast was made by two other travelers to the Hill Towns of Italy. One of these saw in the cities many things that filled his life with new riches, but he felt that the journey from one town to another was a total loss. "We saw little from the window of the railway carriage," he said.

The second visitor was more fortunate; he went over the roads of Etruria and Umbria in an open car, and so was able to look to right, to left, up, and back, as well as ahead. "What a satisfaction it is to halt when the view is overpowering!" was his comment. "When I am in a railway carriage, I have perhaps a fleeting glimpse before it is gone, perhaps forever; in a car, I can go back to the spot that thrilled me, can let beauty and grandeur sink in until my soul is overwhelmed."

It is not difficult to appreciate the point of view of those who see the glorious country in this favored region between Rome and Florence, from the Apennines to the coast where Christopher Columbus took his first lessons in navigation. Think of gliding swiftly along highways which echoed to the tramp of victorious legions; where Hannibal swept down upon the troops of the proud Roman Empire and made them taste the bitterness of fearful defeat; over which Cæsars hastened to outlying provinces, and consuls and magistrates posted to their far frontiers, or sought their country estates; where myriads of savage warriors from the North toiled on their way to pass under the yoke and so grace the triumphs of successful leaders, and other victims of war broke stone by the roadways as their new lords and masters passed by; whose milestones were marked by successive governors as they repaired the roads, and sought fame by telling of their deeds in lasting records; whose hills and valleys were traversed by Gauls and Franks, by Huns and Goths and Vandals, as well as by popes and lesser dignitaries of the Church, by Guelphs and Ghibellines who hurried to their service for or against the Papacy and the Empire, or by the troops of the cities and towns of the hills whose rivalry led to clashes with each other, whose leagues for defense urged them on to deeds of valor in each other's service.

Of the four chief roads that led from old Rome, three reached out to the north, toward the Alps, or to the northwest, over the Apennines to the Adriatic. The Via Cassia, the Via Flaminia, and the Via Salaria were pathways of the legions two thousand years ago, and the traveler to-day follows these routes in general, and sometimes rides in the actual track of the mighty men of old. The Via Aurelia and the Via Caecilia are traversed by travelers farther north. The Via Clodia follows in part old Etruscan roads that date to the fourth century before Christ.

As the visitor to the Hill Towns traverses these roads, he marvels, thinking that, before the days of Rome, the highways of Europe were mere tracks, the pathways of those who traveled on foot. But Rome made definite decision to build substantial roads; one of her writers said, two thousand years ago: "A nation's roads are an index to its civilization, and the study of its roads an excellent way of learning its history." For "the province that was not bound to the Empire by its highways or network of highways was not yet conquered; its people might have been subjected, its cities and ports might send their tribute to swell its exchequer, but, if a legion or an Emperor's herald could not quickly gain its capital, that province was only half subdued."

The modern traveler by the roads that lead north from Rome will be able to trace in many places the routes of these old roads, just as the automobilist in America, where roads are being changed continually, notes bits of roadways abandoned because later engineers have devised better journeys, eliminating curves or conquering grades. For the Roman road-builder chose a straight course, and this he followed in spite of morasses or other obstacles in the way. Sometimes, however, he showed familiarity with the truth that the way around a hill is no longer than the way over the summit. The road-builders of to-day are removing many of the more trying features of the work done by men long ago.

The vestiges of the roads that remain lead the traveler of to-day to marvel at the ability, the infinite patience, and the evident disregard for expense of the servants of the Emperor who built the roads that are responsible for so many of the pleasures he enjoys. An expenditure of from $30,000 to $100,000 on a mile of road was by no means unusual. That sum secured — as minute examination of the roads has shown — a foot layer of flat stones and cement, a foot layer of flat stones without cement, a foot layer of closely packed earth, a half-foot layer of small stones in hard cement, and a half-foot layer of large stones and cement! And the width of many of the roads so solidly built was one hundred and twenty feet!

Along these roads — four thousand and seventy-one miles in all, from England to Jerusalem — posts were maintained, frequently every six miles, with as many as forty horses, available for instant change. Thus marvelous bursts of speed became possible, as when a magistrate traveled six hundred and sixty-five English miles in less than six days. This was on the road of which the stretch from Florence to Rome was a section. Over this route the traveler of to-day may pass in luxury in his car, making in two hours the distance covered by the ancient speeders in an entire day.

These old highways have been supplemented by many new roads, and each year the mileage available for the tourist is increased. The beginning of this modern development came primarily as a result of an enlightened Government's desire to relieve unemployment, but no long time elapsed before enthusiasm for good roads became at least as great a factor as the purpose to alleviate the sufferings of the people. The United States Consul at Florence reported in the summer of 1929:

"While road improvement may have been adopted by the Government as a means of relieving unemployment, it has certainly brought with it an increase in appearance and property values, to say nothing of the added incentive for motor touring."

The magnitude of the work already undertaken may be judged from the fact that the programme adopted for a single year, 1929–30, called for the building or improvement of twenty-nine highways of a total length of more than one thousand miles. The cost was to be more than twenty million dollars. At one time more than forty thousand men were employed!

This road construction does not interfere with the comfort of the tourist. Usually détours prove unnecessary; building operations are carried on in such a manner that the roads can be used without annoyance.

Of course the problem that confronts the builders is made vastly easier because there are comparatively few cars on the highways. Think of gliding along for ten, twenty, thirty miles without meeting a car — nothing more redoubtable than a woman on horseback, perhaps riding astride; a donkey laden with a burden of tree branches destined for the cook-stove, a burden almost as big as himself; or a lumbering cart drawn by a yoke or two or three of meek-eyed, long-horned oxen!

The roads are not oiled, for the traffic is not yet great enough to make oiling a necessity. Of course the dust rises occasionally, but there is little even of this inconvenience.

How fascinating is the progress along these easy highways, as they dip over the hills, follow around the gentle slopes, skirt a lake or a farmstead, then perhaps make a dash far off to the bounding ridge which looks like the end of the world, until it is reached, then discloses more verdant country to be explored!

Sometimes the easy progress is interrupted by the sudden appearance of a mighty chasm, cutting deep into the plain. Then the road winds down to the lower level, only that it may climb once more to the level beyond. Perhaps one of the marvelous Hill Towns is perched precariously far up on a height that rises above the deep valley, and a dizzy climb is necessary by a series of zigzags that lead at last to an old Etruscan gateway in a wall of massive might.

Here and there by the roadside are other ancient walls. Beyond these, in the fields, women bend tirelessly, companions of the men in their work, or a primitive plow follows some of those oxen whose horns arch high above their heads. The plowed field leads, it may be, to an orchard where the vines hang so full of luscious grapes that the temptation to leave the car and climb the wall is almost overpowering. Sometimes the vines cling to the branches of great gnarled trees, hiding their unloveliness with green verdure and fruit, purple or white, that is so soon to be made into the famous wines of the country.

Once Nathaniel Hawthorne passed by such an orchard. He told of seeing "olive trees, hiding their eccentricity of boughs under thick masses of foliage of a livid tint, which is caused, I believe, by the turning of the reverse sides to the spectator."

Here and there grows the corn, on short stalks that bear each a single ear. How carefully these ears are gathered and carried to the farmhouse, where they are spread out to dry in fantastic array, perhaps two or three hundred ears in all! Near this display of corn may be an old-time threshing-floor, the stone structure elevated several feet from the ground, so that the wielder of the flail must ascend carefully to his serious task.

These farmhouses are picturesque, even if they do seem uninviting. Yet they are more comfortable-looking than the houses in the villages, where so many of the cultivators of the land live close together. Once this clustering in the villages may have been caused by the desire for mutual protection, but now the old way is chosen by many that loneliness may be alleviated.

Now the car passes a woman carrying a heavy burden on her head. But the feeling of pity for her lot is forgotten as another woman is seen roped with an ox, dragging a rude cultivator home from the field. Other women bend over the household laundry in a brook by the roadside; after washing the clothes in water that looks most uninviting, they spread them to dry on the stones near the stream.

Here and there men and women seek shrines built in the walls by the roadside, or perched in shelters made for them. In the village near at hand there is a church which they seek in numbers, but they do not wait to bow in adoration and petition until they come to the more stately fane which shelters, perhaps, some treasure of mediæval art or some marvel of sculpture that excites the admiration of the visitor.

Close to the church, it may be, is a museum where many of the ancient treasures have been grouped for the tourist, alongside of relics from mausoleums of the old Etruscans, or from the palaces built by the popes in this favored land in which many of them spent much of their time.

Sometimes the pavements over which the automobile travels to church or museum — past pedestrians who, at the sound of the approaching car, rush frantically to the side of the narrow street and flatten themselves against the buildings — are relics of an age long gone. Thus they have their part in transporting to the past those who, but a moment before, paused at the gate while an officer looked severely into the car, to see that it did not carry into the town some of the country produce that is expected to pay its part toward the town expenses. The tax exacted is a relic of days when Italy was made up of hundreds of units, each of which lived on the country close by.

To-day there exists in Italy a provision whereby all towns (communes) fall into two categories: "open" and "closed." Closed communes are authorized to exact a tax, called *dazio consumo*, called in France *octroi*, on articles, goods, and produce imported into the city from outside. This duty accrues to the city finances, and is purely and simply a fiscal income. Generally all large cities are closed communes, while the small communities are open; these, not having an income from the *dazio consumo*, benefit from other provisions, which compensates for the lack of revenue.

For several years there has been in Italy a tendency to abolish this form of fiscal burden, both because it is a hindrance to traffic and because levying the duty calls for a large number of agents assigned to the service.

The sight of those peering officers at the gates of closed communes enables the wayfarer to sympathize with Christopher Columbus, who, in 1502, when about to set out for the West

Indies, whose treasures he hoped would fatten his pocketbook with the ten per cent he expected to receive from the rights, profits, and privileges in which he had an interest, made surprising bequest to his native city:

"Although the body walk about here, the heart is constantly over there. Our Lord has conferred on us the greatest favor ever granted to any one since David. Since I am mortal, I leave it with my son Diego that you receive every year one tenth of the entire revenue, such as it may be, for the purpose of reducing the tax upon corn, wine, and other provisions. If that tenth amounts to something, collect it. If not, take at least the will for the deed."

Thus the spell of ancient days is upon the traveler as he glides swiftly along the old-new ways of modern Italy, first out of Rome between the almost endless walls that hem him in, then out into the plain that offers little variety until he lifts his eyes to Soracte, the elongated hill off to the right that dominates the landscape during many long miles. Closer approach to this outstanding hill reveals an old monastery at its base; this was founded in 748 A.D. by Carloman, the son of Charles Martel.

When Nathaniel Hawthorne made his memorable journey up the Via Flaminia, he wrote of Soracte, "bulging up quite abruptly out of the plain, and keeping itself entirely distinct from a whole horizon of hills. Byron would compare it to a wave just on the bend, and about to break over towards the spectator. As we approached it more and more, it looked like the barrenest great rock that ever protruded out of the substance of the earth, with scarcely a strip or a spot of verdure upon its steep and grey declivities."

As Hawthorne proceeded along the Via Flaminia toward Soracte, his eyes fell frequently to the old Roman track, which he could see at intervals close to the modern track. "It is paved with large flagstones," he wrote, "laid so accurately together that it is still, in some places, as smooth and even as the floor of a church, and everywhere the blades of grass find it difficult to root themselves into the interstices. Its course is straighter than that of the road to-day, which often turns aside to avoid the obstacles which the ancient one surmounted. Much of it, probably, is covered with the soil and overgrowth deposited in later years; and now and then we could see the flagstones protruding from the banks through which our road has been cut, and thus showing that the thickness of this mosaic pavement was more than a foot of solid stone. We lost it over and over again; but still it reappeared, now on one side of us, now on the other, perhaps from beneath the roots of old trees, or the pasture land of a thousand years ago, and leading on towards the base of Soracte."

Thirty-two miles from Rome, and six miles beyond Soracte, appears Cività Castellana, on its height, far above the plain. The view of the town from the road is superb, but even more notable is the prospect from the town of the plain, with its winding river, the Treja, which enters the Tiber only a little way beyond Cività.

A turn to the left by the road that crosses over to the Via Cassia, and then to Sutri. This town, on its hill surrounded by ravines, which is approached by a roadway across a narrow neck of land, was called by Livy the key of Etruria; its commanding situation above the Via Cassia was also in the mind of Plautus when he quoted the Roman proverb, *Sutrium ire*, "to go on important business."

A little south of Sutri, still to the left of the Via Cassia, is another landmark of the Empire, Lake Bracciano. In the days when Roman nobles had their villas on its shores, it was called Lacus Sabatinus.

Northward the traveler finds the road becoming ever more picturesque as it climbs to Ronciglione, then to Caprarola, with its vista of the Ciminian Hills, dominated by Monte Cimino. Then comes royal Viterbo, the city whose fortifications date to Desiderius, King of the Lombards. At the junction of three ancient highways — for there the Via Aurelia and the Via Ciminia approach the Via Cassia — it is in the midst of luxuriant gardens whose green, from afar, attracts the wayfarer. The spell of the rich verdure is so great that the observer finds himself within the little city almost before he is aware of his surroundings. Under the wheels are the lava blocks of which the pavement is constructed; about him are the ancient buildings of what have been called the best example of a thirteenth-century *piazza*. That old church! The ruined papal palace, described so well in a later chapter of this volume! That rare prospect of the varied country on all sides! The fortunate traveler by automobile is able not only to see these surroundings from a distance, but to steal upon them and so surprise the beauty reserved for those who go to such near-by places as Bagnaja, on the slope of one of the Ciminian Hills, or Montefiascone, ten miles farther on, perched on a hill more than ten thousand feet high, with its Cathedral of Sammicheli, dating back to 1519, or Bolsena, commanding the lofty Lake Bolsena, with its two picturesque islands, on one of which Amalasuntha, the daughter of Theodoric, was the victim of those who sought her life.

But the country to the north of the lake must not be permitted, just yet, to beguile the traveler. If he retraces the road to Viterbo, he can go a few miles east to Orte on the Tiber, then to Narni, on the lofty rock where the old Romanesque cathedral stands in glory. This old town — said to be the birthplace of the Emperor Nerva — is on the site of an older Umbrian city, which was captured by Rome in 299 B.C. There the conquerors planted a colony, close to the river Nera, which they spanned with a stone bridge, called one of the finest bridges of antiquity. Those who follow the Via Flaminia until they come to this choice spot have the rare privilege of taking their stand on some of the stones which sustained other travelers when Rome was in her glory.

This valley of the Nera should be followed at least to Terni. Then a delightful trip may be taken to the falls of the Velino, famous in antiquity, as to-day, as the Falls of Terni. These falls have lost much of their beauty through the successful efforts of utilitarians to transmit power for the industries of Terni. But those who step from their automobiles long enough to ascend to the spot where they can see the threefold leap of the waters prefer to think of that earlier utilitarian, who, in 272 B.C., dug an artificial channel through which the waters of Lacus Velino might find their way to the Nera. Those who gaze on the beauty roundabout will appreciate the words of Hawthorne:

"Nothing was more characteristic of the energy and determination of the old Romans than thus to take a river, which they wanted to be rid of, and fling it over a giddy precipice, breaking it into ten million pieces by its fall."

Another of the famous modern visitors to this charmed region was John Addington Symonds, who declared that the fall "might be compared in its effect upon the mind to the impression left by a symphony or a tumultuous lyric. The turbulence and splendor, the swiftness and resonance, the veiling of the ocean in smoke of shattered water masses, the withdrawal of these veils, according as the volume of the river slightly shifted its fall, the rainbow shining on the silver spray, the shimmering of poplars hung above the impendent precipice, the stationary grandeur of the mountain, keeping watch around the hurry and the incoherence of the cataracts, the immobility of power and changeful changefulness in nature, were all for me the elements of one stupendous poem. It was like an ode of Shelley, translated into symbolism, more vivid through the inarticulate appeal to primitive emotion than any words could be."

Back to Terni, in order that a picturesque road may be taken across, once more, to Via Flaminia, and then on to Todi on its steep hill more than thirteen hundred feet above the Tiber. There, in and about the town, are riches of early days so many that it is easy to lose sight of the determination to push on to Orvieto, the city which, once seen, cannot be forgotten. There is nothing like the approach to the edge of a deep ravine, the vision of the walled town snugly perched — that word so overworked in talking of the Hill Towns; but what other word will picture the truth? — on its hill from which the inhabitants can look eastward to the Tiber, southward to the Ciminian Hills, west to the country north of Lake Bolsena, and north toward Chiusi and Perugia. But fully as memorable is the wealthy view from within the ancient city's walls of the road that toils up from the valley. Even a high-powered car takes long for that climb, winding in many zigzags, twirling back and forth to make the grade, until it comes at length to the gateway to secrets that must be seen to be appreciated.

Orvieto, like so many of the Hill Towns, offers to the weary sight-seer hotels that are most inviting. The day has passed when it is proper to tell visitors to be on their guard lest they find themselves the guests of landlords who cannot take good care of them. One quite praiseworthy result of governmental supervision in Italy is the assurance that hotels are clean and sanitary. Those in Orvieto are most pleasing abiding-places for the tourist. One of these is spoken of as "The New Hotel." Fortunately the reference is not to the building, which dates back many centuries to the time when it was the palace of the ruler of the city.

From Orvieto two glorious highways lead to Perugia. One passes along the Tiber; the other crosses the lower hills that look off to the valley of the Chiani — the stream that caused so much trouble to the Romans by reason of the floods and the swamp along its route — and then on through the valley of the Nestore. Both roads are attractive. But after Perugia has been seen, they will be remembered chiefly because of the lordly city, one thousand feet above the Tiber, surrounded by mediæval walls, built on remains of the Etruscan fortifications. The traveler enters the city through a noble Etruscan gateway.

Fortunate are those who find lodging in the top story of a hotel on the Piazza, which commands that rare prospect across the plain of Umbria to Assisi and beyond — a view which whets the appetite for the ride to the town that glories in its connection with Saint Francis. Three miles from Perugia, on the road close to the railroad crossing, most unexpectedly appears the entrance to one of the finest of the old Etruscan tombs, the tomb of the Volumni, carried deep down in the volcanic rock. A stairway descends to spacious chambers, in one of which are beautifully carved marble cinerary urns of generations of that noble Etruscan family.

A few miles farther on is Assisi, on a spur of Monte Subasio. From the lofty eminence the visitor may look off to the Tescio and the Topino rivers, and also to the tawny Tiber. But there is so much to see in and about the city of monasteries and churches that the surroundings are forgotten until the car is once again in the valley.

Those who follow farther the road taken from Perugia to Assisi pass through delightful country, past Spello, the town that boasts Pinturicchio's fine frescoes, to Foligno, on the Topino, one more walled city on a hill far above this tributary of the Tiber. There the first edition of Dante's "Divina Commedia" was printed in 1472, very likely on paper made in the mills near the town, for these were producing as early as 1300, only a few years after the soldiers of Perugia did their best to demolish the place. Bevegna and Montefalco are sightly and historic towns to the southwest, while Trevi — the ancient Trebiae, situated on a hill 1355 feet high — is reached by a brief journey to the east, on the right of the main road south from Foligno.

Then comes Spoleto, one of the chief towns on this branch of the Via Flaminia, which joins the main road from Rome at Narni. The automobile tourist finds a wealth of buildings of interest in the little city, which he can enter by the Porte Fuga, a gate in the wall on the site of the old Roman gate which witnessed the flight of Hannibal after his repulse in 217 B.C. by the defenders of what was then known as Spoletium. Outside of the town are other notable structures; perhaps first place, in the thoughts of the traveler, will be given to the ancient aqueduct which supplies the people with water to this day. This aqueduct crosses a deep ravine by the ten-arched Ponte delle Torre, 253 feet high and 755 feet long, built in 1364. The roads that reach the town pass through a fertile district where foodstuffs are produced which make prosperous a city famous for its truffles. Chapter V in this volume gives details about this town, whose history makes visitors gasp. The poet Martial wrote of the famous wine of Spoletium. Here an emperor was slain in 253 A.D. The Vandals and the Goths, who made their way into Italy from the northern fastnesses, found here a stronghold that dismayed them. The walls fortified by Belisarius in 536 were dismantled by Totila in 546. Twenty-five years later it was the capital of a duchy of the Lombards. Frederick Barbarossa vented his rage on the town in 1153, and in 1213, Pope Gregory IX occupied it. And finally, in 1902, a two-horse chariot was discovered near by, the only chariot of the country preserved. This may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum in New York City. What changes the roads have seen since that chariot was dragged to Spoletium, and along its streets!

When Hannibal visited Spoletium, after his victory over the Romans at Lacus Trasimenus, did he travel, approximately, by the way already described through Perugia and Foligno? Or did he follow the Tiber from Perugia, and then cross over to Spoletium? Either route may be followed today by the traveler who would visit the lake.

In ancient times this lake had no outlet, and as it was subject to sudden changes in level, the only relief was in inundating the surrounding country. Since this lofty body of water is fifty miles in circumference, and is from eight to fourteen miles across, it will be seen how, at intervals, progress through the country about its shores was impossible until the construction of an artificial outlet in 1898. Thus, through a small stream, the overflow has since been carried to the Tiber.

Those who follow the highway along the shore to the east and the north of the lake, and other roads that reveal beauties in other regions, will agree that not all the worth-while Italian lakes are in the North. Here is one! Hawthorne thought so; when he had skirted its shores, he wrote:

"There were high hills, and one mountain with its head in the clouds, visible on the farther shore, and on the horizon beyond it; but the nearer banks were long ridges, and hills of only moderate height. The declining sun threw a broad sheen of brightness over the surface of the lake, so that we could not well see it for excess of light; but had a view of hillsides and islands floating about it in a flood of gold, and blue, airy heights bounding it afar.... I have seldom beheld a lovelier scene than that of the lake and the landscape around it."

But the beauty of the surroundings was not so evident to thousands of men who visited its shores in 217 B.C. For that was the year when Hannibal, relentless enemy of Rome, met the legions of the great Empire in deadly conflict and drove thousands of them into the lake. How this was done may be understood by the traveler who follows the roads. The African leader came down from Florence, probably through Cortona, and so along the country of the Via Flaminia. He knew that the Consul Flaminius was at Arretium (the modern Arezzo), which is located about one third of the way from the lake to Firenze (Florence). Flaminius pursued him, hoping to be joined in time by the Consul Servitius, who was with his legions at Ariminum (the modern Rimini), the terminus of the Via Flaminia on the Adriatic. When Flaminius reached the lake, in the evening, he camped near Tuoro, which travelers by the Via Flaminia pass through. From Tuoro along the lake shore, through Passignano, and on a short distance to the rapidly rising grade taken by the road in the direction of Perugia, is a country whose possibilities for a surprise attack Hannibal was quick to see. Helped by a mist from the lake, which made progress and vision difficult for the Roman legions, he lay in wait for the defenders of Rome and descended from the pass east of the lake upon the legions which were stretched along ten miles of narrow road, between the water and the hills. The story of the surprise and the annihilation of those whose determination to destroy Carthage was interrupted by the event is one of the most thrilling narratives of the Second Punic War. And between Magione and Tuoro the traveler by automobile must pass over the road of the tragedy of which Charles Strong wrote:

> "Is this the spot where Rome's eternal foe
> Into his snare the mighty legions drew,
> Whence from the carnage, spiritless and few,
> A remnant scarcely reached his gates of iron?
>
> . . . .
>
> The mountains that gave back the battle cry
> Are silent now; perchance yon hillsides green
> Mark where the bones of those old warriors lie."

Those who continue around the lake come soon to Chiusi (ancient Clusium), with its old walls in which are fragments of the old Etruscan fortifications, and Montepulciano, famous in former days for its wine, a town which was under the protection of Siena until 1202, when declaration for Florence began three hundred years of passage from one master to another.

John Addington Symonds, after his visit to Montepulciano, gave a good reason why this country is better for the travelers by automobile than for those who come by rail:

"For the sake of intending travelers to this, the lordliest of Tuscan Hill Towns, it will be well to state at once and without circumlocution what does not appear upon the time-tables of the line. Montepulciano has a station, but the railway station is at the distance of at least an hour and a half's drive from the mountain upon which the city stands."

That mountain is nearly two thousand feet high, so the traveler needs an automobile to seek the city gates!

Pienza, nine miles west of Montepulciano by a splendid road, is nearly as lofty. Once the town was called Corsignano, but in the fifth century Piccolomini, Pope Pius II, changed the name of this his birthplace.

After twenty-five miles more of most pleasing country the highway leads to Siena, rival of Florence in the thirteenth century. Both cities tried to maintain supremacy over the roads to the sea and toward Rome, and to keep in fealty to them the lords who exercised power over the region tributary to these roads. Florence finally won in the struggle, but through the centuries Siena has proudly held her head high.

About midway between Siena and the sea, Volterra sits superbly on her lofty olive-crowned hill. What a view both of mountain and of the ocean is in store for those who follow the roads to this old Etruscan town which, from 82 to 80 B.C., managed to hold at bay the troops of Sulla!

On the way back to the main road to Florence, a byroad leads to that mediæval city which looks like an impossibly fantastic dream realized — San Gimignano of the lofty towers. Once there were seventy-two of these towers. The remaining thirteen led John V. A. MacMurray to write:

> "Thy city overmasters plain and hill
> With skyward turrets to the sun and storm
> Firm-set forever, but aspiring still
> It looms on high, an elemental form,
> Poised imminent aloft, superb and grand."

One disappointed traveler, who tried to visit the towers of San Gimignano on his way to Florence, managed to win through the ancient gate. But he had not gone far until an officer turned his car back; there was a feast that day, and the narrow streets could not accommodate both the automobile and the people. May other travelers be more fortunate!

Between San Gimignano and Florence much of the country is bleak and barren, yet it has an attraction all its own, and the traveler cannot afford to miss any of it. Especially noticeable is the difference in the accouterment of the horses which draw the carts and wagons along the highway.

As Florence is approached, the country becomes more attractive, until the road leads into the heart of the rare old city, surrounded by green hills, and crosses the Arno by the bridge to the west of the famous old Ponte Vecchio. There can be no better introduction to Florence.

From Florence the modern highway that follows, in great part, the route of an ancient road, passes along the Arno to Pontassieve, so named because of the junction here of the Arno and the Sieve, which comes down from the north. The beauty of the Arno Valley increases until, at Incisa, the river forces its way through the limestone rocks that would impede its progress. Farther south, at Arezzo, the highway joins another main road which follows the Arno to the north, through the fertile wool-producing Casentino. Much of Arezzo's prosperity is due to the wool trade, though the town won lasting fame because it was the birthplace of Petrarch, as well as of Guido of Arezzo, the inventor of the modern system of musical notation.

Now the traveler is getting into the heart of the Apennines, the mountains which Pliny praised. But before the main chain is reached, he passes through San Sepolcro, and through Città de Castello on the Tiber, site of ancient Tibernum, where the younger Pliny had a villa, and where, in later centuries, Raphael produced a number of his earlier paintings.

Still closer to the main range of the Apennines, after the Tiber has been left to the west, Gubbio, the ancient Iguvium, sits superbly on the slopes of Monte Calvo. Those who visit this town should go on into the gorge, which climbs to Scheggia, built on the site of an ancient Umbrian town.

Progress by road is easy to two towns to the east of the mountains which should be visited — Fabriano, another of the thirteenth-century paper-mill towns of Italy, and Urbino, to the north, which may be reached by either of two appealing routes, east to the Adriatic, up the coast to Pesaro, then southwest for twenty miles, or west to Fossato, then north for perhaps fifty miles.

Those who follow thus the highways of the Hill Towns will agree with Edward Hutton, who says: "A most interesting and delightful book might well be written on the old roads of Italy, and indeed one can imagine few subjects more interesting. An infinite leisure still possesses them; there is not among them one that is not still beautiful, leading to splendid and famous things."

Now let us read together what Egerton R. Williams, Jr., says of these famous things to which the roads told of in this chapter lead the way!

HILL TOWNS OF ITALY

CHAPTER I

SOUTHERN ETRURIA

It was the most perfect of Italian spring mornings as the little train crept slowly upward on the Campagna towards the Cimminian Hills. The vast dome of St. Peter's receded gradually toward the east, and Rome with her thousand towers and housetops sank below the Janiculum Hill. The Campagna undulated gently here, north of the Tiber, unlike its barren level to the south; and every vale and swell was covered with the fresh green verdure of growing crops and budding orchards. Spring wheat spread itself knee high, meadows of hay glistened with a myriad of daisies, and countless acres of fruit trees displayed their new-born leaves. It was like the Campagna of old, when Latium filled it with husbandry and made it one great garden; when the Etruscans descended from their mountains and made it slave for them; when Veii flourished as a mighty commonwealth, when villages and cities dotted the landscape, — and Rome was an infant colony.

At last I was going to visit that great Etruria, against whose might the Latins founded Rome as a bulwark on the Tiber; Etruria, whose thousand cities waxed rich and powerful before the days of Romulus; who possessed arts and civilization from which Latium was glad to learn; who conquered the Latins north of the Tiber and sacked Rome herself; who covered the sea with her ships, and gloried in the riches of Syria and Egypt. I thought of this as the little train puffed upwards, and of how many years I had desired to penetrate the Cimminian Hills, which for so long held off Rome from the heart of Etruria. In those fastnesses lay, I knew, the ruins of her ancient cities, untouched for two thousand years, and the strange mediæval towns which ofttime rose upon their sites.

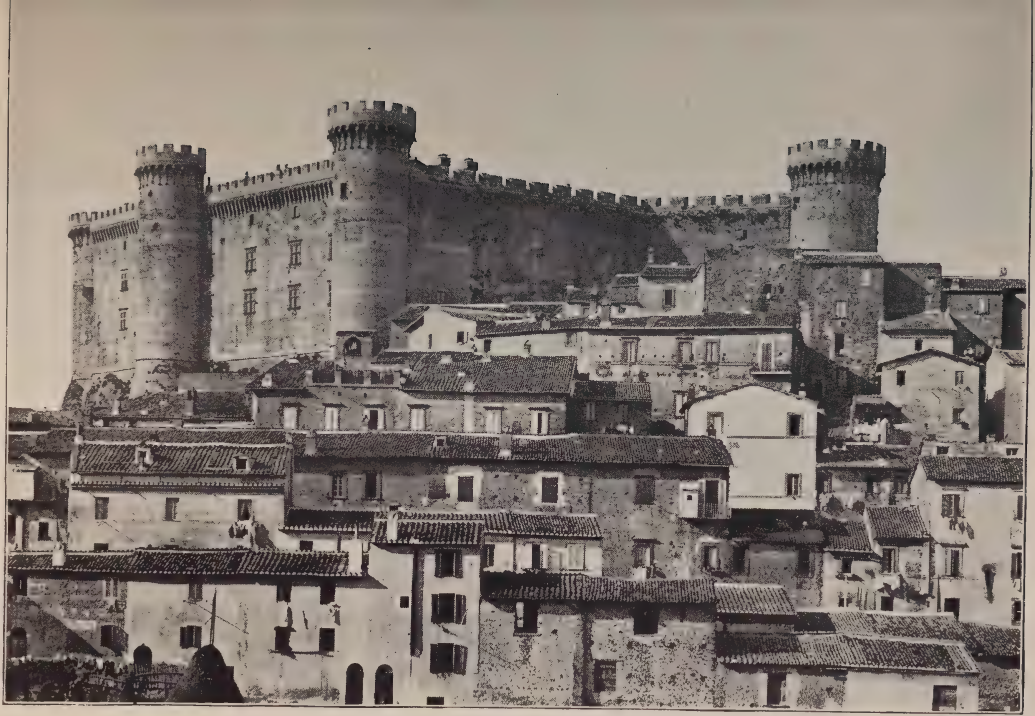
Upon the smiling Campagna in this beautiful April morning it was very difficult to realize that here Rome and Etruria struggled so long for the mastery; that over yonder lay the insignificant ruins of once mighty Veii. Only one or two villages appeared in the distance, lying in dun-colored spots upon their hillsides. As we left Rome farther behind, the farms and villas gradually disappeared; the smile left the country. But the glorious blue vault of heaven remained as blue, and the Sabine Mountains continued to loom across the Campagna, with their snow peaks in the rear. The fields became barren, covered with a short brown grass, and smoothed themselves out to greater vistas as we mounted the hills which inclose the Lake of Bracciano. Soon there appeared to the southeast only a vast level plain, uncovered by trees, desolate, riven here and there by fissures and ravines; from it there arose a solitary mound in the far distance, soaring beautifully toward the sky, topped by a cupola. It was the dome of St. Peter's, all that there was of Rome, seen for the last time. It made me sad to think of the happy hours spent there, and the friends beneath its shadow, whom I was leaving behind.

I turned away and looked forward for a happier sight, a sight of Bracciano on its hill above the lake. It was to be my first stopping-place. Bracciano bears no remains of Etruria; it is strictly mediæval, and is to be seen for its great castle of the Orsini. Here the Orsini came in the fifteenth century when driven by the Colonna from a captured stronghold, and erected a castle so huge and impregnable that the Colonna were unable afterwards to take it. These wars of the great families of mediæval Rome were much like wars between states. The Orsini, the Colonna, the Frangipani, the Corsini, had their palatial strongholds in Rome itself, and erected about the country on their estates fortified residences which they attacked and captured from each other in turn. Most of these edifices have crumbled away or been demolished; this of Bracciano was never sacked in battle, and has been singularly preserved in modern times.

I looked eagerly for a glimpse of its towers as we approached the lake, and was soon rewarded by a view remarkable for its loveliness. Through an opening in the hills Bracciano appeared, upon its hill, clustering about the gigantic pile of towers and parapets which constitute the castle, — houses clambering white up the rock, roof-tops mounting, yellow with lichen-grown tiles, to the gray walls of the fortress; these soaring ponderously to machicolated parapet and tower-head. Beyond, the deep blue waters of the lake, far beneath.

After luncheon at an albergo of the true Italian country style, I walked down and up, through the winding narrow streets of the old town, to the castle walls, where permission to enter was graciously given by the custodian. The family of the Odeschalchi, who have possessed the castle for the past century and more, were fortunately absent in Rome. They purchased it from the Orsini upon the wane of the fortunes of that great family, who had shone resplendent in the history of Rome for six hundred years.

The entrance to the castle, cut from the solid rock, winds to the left, encircling the subterranean apartments, and emerges to the right upon the courtyard which faces the lake. From the



THE CASTLE OF BRACCIANO

wall of the courtyard I looked down a vast precipice to the shore. The fall was sheer for a hundred feet. Below that spread olive groves and vineyards, the vines just mounting upon tripod-shaped stakes, and throwing up bright young shoots. Above me rose the main façade of the building for another hundred feet, to the projecting parapets. Huge round towers dominated each end of the façade, with the entrance in the southern one. Before me stretched the Lake of Bracciano, in all its peerless beauty, deep blue under the rays of the noonday sun. Gentle wooded hills bordered its round outline, lighter in color at the base with the fresh green of cultivation. Opposite, five miles away, sat Trevignano upon its rock, thrusting a huge donjon tower towards the sky, bathing its gray feet in the blue profundity of the water. To the right similarly sat Anguillara, dominated by its ruined castle. In the far distance loomed the peaks of the Sabine Mountains, bleak and gray. I can recall no lake view superior to this in beauty, unless it be that from Bellagio on Lago di Como.

In the inner courtyard of the castle, — fronted on one side by a two-storied loggia, on another by a quaint covered stairway — I found the keeper, who conducted me through the interior. Opening upon the front courtyard, facing the lake, was the old hall of justice, with lofty wooden ceiling and a semi-royal throne covered with a silken canopy, where the Orsini sat for centuries to judge their dependents. I passed through a long series of mediæval apartments which are still used by the Odeschalchi,— bedrooms, living-rooms, reception-rooms, — all alike in their great stone fireplaces, recessed windows with stone benches on each side of the recess, and furniture several centuries old. All of the beds were four-posted, and elaborately though rudely carved in bas-reliefs. Many ancient wooden coffers were seen, great and small, carved, filled with intarsia work or covered with hammered silver. Most interesting of all was the ancient kitchen. As we proceeded to this by dark passages which wound in and out, and up and down, with light from an occasional window deep-set in a six-foot wall and strongly barred, I ceased to wonder at Sir Walter Scott's so great desire to visit this castle that he proceeded hither before he had seen Rome. The remembrance of his descriptions of mediæval chambers and corridors, dungeons and battlements, in "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman," was brought vividly back.

In the kitchen was a great three-arched recess, against and in the walls of which were built the brick ovens. Above them hung a vast array of ancient copper utensils, of every size and shape, dinted each in a hundred places, but still shining warmly. The custodian announced that they were still used, also the ovens, after an existence of four hundred years.

When I left Bracciano it was to mount still farther toward the old Cimminian Hills. Bracciano and its lake lie on the great slope which descends from the mountains to the Campagna; on this slope also lie the old Etruscan towns of Sutri, Nepi, and Civita Castellana. The hills proper begin to rise quite suddenly from the table-land at about the location of Ronciglione. The little railroad, which was put through but a few years ago, sends off a short branch line from Capranica, which climbs eastward amongst the foothills to Ronciglione.

As we rolled slowly along, I noticed that the character of the vegetation had become wholly northern. Already we were at an elevation of 1300 feet above the sea level, and only deciduous trees and shrubs were to be seen, and these but just leaved. The palms and the cacti were left behind.

It was dusk when I arrived at the station of Ronciglione, and, seeing no town in the neighborhood, was obliged to intrust myself to a villainous looking *vetturino*. However, he conveyed me safely to the village a kilometre distant, and to its better inn, which looked forlornly upon the street through its single room upon the ground floor. This room was used for all purposes, — a living and dining room for the family of the proprietor and any chance guests, a café for the public, and a promenade for the villagers.

including cats and dogs. It had bare wooden tables, rush-seated chairs, a low-beamed ceiling, and rough tiled floor. I soon found this to be the general character of the public or dining room in all Etruscan country inns. During dinner the villagers came in and walked about with their hats on, smoking, and the dogs and cats ran between my legs.

This pedestrianism of the townsfolk was more alarming, however, at night. Without any cessation, during all the hours of darkness, they marched up and down the main street beneath my window, shouting and laughing in loud tones, and singing in chorus. With the first break of day the donkeys began to click their sharp heels over the stones, and bray with vigor. I gave up all thought of sleep and set out to examine the town. I found it perched, like every Etruscan city, above a deep ravine. The walls of the first houses served to continue the precipice; above them mounted the others, tier on tier, topped by the dome of the cathedral and the towers of a ruined castle. The walls were of a monotone, a dull brownish gray, volcanic rock darkened by centuries of sun and rain. The roofs were quite yellow, so overgrown with lichen are the ancient tiles. Far below splashed a little stream, falling over the ruins of a mill.

Ronciglione, however, is but a stopping-place from which to visit Caprarola and the ancient towns of Sutri, Nepi, and Civita Castellana. Beyond its picturesque situation it is uninteresting. So I closed a bargain with my villainous-looking *vetturino* to have him and his horse at my service by the day, and set out at once for Sutri, which lies five miles to the south upon the table-land. No friend would have had the fortitude to recognize me, as I jolted along in this extraordinary vehicle. Its age could not be less than a hundred years, and all remains of paint had vanished a lifetime ago. It was broken, patched, and dirty, and rolled from one side to the other on very small wheels, surely of oval shape. The spavined horse jerked it along by a pair of ropes. The brigand on the front seat, with great boots, wide-brimmed felt hat, a huge whip, and a cast in his eye, completed the turnout, — which was the best that Ronciglione could provide.

As we turned a corner a wide view of the great table-land below burst suddenly upon us. Level as a floor it seemed, but to my surprise beautifully covered with verdure, stretching off to the south indefinitely, and to gigantic Soracte on the east. Soracte rose sheer from the plain to its vast height, like a mighty lion crouching with curved back and bristling head for a spring towards the Campagna. Its isolation gave it awesomeness. Beyond it stretched the level valley of the Tiber to the Sabine Mountains, dim and gray in the background. I realized at last the reason for Soracte's fame through all the pages of history, and the stories and legends which cling to its mighty sides.

But the lovely green verdure of the plain was a great surprise. I think that every student of Etrurian and Roman history must learn to associate this country south of the Cimminian Hills with bleakness and barrenness, — picture it a repetition of the southern Campagna, intersected by huge ravines. But here was a country as fair and softly green as England. As we jolted downwards and across it, I found myself in a road like an English lane, lined on both sides by thick, beautiful hawthorn hedges just putting forth their delicate white flowers. Over the hedges leaned trees of every northern type, fair with their new-born leaves. The trees spread themselves here and there over the meadows, which were closely cultivated, some freshly tilled, some with growing wheat knee high, others showing recently cut hay. Often the road ran through a cut in the rock for some distance, but always the bushes leaned over the banks and hung down the sides, bearing luxuriantly that beautiful yellow wildflower known to us as broom, which the natives call *dalmaggio*.

I could not realize that this luxuriance of verdure was Etruria, until we turned suddenly into a vast ravine with precipitous rocky sides and a streamlet gurgling far below. It is curious how these chasms intersect the whole country, showing no traces of existence till one comes to the very edge of the bank. Otherwise it is level, or but very gently rolling.

And the vast age of Etruria, — its great history, its once dense population and extensive cities, — what was there in this fertile farm land to suggest it? Nothing, until we came to a ravine or the side of a cliff, and saw the holes gaping here and there in the rock, — desolated tombs of the ancients, — and until we saw before us Sutri upon a slight hill, dominated by its cathedral tower. We crossed the ravine from which its sides rise so grimly, by a bridge of modern construction, and climbed the main street between dark, gaunt, old houses, passing through a frowning gateway in the wall. An impression of vast, vast age descended immediately upon me. The walls of the buildings were of ancient volcanic stone, blackened and furrowed in spite of its hardness by the centuries. Little windows looked darkly out, many of them heavily barred. Narrow side streets led winding downward toward the ravine on each side, passing through archways like tunnels. Dark-visaged men slouched about in the costume of my driver. Women peered out of gloomy doorways, with infants closely wrapped in swaddling clothes.

The scene was brighter when we emerged upon the piazza, — a widening of the main street

The sun cast in his warm rays, illuminating the fountain in the centre and a mediæval archway with three bells hung above it in the open. Here I left my vettura; and as I walked on through the principal street, narrowed again to gloominess, I thought,—"This, then, is ancient Sutrium, perched unchanged above its ravine—Sutrium so faithful to Rome after its early capture from the Etruscans, which underwent so many sieges and sacks from both sides; Sutrium, the birthplace of Pontius Pilate." A house is pointed out as having been Pilate's. However unreliable this tradition, no doubt the house of his nativity *is* still standing, somewhere in the town.

I emerged from the southern gate, intact as built by the Romans, and walked down the road, which the ravine on the west circles around to meet. The cliff forming the further side of the ravine is perforated with hundreds of ancient tombs, where the Etruscans of pre-Roman period were buried,—long since opened and despoiled. Here was to be found the celebrated church of Madonna del Porto, cut by unknown early Christians from the interior of the cliff. Searching about beneath the shadow of the great ilexes which fringe the cliff above and droop their graceful boughs down the sides, I found an orifice closed by a modern wooden door. Pushing this open I stood in a rock-hewn chamber of small size, having benches at two sides where once reposed the dead. To the left an archway disclosed to view the most extraordinary place of worship that I shall ever see. A narrow, low nave led up to an altar twenty paces distant; on each hand was an aisle, separated from the nave by eight square pillars. Continuous benches lined each side of the nave and the aisles. All was roughly hewn from the solid rock, — nave, aisles, pillars, benches. Windows pierced through the left-hand wall illumined dimly this ancient church, and showed the arched roof green with the damp of ages.

No one knows whose hands, with untiring devotion, cut out this marvel. It must have been done under severe persecution, when Christians were forbidden to worship within the town. I turned from the place with a sigh for the sufferings of the faithful in those terrible days.

A little farther down the road a passage cut in the cliff led to the old Roman amphitheatre, or more properly Etruscan; for this probably was cut from the rock before a single such construction stood in Rome. From the passage I saw it lying before me, vast, and so overgrown with vegetation as to be almost hidden. Deep grass filled the arena completely. But the outline of all the rows of seats, with their stairways, was clearly discernible, and the dark openings of the vomitories. Truly this was as great a work as building a pyramid, — to hew this gigantic opening out of the solid cliff, to cart away the mountain of stone thus excavated, and to shape the benches, steps, corridors, arena, inclosing wall, vomitories, and subterranean passages for gladiators and beasts.

It made me realize how great was Sutrium once upon a time, — how great was Etruria. Only a large and rich population could afford such a work, and carry it out.

The next excursion was to a more modern relic of past ages, — such a one as at Bracciano, — the palace of the Farnese at Caprarola. This the Farnese built a century or two later than the castle of the Orsini, when the barbarism of the Middle Ages had finally given way to the Renaissance, and it ceased to be necessary to make every dwelling as strong as a dungeon. Consequently the construction of the Farnese partook more of the nature of a Roman palace.

Caprarola lies a little farther up on the hills than Ronciglione — five miles to the north. Thither I proceeded with my antediluvian vehicle, which never seemed to break down, and my brigand driver, who never showed any of the qualities of a brigand. In fact, he was quite an agreeable person. We crawled up the slopes, passing continually the omnipresent donkey, which does all the work of the country. A horse is very rarely seen, likewise a four-wheeled vehicle. Occasionally we met a heavy two-wheeled cart, with the little donkey in the shafts; but nearly always he was plodding along with a peasant, or a great load of produce, on his back. Sometimes he carried two huge water-barrels or half a dozen wine-kegs slung to his sides with ropes. I saw one transporting thus over a dozen building stones, one of which a man could hardly lift.

When Caprarola came to view I saw it mounting the hillside above us in one long street, leading up to the Palazzo at the summit. The power and beauty of the position selected by the Farnese was at once apparent. The Palazzo faced down upon us, over the town, and over the whole country beyond, displaying a most pleasing Renaissance façade which rose above a great double flight of steps at the head of the street.

I left my vettura at the bottom of the steep hill, feeling pity for the antiquated animal, and climbed the long straight incline between dingy, mouldering, crumbling old houses to the palace steps. Mounting these I found myself on a terrace from which rose another stairway to the doors; and from the top of this second stairway the view was magnificent. It ranged down the long dark street of the town, over the yellow roofs, and across the great fertile plain below to an indefinite distance. Soracte dominated the whole scene with his majesty. Light clouds drifting in the sky threw here and there over the smiling fields and patches of wood a caressing shadow. To the southeast a pile of dun-colored buildings surmounted by two or three towers denoted Nepi, sleeping in the plain. Further off, on the flank of Soracte himself, lay Cività Castellana.

Caprarola Palace was erected by Vignola, and is really his chef d'œuvre. It is in the form of a pentagon, with sham bastions at the angles. The main façade is graceful and pleasing purely from the nice proportion of opening to the solid shown in the size and placing of the windows, and the elegant, well-adjusted cornice. It is three-storied; pilasters stand upon the string-courses of the second and third stories. The windows of the ground floor are heavily barred with projecting grilles. Within I found a beautiful circular cortile, arcaded, with heavy balustrades and double columns. For the purity of this and for the truly wonderful beauty of the staircase Vignola deserves great credit. This staircase ascends spirally, at the southwest bastion, to the roof of the palace. Light drops down the well which it forms, and illuminates softly the graceful double columns which carry it upward, and the rich balustrade and cornices.

The great halls of the second story are covered with frescoes by the brothers Zuccari, interesting more for their significance than their beauty.

Now and then a figure is found of true power and execution. The pictures portray the striking incidents in the history of the Farnese, and apostrophize their strength and glory. One is very interesting for its portraits, illustrating the marriage of Orazio Farnese with Diane, daughter of Henri II. of France, and containing the figures, besides the contracting parties and King Henri, of Henry of Navarre, Catherine de Medici, the Duc de Guise, Prince de Condé, Madame de Montpensier, Mademoiselle de Rohan, and many others. — The palace backs upon a very pretty garden, entered by a bridge over the moat, where shady avenues lead from the bright sunlight beneath ilexes and cypresses.

I drove back to Ronciglione feeling that I envied the members of the Caserta family, who now own the palace; I envied them those beautiful flowery gardens and that marvelous view. And yet they come but once in several years to occupy it, in the month of October, as is the way of most Roman families with their country places.

The next day it rained, and I was shut up all the morning in my dismal little inn, with the dogs and the cats and all insects that crawl or fly or leap. It brightened for a while after lunch, and I instantly sent for my vettura and started for Cività Castellana, determined to escape from the company. By the time we had descended the hills to the plain the rain came down again. So we plodded along through it, up and down the gentle swells of the ground, passed through Nepi like a dream, seeing but a vague outline of buildings in the downpour, and arrived at Cività in three hours. Cività was as primitive as Ronciglione, except for the possession of a few buildings plastered without in modern Italian fashion. The only room that I could procure in the place was in a private house, for the little inn was filled with soldiers; I felt that in these archaic surroundings I should be glad to have shelter at all.

Next morning the clouds had vanished and the sun shone once more in his glory. Walking about Cività I found it perched, of course, on an eminence between two vast ravines which circle about on the north and south sides and meet on the east. On the west side, where we had entered, an ancient fosse connects the ravines, crossed by a bridge at the fortress. This fortress or castle was built by Pope Alexander VI. about 1500, from the designs of Antonio da Sangallo the elder. It is a plain round citadel, surrounded by high walls. My first view, however, was of the ravine to the north, which in the early morning was filled with mist. The sun's growing strength drove this hither and thither in dense clouds, parted them, disclosed sudden views of trees growing far, far below, — and finally expelled them in flying masses to the sky. Then a wonderful sight was unveiled. The great chasm lay

THE RAVINE—CIVITÀ CASTELLANA

at my feet, precipices of bare rock falling from the house walls to the green trees at the bottom, amongst which splashed in boulders a considerable stream. This made a beautiful cascade a little farther to the west. The rock walls of the chasm were perforated everywhere with black holes, — Etruscan tombs, — to which tiny footpaths must scramble, though not discernible. A single bridge crossed the ravine, in three mighty leaps, a gigantic construction of the popes two centuries ago. Crossing this, I viewed Cività as a whole, rising compact from the walls of the chasm, piling brown and dingy in a complicated mass to the heavy Duomo tower. I saw it unchanged from its reconstruction about the seventh or eighth century, and probably about the same as it looked — save for the campanile — in Roman times. Then it was the old Etruscan town of Fallerium, existing from time immemorial, secure from assaults of all ordinary enemies. But the Romans captured it in B. C. 296 under Camillus, and it must have been the greatest feat of that remarkable general. In B. C. 214 the town revolted, was recaptured, and then destroyed. This destruction tells the tale of its comparative impregnability; the Romans could not afford another such revolt. They then did such a thing as they, and no other people, could do: they selected a site for a new city upon the level plain three miles to the northwest, surrounded it with a low wall, for looks and not for defense, and removed the inhabitants of Fallerium bodily thither. The new town kept the old name. It existed prosperously until the fall of the Roman power under the Goths and Huns, when, being easily captured and sacked by whatsoever vandal enemy came along, the population returned for safety to the ancient site; and thus old Fallerium arose from its ashes, but under the name of Cività Castellana (or "Castellated City") in distinction from the Fallerium on the plain.

Recrossing the bridge after indulging in these memories, I wandered about through the gloomy, dirty streets, the population gazing upon my modern clothes with wonder and often following for a distance. They had not much distinction of costume themselves, being dressed mainly in rags and tatters; I noticed, however, that the bakers all wore a very peculiar cap, like a Turkish fez in the color and the tassel, but with heavy folds like a turban. In the piazza was a great stone mediæval fountain, evidently constructed as early as the eleventh century, to judge from the extraordinary rude griffins' heads from which the water spouted on four sides into the basin. Here the women were busy filling jars, made still in the shape of the ancient Roman amphora, and carrying them off on their heads.

There is another small piazza before the cathedral, which, I found to my surprise, possessed a graceful façade with a wide handsome portico. This was erected in 1210 by Laurentius Romanus, his son Jacobus, and grandson Cosmos, — so the inscription said, — which accounts for its beauty. Their mosaic work extends above the portico, and over the high-arched doorway, as a frieze; it covers the lintel and jambs of the door itself, in lovely coloring. Within is one of their excellent opus-alexandrine pavements. I found amongst the fragments of Roman remains under the portico a block of white marble shaped like a drum, about three feet in height, and covered with remarkable reliefs. It was evidently a relic of the very best period of Roman art, before the fourth century, of which there are so few remains anywhere. The reliefs represented Roman warriors and two women; the figures over two feet in height, well proportioned, most graceful in attitudes, and executed with extraordinary skill and detail. They were of course somewhat mutilated and smoothed by time, and the faces were practically gone; but the greater part of the work remained. Of what use this was made it is impossible to tell; probably as a drum of an ornamental column.

In order to see the remains of the "new" Fallerium built by the Romans in the plain, it was necessary to proceed by vettura. We accordingly crossed the northern ravine and drove slowly across the beautiful country, which was radiant in the sunlight after the rain. Great trees dotted the softly green meadows and fields of grain,—elms, beeches, and oaks. They gathered in copses in groups of exceeding beauty. One fancied one's self in England, until an uplifting of the eyes found the Cimminian Hills rising grandly in the background. Upon their crest Caprarola with its great palace was plainly visible. Looking back, the view ranged beyond Soracte, now so near at hand and stupendous, across the valley of the Tiber, to the vast wall of the Sabine Mountains, stretching from north to south. Snow peaks glistened over the shoulders of the foremost, and little piled-up towns were visible as patches of gray here and there.

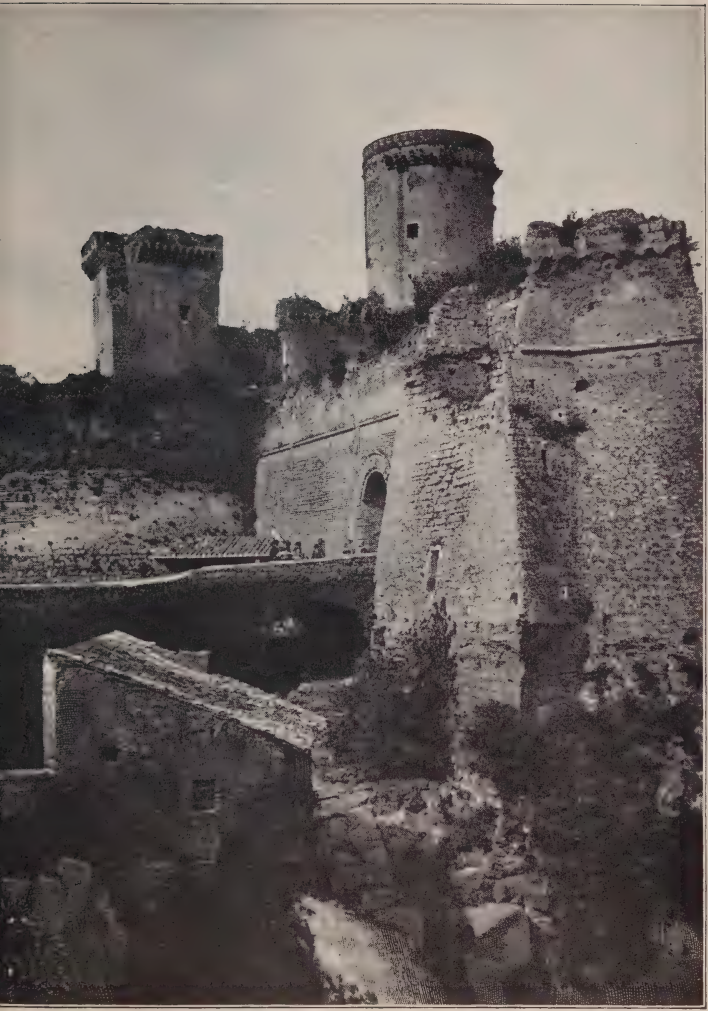
Upon the plain before us soon appeared a long wall with towers at intervals, rising from the meadows without any fosse. It was Fallerium. The parapets had crumbled away, and the tops of the towers broken; bushes spread themselves where the parapets had been, grass grew in every crevice, and fine trees nodded overhead. It was a queer sight to see this great wall, however dilapidated, rising from a field of growing wheat, and stretching away with embattled towers. No house was in sight, no living being; only the smiling fields and elm trees.

Within the walls was the same view,—save for the ruined mediæval abbey of Santa Maria, built in the Middle Ages from the stones of the ancient city. Except this structure the eye swept over only growing crops and copses of wood. Nothing whatever remained of the considerable city which had existed there for a thousand years, — not a building, not a fragment, not a trace of a street. The efforts of the countless human beings who lived and breathed, worked and enjoyed, suffered and died there in that millennium, had not left a vestige of their existence behind them. Yet the walls which the Romans had built for them to occupy continued intact, encircling now the same vacant fields which they had girdled upon construction; strange apostrophe to the eternal power of Rome.

I walked over to the ruined abbey, which once was prosperous and strong, and found it now used as a farmhouse. Entering the beautiful marble doorway of the church, I saw the roof fallen in and chickens in possession. The sun poured in his rays upon the graceful arches of the nave, which for hundreds of years was occupied by cowled monks singing in gloom, and now is the hennery of a farmhouse. Truly the wheel of fortune does turn, be it ever so slow.

Returning to Civitâ, I had lunch and proceeded to Nepi, which had been invisible the day before. Approaching it to-day in the beautiful sunlight, I found myself crossing the usual Etruscan ravine by a high bridge to the walls. Beside the bridge and towering above it was a huge aqueduct of two tiers of arches, built, as I learned, by Pope Paul III. in the sixteenth century. It was evident that the popes had done something for Nepi, as for Cività. The road climbed the side of the cliff, turned in at the top, and in a hundred yards reached the piazza. Here I started out to walk about the town. I found it much smaller than Cività or Sutri, both of which places possess to-day about five thousand inhabitants apiece, whereas Nepi has but two thousand. These figures are but a fraction of their population in ancient times. The people of to-day occupy nooks and corners in the tumbling dwellings which once held five times their number. Nepi, like the other two towns, is bounded by chasms on three sides and an artificial ravine on the fourth. On this fourth side alone was protection really needed, so there I found the high wall and the citadel.

This wall is still very perfect, owing to its restoration by the popes. It rises from the fosse in a grand high sweep, with bastions rounded and corniced ; above tower the walls of the ancient citadel, rebuilt as a dwelling castle by Pope Alexander VI. and since again fallen to decay. I remembered that it was here that Lucretia Borgia once resided. It did not seem possible, as I gazed at its great ruined towers, and its walls through which the daylight shone, that it could ever have been comfortable enough for any



THE ANCIENT CITADEL—NEPI

woman to occupy. Against a corner stood a shed containing a stone trough through which water was running, and in this a dozen women were vigorously washing clothes, — a polychromatic group of bright reds and blues which was a pleasant relief to the black hue of the ancient stones. Further on, without the town wall, a stream fell over the cliff of the ravine in the very shade of the castle, making a beautiful silvery cascade.

Accompanied by a small army of boys who evidently had never seen a stranger before, I wound my way through the little streets to the "Cathedral," which seemed to have been built over an earlier construction; for in the crypt were twenty-seven ancient columns, supporting a roof which forms the floor of the present choir, and placed equidistant in several lateral rows, like the portico of a Roman temple. They were mostly plain, some spirally fluted; but their capitals were extraordinary heads and bodies of beasts, of every kind and attitude, — a whole menagerie. As the sacristan held his candle aloft in the gloom, and these monstrosities mouthed down upon me, it was enough to shake the nerves. He said it was the legend and the belief that this was a pagan temple of the fourth century, and pagan or not the workmanship indicated an antiquity nearly as remote.

I found nothing else of special interest in

Nepi, and was soon on my way again to Ronciglione, which we reached in time for me to escape from it by the evening train to Viterbo. On the way the reason occurred to me for the singular impression of gloom and vast age which these old Etruscan cities make upon one. It is not the filth nor the little narrow streets, for these are everywhere in Italy. It is the ancient stone walls and façades of the buildings, not plastered externally, as in towns which modern life has reached, but with their huge blocks grooved, furrowed, and blackened by time immemorial.

The train to which I changed, at the junction of Capranica, climbed the Cimminian Hills through fertile fields and patches of young wood in the falling dusk; until the summit was reached, and we descended rapidly upon the other slope into northern Etruria. Here was Etruria proper, in the great plain to the north, separated by these hills from the southern country. In early times these were densely wooded, and for many years held off the Romans after they had conquered the table-land of Fallerium, Nepete, and Sutrium. I recalled the old story of how, when the Consul Fabius, after his defeat of the Etruscans at Sutrium, made known his intention to enter the great Cimminian wood, the Senate in terror sent special messengers to forbid it.

On we sped, into the heart of old Etruria, into the broad plain where Viterbo nestles in the centre, — one great Etruscan city which retained its vigor after the fall of Rome and through the Middle Ages, and drew the popes to it for its adornment; which felt the Renaissance, after making use of the Gothic, — Viterbo, celebrated of old as "the city of beautiful fountains and beautiful women." Soon the lights of the station enveloped us, and I felt with a sigh of relief that I had reached civilization once more; by which I mean the comforts and conveniences of modern life. For, according to report, in the two or three years since the railroad to Rome was completed Viterbo has taken a great bound in this respect. And true enough, I descended from the vettura at a hotel well lighted with gas, saw through a glass partition a large, bright dining-room where people were eating at individual tables, and was conducted to a comfortable, well-furnished room.

CHAPTER II

VITERBO AND ITS ENVIRONS

Looking out of the window in the morning, I saw the main street of Viterbo before me (called, like the main street of every Italian town, the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele), fronted by large buildings with plastered façades, heavy cornices, and heavy stone-work about the doorways and windows. I saw carved string-courses, huge rusticated arches, and arches over windows cut in Romanesque patterns. The street was not over twenty feet wide, from wall to wall, and all this stone-work protruded from the stucco in a very ponderous fashion. To the right the vista ended with a great mediæval tower but a hundred paces distant. To the left the vista ended with a similar tower, rising to a vast height, unpierced by windows, and topped by two bells swinging in an iron frame.

This was truly delightful. It seemed like Germany of old, — Nuremburg, or Augsburg, or Regensburg, — rather than Italy. It was at once apparent how important a place Viterbo was during the Middle Ages, how populous and rich, to build these numerous Romanesque and Gothic palaces; and how she continued her prosperity into the centuries of the Renaissance, to have these memorials of it standing. I recalled what I knew of her history, and remembered that after existing for fifteen hundred years as an important Etruscan centre and Roman colony, Viterbo was taken by the Lombards and made their citadel of the region. They erected great walls and towers for its defense, which are still standing. These fortifications drew to the town during the Middle Ages a large population from the country, seeking protection; and thus Viterbo grew rich, and her nobles built palaces. About the year 1100 the Countess Matilda of Tuscia, into possession of whose family the town had come, made the celebrated grant of it and its surrounding country to the Papal See, which is called the "patrimony of St. Peter." After this the Popes were attracted to Viterbo, and came frequently to reside; in the thirteenth century several were elected here, and a number died, and were buried, in the town.

The remembrance of this past promised other interesting sights than those from my window; and after breakfast I started out for that first walk, which is so delightful, about a town that one has always longed to see. This was best begun by proceeding the length of the Corso, and principal side streets. Every vista had a huge mediæval tower dominating it. An endless succession of picturesque points and interesting details crowded upon the eye. Nearly all the doorways and windows were set in massive arches of stone, rusticated or carved in relief. Some windows were shadowed by heavy ornate lintels, some were set in Gothic frames; very many were still heavily barred with ornamental projecting grilles. Large stone coats of arms hung here and there on façade or corner. Often I came to an outside staircase leading to the principal door of a house, resting on corbels carved ornamentally or shaped like beasts. Everywhere were embellished balustrades, parapets, and balconies, handsome friezes, decorative cornices, columns standing in the street upholding a figure or emblem, bas-reliefs set into the walls, delicately wrought Gothic iron-work in the shape of cressets, gates, and grilles, porticoes open upon the street, colonnades running along above, black towers frowning down, and views into arcaded courts with splashing fountains. There were no special grand palaces here and there, but each house, insignificant as a whole, had some details which seemed relics of former grandeur. And the Romanesque, the Gothic, and the Renaissance ran confusedly together. It was not as a whole the harmony of beauty; but it was certainly the diversity of the picturesque.

When I stepped off the main streets into the still older side quarters of the city, I was instantly taken back a thousand years. Here was the Viterbo of the ninth and tenth centuries, — untouched, unchanged. The little streets wound in and out, and up and down, between high, dark stone walls, — half the time through tunnels. The alternation of light and shade was bewildering. Here a well, as it were, where the sun shone in and the dark houses looked down menacingly; there the street plunged into gloom beneath an archway. Thus the dwellings and towers were built *over* the way, as well as *on* the way. In the open, arches continually ran across from one side to the other, at all heights, — evidently for the walls to lean upon each other.

Here were the fortified dwellings built by the nobles of Viterbo in those dark ages when neighbor fought neighbor, here as at Rome and Florence, and a man's house had to be his castle. The crumbling apartments are occupied to-day by the poor, living in the best preserved corners of the ancient palaces; but the towers still stand, too strong to fall, perhaps broken away at the top where the parapet was, whence they used to pour down arrows and stones and boiling water. These towers seem countless. Evidently a man's family was not safe in those days unless it had a donjon to retreat to.

But all these scenes of antiquity and ruin were not desolated by silence. Sounds of a busy life came from every doorway, open to the street. Within, where the retainers of a noble family used to stand in pride, now worked the carpenter at his trade, or the shoemaker, or the smith. The sounds of wheels turning, saws rasping, iron ringing, showed the present population of Viterbo to be industrious. The families gathered about in the street, before the doors and on the open stairways. Children ran everywhere. All were comfortably dressed and seemed quite happy in these extraordinary surroundings. No beggar approached to solicit me as I passed along; which was quite different from other places. I ascribed the difference in temperament and industry of these people from those further south to the difference in climates. Viterbo's high altitude of about thirteen hundred feet gives it a truly northern temperature. In this month of April the trees had just come out, — which are of our northern varieties, — and it was quite cool, sometimes cold. The winters are fairly severe. One could not expect to find here the sloth and carelessness of the south.

Several days were spent by me at Viterbo, very pleasantly. The first visits to special objects of interest took me to the piazza, and the cathedral, and the Church of Santa Maria della Verità. The piazza lies just in the centre of the town, at the southern end of the Corso, which runs thence towards the northern gate. Encircling the piazza on three sides lies the Palazzo Municipale, with a large graceful arcade on the first story of the western façade. This portico with its round arches and good proportions bears the mark of the Renaissance; and I found that it was erected in the fifteenth century. At the angles of the wings of the palazzo stand detached columns, bearing stone lions; and on the corners hang huge papal coats of arms. Passing through the arcade I found a courtyard in the rear facing out to the west over a valley below, through which runs the little river of the town. Beyond the vale lay vacant fields once filled with houses, and beyond the view ranged out to the green undulating country far away. To the south rose the domed cathedral on its hill sheer from the river bank. In the courtyard were fountains, and a number of Etruscan sarcophagi with mutilated stone figures resting upon them. It was startling, just for a moment, to see these ancient personages reclining about upon their bent arms and regarding me; it was the touch needed to remind one that all this city came from these Etruscans, twenty-five centuries ago.

Within the palace is a little municipal museum, in which there is nothing of special interest except a *pieta* by Sebastiano del Piombo, — a most admirable work, with a skillful moonlight effect. This painting is also interesting because the drawing is ascribed to Michael Angelo.

I went on to the Duomo upon its hill in the southwest corner of the city. The little piazza before it was sunlit and deserted. On one side was the plain façade of the cathedral, with a handsome high campanile having several tiers of Gothic arches in its upper part, and constructed there also in layers of white and dark stone. There is so very little Gothic anywhere in Italy that it is always interesting to find. Facing the piazza on each side of the cathedral were ruined palaces. That on the right I knew to be the former habitation of the popes while residing here; the main section of it, stretching along parallel with the nave of the Duomo, was recently whitewashed, and showed but a broad flight of stairs leading to the arched entrance at the east end. Adjoining this, and resting upon an archway supported by a single great column, was a roofless chamber, with a colonnade of Gothic arches on its façade. This was the room in which Pope John XXI was killed by the fall of the ceiling in 1277. A strange fate for a Pope, — and he had been elected only the year previous. That was six hundred years ago — and the ceiling is still unroofed; it made the tragedy very real to me. The chamber has since then had its beautiful Gothic windows filled in with bricks and stone; but some of these have tumbled out again.

The fate of John XXI reminded me of the

other historical incident for which this little piazza — so out-of-the-way, so quiet, and so deserted — is famous. It is the spot where the centuries of struggle between popes and emperors for the mastery first resulted in a decisive victory for the papacy, — where a Holy Roman Emperor made submission to a Pope as a vassal to an overlord. This Pope was Hadrian IV, the only Englishman who ever wore the tiara; he forced the Emperor, Frederick I, to hold his stirrup while dismounting. I could fairly see the crowd filling the piazza, — men-at-arms holding it back with pole-axes, the gay cavalcade which followed the monarchs pushing in with champing bits and flashing cuirasses, the waving of pennons, the glittering of the sunlight on helmet and sword and shield, — and could fairly feel the astonished, awe-struck hush which fell upon the multitude when the mighty emperor suddenly stepped forward and held the stirrup of the mailed and haughty Pope. The same walls which saw that scene still looked down upon the piazza, but the actors had been dead eight hundred years.

I entered the old papal palace, and found a great hall, of imposing breadth and height, the ancient timbered ceiling still over it. This was where the cardinals held their conclaves in the thirteenth century, and where three popes, including John XXI, were elected. The hall was now quite bare, even of furniture; but I could easily imagine the excitement, and whispering, and electioneering, and suspense of those red-robed gatherings.

The interior of the cathedral was noticeable for its Romanesque arches separating aisles from nave, which were erected in the twelfth century. The capitals of the columns were of the usual Romanesque carving, — queer diversions of the Ionic and Corinthian orders, with images of distorted beasts.

From the Duomo I walked up through the old byways of the town to its eastern gate. Passing between dark heavy walls, and huge arched doorways — gloomy within — where children played, women sewed and men worked, and under arches and tunnels, I emerged at length from the gate upon an open space without where stands the church of Santa Maria della Verita. From here I had a good view of the old Longobard walls of Viterbo. They curved away on each hand for a long distance, high and grim, with battlements and towers still bare and menacing, uncovered by any growth of vegetation. In these days, when nearly every city has razed its ancient walls in order to make room for streets and parkways, it was a great pleasure to gaze upon these fortifications of the Middle Ages so perfectly preserved. One of the towers was afterwards pointed out to me as the identical one on which the beautiful Galliana was killed. She was so fair that she was the cause of a war between Rome and Viterbo in the twelfth century. While the Romans were besieging Viterbo they finally tired of the attempt to scale its high walls, and offered to depart if given one sight of Galliana. The maiden, regardless of the risk to her life, insisted upon exposing herself in order to end the strife; she appeared upon the tower which still bears her name, and was instantly pierced by an arrow from the enemy. Her tomb I saw in the façade of the church of St. Angelo, fronting the main piazza.

In the church of S. Maria della Verità, now used as a hall, I found some remarkable frescoes by an artist of the fifteenth century, who is little known,—Lorenzo da Viterbo. They covered the walls and ceiling of a chapel, representing incidents in the life of the Virgin, with saints and prophets. Considering the year of their composition, 1469, they are extraordinary, for their perspective, action, expression of thought and individuality, and execution. They place this Lorenzo in the front rank of the masters of that period. His lack of fame is probably due to the absence of other works from his hand.

The other important churches of Viterbo are few in number. In S. Francesco are to be found but the tombs of two of the popes who died here; S. Giovanni in Zoccoli is a picturesque eleventh-century edifice of real Romanesque, in columns, arches, capitals, doorways, and general plan. It is rare to find such a building, for times were so disturbed and people so poor in Romanesque days, that churches usually ran into the Gothic before they were completed.

I went to S. Rosa to visit the tomb of this saint, the patroness of the city. In the thirteenth century she raised the citizens of Viterbo against the Emperor Frederick II, who subsequently sent her into exile, where she died. Her body is reverently preserved in the church, although blackened by a fire some few hundred years ago which destroyed the building where it then lay, but could not burn Santa Rosa. While wandering about the nave one of those tottering old men approached me who are found nowhere but in and about Italian churches, ragged, toothless, and decayed, living upon the *soldi* which they pick up from the traveler or alms-giver. In quavering voice he asked if I wished to see the body of Santa Rosa, and upon receiving an affirmative reply led me to a side chapel behind the altar of which was a high grille set in the wall, and behind the grille some closed wooden doors. The old man pulled a cord which hung at one corner; a bell sounded afar; and in a minute the wooden doors folded back and a room appeared, with a large gilt sarcophagus in the centre, illuminated by a dozen candles placed about. The front of the sarcophagus was of glass, displaying within the body of the saint peacefully resting, the hands and face somewhat shrunken and quite black. It was most richly clothed, and all of the fingers were covered with precious stones. The face, dead now for nearly seven hundred years, still showed signs of beauty. A nun who stood beside the sarcophagus passed out to me through the bars a piece of small white rope, which, I knew from the custom, had been laid upon the sarcophagus and was therefore supposed to possess remarkable healing powers. Many instances are related of wonderful cures effected by one of these strands. Faith will do anything.

Without the northern gate of Viterbo the citizens have recently constructed upon a limited plateau a park, with graveled walks, fountains, basins, flower-beds, and thickly set trees. Here I found, to my pleasure, our northern horse-chestnut tree, just in full bloom, and our locust, and quite a variety of maples. It was a glimpse of home. The people came out here in great numbers on warm afternoons. The perfect beauty of the parkways made me think what a beautiful city could be built to-day in this region, with its luxuriance of verdure. But the inhabitants cling tenaciously to their ancient towns and dwellings, crumbling and black with the filth of centuries.

The people of Viterbo cling also to their ancient customs. To-day, just as in the time of the popes six hundred years ago, they all close their shops at midday, and remain with doors and windows barred and shuttered until three or four in the afternoon. They stay themselves within doors during these hours. The weather has nothing to do with it. During my stay it was quite cool at Viterbo; but a walk through the streets at noon hours was like a walk through a city of the dead. Even the post office closed from noon till four. They make up a little for lost time by keeping the shops open in the evening till 8.30, and for an hour or two after dusk the Corso is thronged with people strolling up and down, or making purchases, and the gaslights of the stores shine out brilliantly upon the narrow way.

Here, as practically everywhere in Italy to-day, the people have adopted modern clothes. In the country south of the Cimminian Hills, at Sutri and Nepi, I found many peasants clad in breeches of sheepskin or dyed pigskin, with the hair outside. And everywhere, including Viterbo, the ancient storm cloak remains in use, — long, sleeveless, of many folds, with one end thrown over the left shoulder. They are made and worn to-day just as in Roman times. On a cool day at Viterbo the streets are full of them, topped by wide-brimmed black felt hats drawn picturesquely over one eye. The old peasants slouch along with cloaks at least a hundred years old, doubtless handed down from father to son as the chief possession. These peasants live in their dirty little hill-top towns, and walk long distances from home to till their fields. Nowhere in this region of Etruria proper did I find farmhouses in the fields, with very rare exceptions. The chief reason for this is that until within ten years the country has been infested with bandits, making life outside the towns still as unsafe as in the Middle Ages. And yet the people did not want the railroad put through, bringing civilization. Three times the inhabitants of Viterbo voted against the bringing of the railroad there; the national government finally had to force it. This resistance to change, to advancement, to the presence of strangers, is felt more strongly in the smaller towns, and those off the railroad. But gradually, inevitably, the old gives way to the new.

They have not, however, yet adopted the modern broom nor changed their ancient food. At the smaller towns my whisk broom excited amazed interest. The people could not conceive of its use until I operated it. Likewise the landladies had never heard of a tooth wash, and thought mine something to drink. The only form of broom, large or small, in use anywhere, is made of green twigs bound together. As for the food, it is mainly heavy brown bread, macaroni, and wine. This bread has a crust like a board, and an interior like rubber. Soup is common, poorly made. The spring vegetables are artichokes, which when fried are delicious; large peas, with a pod eight inches in length and an inch and a half thick; spinach, and occasionally wild asparagus. The peasants eat few vegetables. Potatoes are rare, and poor. For meat they kill an ox which has become in some way unfit for the plough, or a goat which has ceased to give milk; and therefore you may imagine how tough it is.

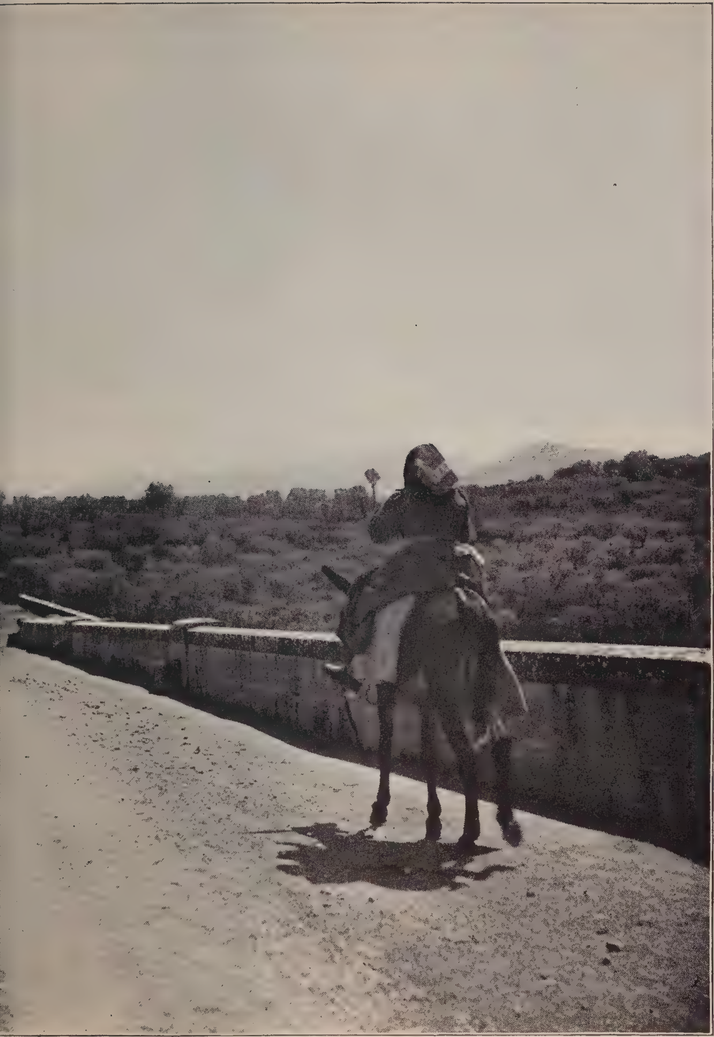
These oxen are most interesting. I saw them everywhere in the fields, ploughing or hauling, of a creamy white color, with great upward-curving horns from two to three feet in length. The cow is used but little for milk; for this purpose the goat is universal. And as I drove from town to town, the lonely herder who occasionally appeared on a knoll was as often guarding a flock of goats as of sheep.

But the wine! Ah, there is the touchstone of the life of these people. After drinking of it I ceased to wonder that they could live on such food as they do. The wine of this region possesses a most extraordinary charm; nowhere have I found any to equal that of Viterbo, and Montefiascone and Orvieto. That of Viterbo is grown upon the hillsides about, is both red and white in color, and is drunk fresh, within the year, like nearly all Italian wines. It is fragrant and sweet, and age sharpens it. Yet it is not of sugary sweetness, nor too light; and it is made in such quantities as to be cheap as water. The wine which the peasants themselves make, and upon which they live, is everywhere similarly delicious, and abundant. I inquired at Viterbo as to how they cooled it, when wanted, in summer; and found that the Viterbians never have any ice, but bring down snow from the hills, just as the Romans used to. The snow is carried muleback in bags, in the springtime, from Mt. Cimino, with large green leaves about it to ward off the sun, and deposited in deep wells at Viterbo, which when filled are hermetically sealed. In these wells the snow keeps perfectly. This was the identical method of the Romans.

From Viterbo one day I took a carriage to the little old town of Bagnaja, not many miles away to the northeast, to see the villa of the Duca di Lante, celebrated for its ideal Italian beauty. We traveled on a road as smooth as asphalt and hard as stone, macadamized, but the result of many years of macadamizing. Not once in all the drives which have been mentioned did I find the road different, not even in the distant unfrequented country between Sutri and Cività Castellana. This is the work of the national government, and shows what a paternal system, with high taxation, can do. The government management and supervision of the work everywhere is truly remarkable. Upon the discovery of the slightest disrepair, a force of men are instantly set to work upon it; it is an ideal country for cyclists

We climbed an ascent towards Bagnaja, and I obtained an excellent view of Viterbo and the plain in which it lies. The city lay with a hundred towers inside its bristling walls, dark and formidable. The plain stretched out to the west for a vast distance, fair and green, with dim mountains on its rim. To the south rose majestically the Cimminian Hills, wooded on their swelling crests. They threw out two outlying mounts to the east of the city, huge and pyramidal in shape; the farther was Mt. Cimino. I saw Bagnaja ahead, lying upon the northern slope of the nearer mountain. Looking northward, at a distance of about ten miles rose from the plain another great hill, stretching indefinitely from east to west, and forging up to a peak at the centre, upon which sat a little gray city surmounted by a mighty cathedral dome. The hill was the southern boundary of the great lake of Bolsena, and the town was Montefiascone.

On arriving at Bagnaja we entered immediately through a gateway a large piazza, to the north and east of which lay the village, piled up dark and dirty, with ancient Etruscan stonework and with very narrow streets. The mediæval castle which once guarded the place still reared its great machicolated tower above a mass of thick and crumbling walls. Some way to the south of the piazza lay the Villa Lante, rising up the hillside in terraces and gardens whose ordered beauty



ON THE ROAD TO BAGNAJA

sustained its reputation of being thoroughly kept up to-day, as so few villas are. We drove to the side entrance, where I was admitted upon depositing a visiting card. A servant then accompanied me, through paths winding up the hill under beautiful large ilexes, to the garden behind and above the villa. Unlocking a gate in the wall, he admitted me to these evidently secluded precincts. It was truly a very lovely sight. From above came a considerable streamlet, soaring first into the air in a fountain a hundred paces higher, and from the basin of the fountain falling into an ornamental stone trough, down which it splashed and gurgled under spreading boughs to the platform on which I stood; from this it fell in a series of semi-circular cascades to the level of the villa grounds, and was there conducted underground to another beautiful fountain where it rose into air for the last time. Great soft ilexes and willows arched the stream on its downward path, and stretched away on each side into a wood. Before me lay the villa, in the shape of two square Renaissance pavilions, between which sloped a grass plot adorned with clean-cut hedges and shrubs shaped into figures. Beyond the pavilions and towards the town lay the garden proper, even and rectangular, with flowers and shrubs cut into patterns beside the gravel walks; there were no trees, but there were many potted orange plants. The marble work was all grouped in the centre, where lay a square basin, surrounding the fountain before mentioned. A marble balustrade banked the basin, beautiful balustraded bridges crossed it from each bank to the centre, and there were other balustrades rising circularly tier on tier to the bronze figures of the fountain. The soft green of the shrubs and plants, the varied hues of the flowers, the brilliant white of the marble, and the wonderful blue of the sky, made an enchanting picture, — a picture of the days of Boccaccio and the Renaissance.

From there I wandered off through the park surrounding the garden, traversing well kept walks under great trees, mostly ilexes, and mounting slowly to where far vistas were obtained of the plain and the town below. Here and there was a basin of water, or a bit of sculpture. Art was hand in hand with Nature, as she seems to be only in Italy.

Upon another occasion I made an excursion from Viterbo to find the ruins of the once great Etruscan city of Ferentinum. On talking with the proprietor of my hotel of this projected trip, and of my inability to find any one who knew the location of the ruins, he stated that he knew the location and would accompany me, and further that he would take me to a recently discovered Etruscan bridge. This is a man to whom the modern Viterbians owe a great deal. He had the courage to go there from Rome when the railroad was opened two years ago and endeavor to install a modern hotel; which, in spite of many obstacles, he has succeeded in doing. He is teaching the people to eat modern white bread, which as yet they regard as a sweetmeat, and is struggling to overthrow the midday closing habit and many other patriarchal customs.

Proceeding by carriage northwestward from the city along a road lined by hedges ten feet in height, in an hour we were fairly in the midst of the plain. There we left the vehicle, and with the aid of a peasant boy who was herding some cows made our way through a wood to a deep ravine. Descending with difficulty to the bottom of this, we proceeded slowly for some distance through the underbrush beside the stream. I noticed frequent holes and niches in the rock walls of the glen, sepulchres of the Etruscans, from their size evidently depositories of cinerary urns. These tombs were very evenly cut from the cliff, — of excellent workmanship. I observed to my companion that there must have been an Etruscan city of some size on one side of this ravine, and asked if it were Ferentinum.

"No," he responded, "Ferentinum is on a hill some miles away from here; as to what may have been on either side of this ravine no one knows; because it was never entered by the peasants until a few months ago, on account of being a hiding place of the brigands."

A little later he pointed out to me a curious dwelling across the glen, half cave, half stone construction, concealed by the heavy vegetation. "Tibuccio," he said, "was killed here, a little while ago. He had lived there for many years."

This Tibuccio was a famous brigand, a leader of others for a generation. I learned that they could never kill or capture him before, because his dwelling-place could not be found.

"The two gendarmes came upon him by accident, there," said my companion, indicating with his finger. "They did not know who he was; they were patrolling the country generally. He was sitting before the dwelling with his family. When they came up he ran into the underbrush and commenced firing. They returned the fire, and after a while brought him down. Then running up they saw it was Tibuccio, and blew his head off, and brought the body to town. They divided the reward, — a hundred thousand lire."

The recent occurrence of this incident did not make me feel very pleasant; but I said nothing, and we kept on. Soon there appeared at a narrowing of the ravine, beneath overhanging trees and almost concealed by shrubbery, a high bridge from bank to bank, constructed of heavy stone blocks without mortar.

"This is the bridge," said my companion. "It was found by this boy's father three months ago."

I examined it with high interest. A single pier of some thirty feet in height carried the two arches across. The width was about eight feet, enough for a single cart. The material, size, cutting and laying of the great stones indicated clearly a very early Roman, or Etruscan, construction. It had been built prior to 200 B. C., yet was perfectly preserved.

"There was surely," said I, "a city upon the further side of this ravine. I am going to see."

Leaving my companion, I crossed the brook on stones, clambered with difficulty up the steep bank, and searched along it. Very soon I found the remains of a large wall, partly overthrown, built of the heavy concrete which the Romans used in the imperial epoch at one time. The wall was twenty feet in height and four feet thick; I traced it along the edge of the bank for some distance. When the bank became precipitous the wall ceased. It was clearly a wall of circumvallation — a town-wall — protecting a city which once lay upon this side of the ravine. This accounted also for the bridge and tombs. Beyond the wall, within it, nothing could be seen but trees and underbrush; nature had covered everything. My companion promised to direct the attention of the authorities for excavation here. It was very clearly some old Etruscan town, Romanized, whose walls were rebuilt by the Romans in the imperial period, and which had been destroyed either by the Romans themselves, for a revolt, or by the barbarians.

We returned to the road, and drove on some miles further to a headland upon which lay the ruins of Ferentinum. This headland projected between two encircling ravines like a peninsula; it was bare of trees, and ruined columns, walls, and arches rose here and there from the grass. Of the history of this place something is known. It was one of the great cities of Etruria, rich and powerful; was the birthplace subsequently of the Emperor Otho; and was destroyed by Viterbo in the eleventh century. We approached the main body of ruins over the ancient Roman causeway. The old paving was still visible here and there, — huge stones leveled upon the top and one to three feet in depth. Several large Roman tombs, of imperial brickwork, despoiled of their marble casing, lined the way; these were undoubtedly without the city walls. Within the tombs we saw only the niches where once stood the cinerary urns. Two gendarmes met us here, and to my surprise accompanied us for protection. Walking on a mile or so further, amidst indistinguishable fragments of brick and stone which once formed portions of the buildings within the walls, and still following the old Roman street with its ponderous paving, we came to a remarkably preserved theatre. It was a surprise and delight to find such a splendid relic of Roman work. It was a *theatre*, not an *amphitheatre*, and much superior in preservation to that of Nîmes. Scooped out upon a hillside, as usual, but one row of arches was needed to support the highest seats; and that row is still standing intact, built of tremendous stones fitted to a hair without mortar. The seats are gone, due to the despoliation of the marble in the Middle Ages; but the ground on which they stood slopes down semi-circularly to the stage, and the stage is well preserved. The high wall forming the back of the scene, with the niches in it for the statues of the gods, and the dressing-rooms at the sides, are quite intact, save for the roof. The stage floor was crushed into the cellars by the fall of the roof. The theatre had been very richly decorated; for we found fragments of colored marble of every hue, beautiful in veining, which must have been brought from all over the Roman empire. Exquisite columns of precious marble had supported the roof and decorated the façades; and the pediments and friezes had been cut with splendid reliefs. My companion informed me that only a few months ago peasants had began to excavate within the theatre and had already found one marble statue, which was carted away, when the government heard of it and put a stop to it; and that the government would itself soon excavate the place entirely. Ferentinum was very evidently a place of great richness under the Roman régime;

and may yield considerable treasures of art under the spade.

The gendarmes reaccompanied us to the carriage. My companion confessed that he had told a friend of his, an officer of the corps, that we were going on the trip. Hence the protectors. But that evening an amusing dénouement occurred when the colonel himself came to the hotel and stormed at us for going at all, saying that the country thereabout was still very unsafe, and that had he known of it he would have forbidden our departure.

Another little trip that I made from Viterbo was to the neighboring church of Santa Maria della Quercia, situated upon an eminence to the east of the city, and facing toward it. It has a handsome, though simple, renaissance façade, in the lunettes of which over the doorways I found some fine reliefs of Andrea della Robbia. The interior is remarkable only for the magnificent coffered and gilded ceiling, executed by Antonio da Sangallo the younger. The sacristan conducted me to the adjoining Dominican monastery, now suppressed, in which there were two very handsome courts, — the larger of pure renaissance by Vignola, having the arches supported by piers with pilasters upon their faces and sides. This was the beauty of pure symmetry, — a design which has continued in use to this day. The other court had two loggias, the lower gothic, and the upper, built at a subsequent period probably, renaissance. It was a rare thing to find; and, strange to say, the effect was not unpleasing. A beautiful renaissance well was in the centre of this court. As the sunlight poured in upon it, past the great campanile of the church looming above, I thought of the many generations of monks who had paced these corridors for hundreds of years, and were gone forever.

CHAPTER III

MONTEFIASCONE, BOLSENA, AND ORVIETO

THE very name of Montefiascone gives the reason for its being: "Monte," mount; and "fiascone," fiasco or flask; the mount of the flask. From the most ancient times the hill yielded a wine superior to all others in that region; this supremacy it has never lost. But the wine has to be drunk there, upon the mountain; if carted even a few miles, it works and loses its flavor. They pretend to sell it at Rome in a few places, but it is not the same. Thus Montefiascone has in its staple product an attraction equal to that of its romantic history and its beautiful situation at the head of the old Etrurian plain, and at the foot of Lake Bolsena; the very name of the wine is engaging in its mystery; for they call it "Est, Est, Est."

This peculiar appellation comes from the well known story of the Bishop Johannes Fugger of Augsburg, one of that Fugger family so enormously rich that they burned their proofs of the debts to them of Charles V. This good bishop loved wine more than anything else in the world, and having plenty of money traveled in search of the best. A servant preceded him by a day's journey who was trained as a taster, and who signified to his master whether the wine of any town was worthy of his stopping, by writing on an agreed place the word "Est" if it were good, and omitting the inscription if it were not. When the servant reached Montefiascone, after drinking one glass he went hurriedly out and wrote upon the wall, "Est, Est, Est." The bishop duly arrived, and drank so much that he died the same night, dictating a will by which he left a sum of money to the town on condition that a barrel of the wine be upset annually upon his grave. This was actually done until recent years.

I took the train one fine morning from Viterbo to Montefiascone; and we rolled slowly over the fertile plain to the bottom of the great hill upon which stands the latter town. The ascent of the hill must be made by horse. At the station I found waiting a little dirty diligence, and an ancient broken vettura with an ancient broken animal. Choosing the latter as the less of two evils, we were soon limping up the mountain side. As we rose higher and higher toward the great dome of the cathedral above us, which seemed as large as all the rest of the town put together, the plain of Etruria unrolled itself to the south. Far away it stretched, fair and smiling, indefinitely it seemed to the west, and to the rounded Cimminian Hills on the south. Viterbo lay like a little gray ash-pile in the centre. The lovely white cumulus clouds sailing across the deep blue sky cast here and there upon the verdant plain their gentle shadows. I could think of nothing but Dennis's remarkable apostrophe to this plain, remembering the marvelous history of it, with its buried cities. The words of Dennis cannot be surpassed: —

"With what pride must an Etruscan have regarded this scene two thousand five hundred years since! The numerous cities in the plain were so many trophies of the power and civilization of his nation. There stood Volsinii, renowned for her wealth and arts, on the shores of her crater-lake; there Tuscania reared her towers in the west; there Vulci shone out from the plain, and Cosa from the mountain; and there Tarquinii, chief of all, asserted her metropolitan supremacy from her cliff-bound heights. Nearer still, his eye must have rested on city after city, some in the plain, and others at the foot of the slope beneath him; while the mountains in the horizon must have carried his thought to the glories of Clusium, Perusia, Cortona, Vetulonia, Volaterrae, and other cities of the great Etruscan Confederation. How changed is now the scene! Save Tuscania, which still retains her site, all within view are now desolate. Tarquinii has left scarce a vestige of her greatness on the grass-grown heights she once occupied; the very site of Volsinii is forgotten; silence has long reigned in the crumbling theatre of Ferentinum; the plough yearly furrows the bosom of Vulci; the fox, the owl, and the bat, are the sole tenants of the vaults within the ruined walls of Cosa; and of the rest, the greater part have neither building, habitant, nor name, — nothing but the sepulchres around them to prove they ever had an existence."

With those beautiful words in mind I bade farewell to the lovely, ancient plain of Etruria; and we turned a corner which hid it from view. The gate in the town wall of Montefiascone was now close at hand; to the right diverged a road towards Orvieto, and upon this road I saw a hundred paces away an extraordinary church, aged and broken, with a large Romanesque colonnade running across its façade above the deeply recessed Gothic doorways. I knew it must be the famous San Flaviano, the chief sight of Montefiascone, now a national monument. We drove over to it. The façade was not handsome, but it was quaint and curious beyond all idea. The interior was still more curious; it was weird. Huge Romanesque columns supported a flat roof so low that it seemed like a crypt. No arches separated nave from aisles. The only light entered from the doorway and from a square opening in the centre of the ceiling between the great columns. Advancing I looked up and saw this opening surrounded by a parapet, and far above, another ceiling. There was a second church above the lower one. A boy leaning over the parapet laughed at my astonishment. I then remembered reading that this ancient church, built in the eleventh century, had an extraordinarily wide triforium; this was the triforium, so wide on all four sides as to leave but a well in the centre.

Before the high altar they pointed out to me a gravestone in the floor, with a much-worn relief representing a bishop with a goblet on each side of his head. It was the tomb of the old Bishop Fugger. Below the figure was an inscription, of which I could make out only the "Est, Est, Est."

At an inn outside the town gate I discharged the vettura and left my luggage, and then walked up into the little city; the ascent of the principal street was too steep for vehicles. On each side rose ancient houses which in modern times had been plastered; consequently there was not the impression of vast age given by the black stones of other Etruscan towns. Yet this had been the most sacred Etruscan city of them all, — the Fanum Voltumnæ, whereunto used to gather from all over the country the princes of the nation in council. I could easily see that this high mountain top, isolated, dominating the plain to the south and the lake country to the north, would naturally be selected as a meeting place.

At the top of the thoroughfare was a piazza, about which were many shops displaying the sign of "Spaccio di Vino," or "retailing of wine." As I went on higher through some archways and up a narrow, winding street, I saw this sign on every third door. Men were rolling barrels of wine about and porting them on wheelbarrows. I came finally to a second piazza, before which loomed the cathedral with its gigantic dome. This dome was executed by Sammicheli in the sixteenth century, and is a splendid piece of work; entering, I found that it constituted the whole church. There was no nave, nor transept; simply the vast drum of the dome, with altars in recesses upon its ten sides. It was a second Pantheon. The light came down beautifully from above, falling softly, subduedly, upon the rich colors of the walls and altars. The church was most lavishly adorned with colored marble, statues, and frescoes. A hundred pieces of sculpture crowned the corners of the pediments of the altars, and graced the successive cornices of the drum. Handsome modern frescoes covered the rest of the walls, and the whole interior of the dome. It was very beautiful. I was astonished to find this rich, ornate, and massive cathedral upon such an isolated mountain-top; but one should get over being surprised in Italy.

Returning to the inn without the gate, I ordered a bottle of the famous "Est, Est, Est." It was not disappointing. It was light in color, and in body, sweet without being insipid, and at the same time possessing a peculiar gentle tartness. Above all was its fragrance remarkable, being penetrating, and so rich and powerful that it reached the sense of taste acutely, as well as that of smell. I sat at an open window looking out over the road upon the ancient gateway of the town, watching the peasants pass in and out with their donkeys, and felt that I did not want to go away. I wanted to remain with the "Est, Est, Est." I could realize how the bishop came to his end. Upon inquiring whether it was this year's wine, they said yes, — that it was always drunk fresh; after a year it became too tart. This is a peculiarity of nearly all the wines of Italy, arising partly from the want of thinning the grapes and partly from the excessive sunshine; being just the opposite of the quality of the French wines, which mellow with age.

I made an agreement with the hostler at the inn, who had what seemed to be a good horse and clean vettura, to take me to Bolsena and Orvieto; and while he was harnessing walked over to the north side of the town, where there was a parapet before some houses looking out upon the lake. The shore of the lake was a far distance below, at a steep angle; thence it curved outward and northward between rounded hills, and stretched away, beautifully blue, to dim mountains on the horizon. The banks were covered with vineyards and olive groves interspersed with great oaks and elms, which clothed the hills halfway to their summits; above were dense woods of modern growth. Two lovely isles slept in the deep ultramarine of the water, unruffled by any wind. At the southwestern corner, upon the very beach, where the outlet escaped to the sea, lay the little gray town of Marta. Further north, on a high hill above the western shore, sat Valentana with its towers. At the far northeastern corner lay Bolsena upon the water's edge, below lofty hills, surmounted by a castle. No other town or hamlet was visible. Vanished were all the Etruscan cities of wealth and power which once flourished in this beautiful basin, — save Bolsena alone, the old Volsinium.

Returning to the inn, I entered the vettura, and we drove rapidly down a white road, smooth as a table, toward the eastern shore of the lake. The road curved in and out between undulating hills, and entered fields dotted with giant oak trees. Everywhere were the vines, sending up their new spring shoots. After a drive of some eight miles through this charming scenery, with the blue lake glistening on the left, we entered the old gateway of Bolsena. The town stretched along the shore for some distance, in one or two parallel streets, narrow and dark, crowded with ancient, crumbling stone houses. Above it on a knoll sat the mediæval castle in ruins, still raising several strong towers in majesty. I ordered some lunch at the one inn of the place, — several rooms above a stable, — and while waiting for it to be cooked proceeded to the principal church of Santa Cristina near the southern gate, accompanied from the inn by the sacristan, who had hurried thither on my arrival. He carried two enormous keys in his hands, big enough for city gates. The church was built with its side against a high cliff, having several chapels cut from the solid rock. The edifice itself was ponderous and picturesque, with great granite Romanesque columns, erected in the eleventh century. The first chapel contained a very beautiful terracotta altar executed by one of the della Robbias, with exquisite small reliefs showing the martyrdom of Santa Cristina. Light from a single small window alone illuminated this masterpiece. The reliefs contained many figures, grouped and executed with marvelous skill, and showing genuine perspective.

The next chapel farther in contained a curious altar shaped like a baldachino, which was evidently of ancient Roman workmanship. Four columns of precious pink marble with mutilated Corinthian capitals upheld a little green marble entablature shaped like a pyramid. The sacristan said that it came from a pagan temple. This chapel and altar are famous as the scene of the "Miracle of Bolsena" in 1263, illustrated by Raphael in his Stanze at the Vatican: an unbelieving priest was convinced of the doctrine of transubstantiation by the appearance upon the host which he had just consecrated of drops of blood. Standing here in this sepulchral gloom, gazing at the extraordinary old pagan relic which served as a Christian altar, feeling the rock floor of the cavern under foot and seeing it as the ceiling above, — I felt that one could believe almost any miracle.

The farthest chapel, almost indistinguishable in the darkness, contained the tomb of Santa Cristina underground, with two flights of steps leading down to it. The sacristan next took me to several chapels and rooms on the lake side of the church, and exhibited some frescoes which he had but a few months previously discovered under a coat of whitewash. Some of them were in the style of Giotto. They were figures of saints, full length, and superior to the alleged paintings of Pinturicchio in an adjoining chapel, which showed no traces of that master's genius. The sacristan said that two experts had just come from Rome, and announced that the saints were truly the work of Giotto; but one cannot always believe the statements of sacristans.

After a little lunch at the inn, — at which, to the good woman's great dismay, I could not swallow the macaroni which she had prepared for me, but enjoyed some fresh eggs and fried artichokes, — I took a stroll through the long main street of the town, getting glimpses down dark byways of the blue water dancing beyond. Family groups were gathered everywhere in doorways and archways; women spinning and knitting, and dirty babies playing around. Over the northern gate towered the ruined castle upon its hill; and just outside it was a piazza, with broken columns and fragments of entablature placed here and there, relics of the once great Volsinium, — or as the Romans called it, Volsinii.

We were soon on the way again to Orvieto, climbing the hillside to the east. Up and up plodded the patient horse for an hour, till Bolsena and its castle were a little patch below us, and the blue lake lay at our feet like a saucer. A last glimpse of its beauty, and we turned the ridge and began a long descent to the valley of the Paglia. The mountains beyond it to the east soon loomed up larger and larger; gradually the valley unfolded itself before us to north and south. In another hour we reached its edge, and Orvieto lay below us on its hill-top. A more striking picture I have never seen. The green smiling valley, dotted with whitewashed farmhouses, stretched between its steep, high banks far away into the overhanging mountains to the south, and to the north where Mt. Cetona towered in a gigantic pyramid. The silver water of the Paglia filtered here and there through the fields. Immediately before us rose a vast precipitous rock, oval in shape, sheer from the meadows, with bare white sides surmounted by walls and battlements. Within the walls, covering the whole flat top of the rock, was a confused mass of gray and brown, — houses and roofs, with towers rising picturesquely. And in the centre of all these rose to heaven, far, far above the old brown tiles, a huge glittering structure which scintillated in the sun like a burnished shield. It was the Cathedral of Orvieto, one of the greatest works ever achieved by the hand of man. And the cause of the scintillation was that the whole vast façade, facing the west and the sinking sun, was one mass of mosaic. We descended by many curves into the valley, passing there a number of trim, modern, stone farmhouses, which made me realize that I was away from the plain of old Etruria at last, in a region long since reached by modern progress. Through this valley was put the first railroad from Florence to Rome, which is still the direct route. Here the peasant can now live amongst his fields with that security which has been so long enjoyed in Tuscany. However, while we climbed slowly the seven hundred feet of ascent to the walls above, I reflected that I could not leave Etruria behind me. This city of Orvieto was one of the twelve capitals of the Etruscan Confederation, which stretched from the valley of the Arno to the Roman Campagna. On account of its isolated and impregnable position Orvieto has always been of great importance. In the Middle Ages it was one of the chief strongholds of the popes, and they often came here for refuge and residence. Urban IV. was living here when the miracle of Bolsena occurred, — the priest who witnessed it at once proceeding, by the very road over which I had just come, to throw himself at the feet of the pope and confess his former doubts and describe the miracle. Whereupon Urban soon instituted the church festival of Corpus Domini, and ordered the erection of the Cathedral of Orvieto to commemorate it.

We soon entered the western gate of the city, and drove rapidly, for a thunder storm was coming down, through narrow dark streets in which the people dodged right and left into doorways and passages at the loud shouts of my driver. There was just room enough for the vettura to pass. Soon we turned into a wider street, which I recognized from a former visit as the Corso, and reached the hotel barely in time to escape the downpour. I remembered thankfully that this was a modern hotel; it had been that eight years before; and since that time the tide of travel has turned more to Orvieto. In the dining-room I found quite a number of ladies; at my former sojourn, feminine travelers were never seen in the town.

The next morning was bright and beautiful, and I paid my visit to the cathedral. It goes without saying that no words can describe the matchless glory of the façade. As it towers aloft in a great wonderful harmony of lines and colors, the eye and the conception are dazzled. It is some minutes before one can distinguish section from section and picture from picture. A thousand radiant hues flash from the vast mass of mosaic, and the beautiful Gothic arches and spires seem to soar with them to the sky. Seeking for details in the bewilderment of loveliness, the eye is first arrested and captivated by the tremendous rose window above the central portal, great in size yet exquisite and delicate as a piece of Mechlin lace. It alone is worth going to Orvieto to see. From a centre like a dazzling sun it radiates dozens of shafts which thrust their points into fretwork like an encircling nimbus. Statues of saints crowd about in profusion, as though to cherish and protect this masterpiece. Then the eye is caught by the long open gallery of trefoil arches which spans the façade below the window, rising from a white marble Gothic balustrade. Up to this shoot the points of the Gothic pediments over the doorways; and below it, across the whole façade above the portals, spreads a vast stone canvas of mosaic, in a dozen pictures and a thousand colors. One notices then the beautiful deep recesses of the doorways, carved like the cathedrals of the north; and from them the supporting piers lead the eye again to the sky, shooting up lightly into fretted spires. And between the central spires, in the triangular pediment over the rose window, is found the crowning glory of all: a wonderful old mosaic in gentle blue and crimson and gold, — Christ and the Virgin Mary enthroned, with angels making harmony grouped about.

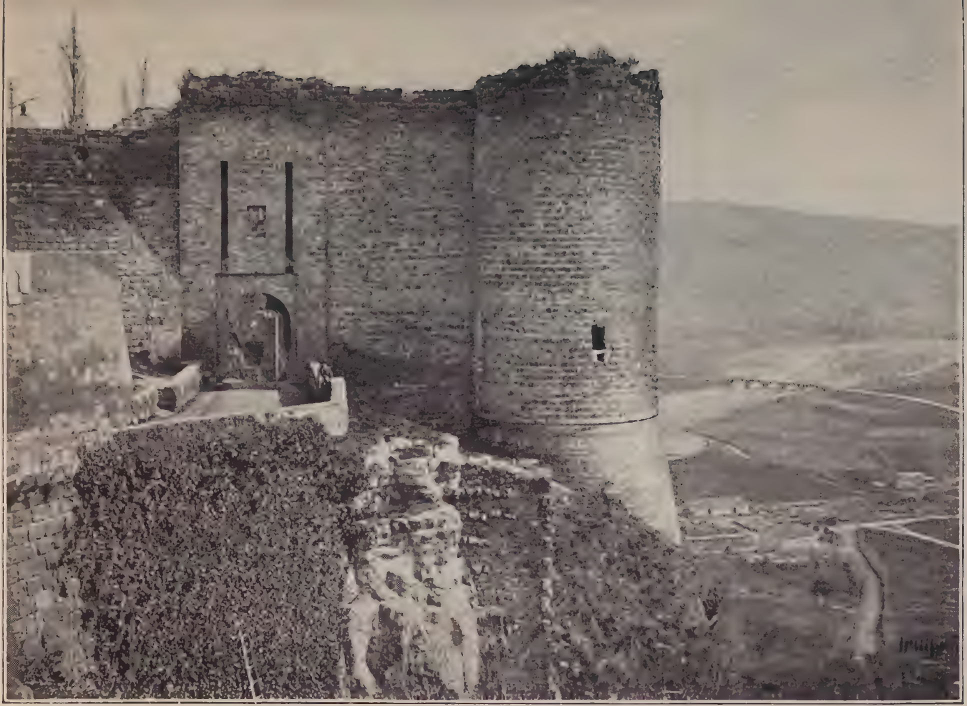
One could descant upon the beauties of this façade for a month; one could look at it for a month. But after gazing for an hour at the mosaic and sculpture my eyes were tired out; and to rest them I mounted the broad flight of steps to the platform before the doors, pushed aside the leather curtain, and entered the dimness and silence of the nave. The feeling of awesomeness in vast heights of gloom which a great cathedral gives one on first entering, enfolded me. Afar off there filtered through the dusk a sweet rosy light, from the window in the choir over the high altar. Great pillars mounted into the air and vanished.

The first impression is especially the best in this cathedral, because the eyes on becoming accustomed to it find it rather bare. The interior, like the sides of the exterior, is built of alternate courses of dark and light stone. The only ornamentation is in the choir and transepts, where there are some sculptured tombs. But in the right transept is to be found an artistic treat; for there are the famous frescoes begun by Fra Angelico in 1447 and finished by Luca Signorelli. They cover the vaulting and sides of the transept, used as a chapel, and represent, above, Christ in glory, with prophets and angels; and, below, the resurrection of the dead, the punishment of the condemned, the descent into hell, the ascent into heaven, and paradise. The last are large compositions by Signorelli alone, and are very remarkable, showing almost as much power in the portrayal of action, grouping, vigor, and the nude as Michael Angelo himself. They are considered by many critics the most important work of the 15th century; certainly there is nothing more vigorous, though Signorelli had not the power of grace, sweetness, and harmony of color possessed by Perugino and the Umbrian School.

I spent other hours at Orvieto in wandering about the mediæval streets,—not so mediæval however as those of Viterbo, because half the buildings are stuccoed, and many have quite a modern air, with potted plants in the windows and on the balcony. Still, some of the byways were as abysmal—lined with ancient edifices of worn black stone—as any Etruscan city. Here and there was an old palace, now devoted to humbler uses, with angles of heavy rusticated stone, and massive archways and windows. Occasionally there was a balcony of perforated cut stone, from which often leaned a handsome dark-haired girl, regarding the stranger with curious eyes. I found a number of mediæval towers, rising black, square, and menacing to a lofty height, broken and wasting away at the tops. Sometimes a street led to the edge of the old walls, and a beautiful view could be obtained of the fair valley far beneath, and the wooded mountains beyond. Here and there of course were churches, with rococo bell-towers which sounded at all hours of the day and night, but uninteresting as to outside or inside, except for the evidences of age.

General market day was the Saturday of each week, — I was there upon one, — and then the peasants flocked in in great numbers from the valley and the mountains, driving their heavily laden asses before them and filling the piazzas with their produce. The Corso was then so crowded as almost to be impassable. But the old picturesque element was gone, with the passing of the village costumes. Now the peasants were simply rough and dirty, with their boots, felt hats, black clothes, and tattered gowns.

I visited the famous well of San Patrizio, at the northeastern corner of the city, built by the popes in the 16th century from designs of Antonio da Sangallo the younger, to supply water



VALLEY BENEATH ORVIETO, FROM THE OLD WALLS

to the garrison in case of siege. It is undoubtedly the greatest well in the world, and one of the queerest sights. Hewn in the rock to a depth of 203 feet, it is forty-three feet wide, and surrounded by two spiral staircases which wind to the bottom, lighted by windows cut through to the central shaft. Upon these the water-carrying asses used to labor, descending by one and ascending by the other. I found it almost as dark as night at the bottom, and the temperature very low indeed.

There are no remains of the old Etruscan city except the weapons, bronzes, and pottery found in the ancient necropolis, and this necropolis itself. It lies below the northwest corner of the city, upon the slope of the hill, towards the bottom. Having been completely covered with earth, it was not discovered until 1874. I drove down there one beautiful morning, passing again through the western gate, and descending a winding road under the precipitous cliffs which uphold the town. Leaving the vettura in the road, I advanced along a path under the trees and found a little girl who led me to the tombs, busily knitting as she went. To my amazement, there was a veritable *campo santo* of the ancient inhabitants, — avenues lined with tombs built of great blocks of tufa. Here were not occasional holes dug in the cliff, but genuine buildings, constructed with much labor and precision, standing side by side in a succession of streets like a town. The doorways had Etruscan inscriptions cut upon them, and led down several steps into the sepulchres; the lintels were of single massive stones. Within there was always one square chamber, of about seven to eight feet in height, with stone couches on two sides for the repose of the dead. Two bodies were found in each, lying on the stones amidst articles of adornment, bronzes, and pottery. All these things were removed when the tombs were opened, and now I saw but the bare benches, mostly broken and fragmentary. It was clear how great and rich a city Orvieto was under the Etruscans, to have afforded such a cemetery; and it was queer indeed to stand here, where many an Etruscan family stood twenty-five centuries ago, gathered about to gaze for the last time upon the faces and forms of their beloved, preparatory to sealing them up forever. Then Orvieto sat just the same above them on its rock citadel, and mighty Rome, destined to rule them and the whole world, was but a nascent colony of the Latins upon the Tiber; but people lived and suffered, died and sorrowed, exactly as we do to-day.

CHAPTER IV

ORTE, NARNI, AMELIA, AND TERNI

I LEFT Orvieto one bright spring morning by the modern *funicolare*, which descends from near the well of San Patrizio directly to the railroad station in the valley at a gradient of 27 : 100, passing under the old fortress by a tunnel. This cable tramway has made life possible in Orvieto in these days, when quick communication with the rest of the world means comfort and prosperity. I took train for Orte, to the south again, in order to effect junction with the line that branches off to the east to Foligno; but Orte itself invited investigation, for the very reason that it is so unvisited. After running for a few miles down the valley of the Paglia, the Paglia emptied into the Tiber, which came rushing down from the east through a gap in the mountains towards Todi. Following then the broad and fertile valley of the Tiber, from which the mountains rose on both sides precipitously, I soon saw, perched upon a peak to the west, the inaccessible mediæval town of Bagnorea, which lies upon the south of the road from Bolsena to Orvieto. I made out with interest its dense mass of houses piled up one on the other, and, apparently resting upon the very top of them all, a tremendous feudal castle. The donjon tower was a veritable hill in itself.

A few moments later, after Bagnorea had passed from sight, I saw Montefiascone once more, far, far to the west, upon its isolated cone; the huge dome of the cathedral glistened in the rays of the morning sun. There, I knew, behind those hills to the north of it, lay the beautiful lake of Bolsena; and behind those hills to the south of it, the historical plain of Etruria. I was sorry that I should see them no more. A few minutes later we were at Orte.

On dismounting from the train I saw Orte itself sitting on a pinnacle of rock two miles to the north; we had passed just beneath it. The station is the junction of the Foligno-Perugia line, and famed in Italy for its buffet. The passengers were frantically struggling to open the doors of their compartments, and rushing into the buffet to get some of its excellent wine and eatables in the short stop. Having plenty of time myself, I enjoyed for a while the scene of gesticulation, shouting, and confusion; then I engaged the solitary vetturino lounging outside, and drove back alongside the track for the two miles to the foot of Orte. We mounted its precipitous rock by zigzags, and as we rose, I saw the beauty of the situation: this pinnacle divided the Tiber from the

Nera at their junction. The Nera came swiftly down from the northeast, as heavy in volume as the Tiber; behind it were the great masses of the Umbrian mountains, through which it had forced its way. I gazed with interest, for in that direction lay my route; amongst those forest-clad peaks were Narni and Spoleto and Trevi and Spello, — the wonderful old towns of Umbria.

The last zigzag in the ascent here drew my attention; for it ran straightway up for some distance, beautifully shaded by trees on each side, and on one side rose the sheer rock to the walls and houses above. Soon we entered the gate, and passed through small clean streets to the piazza, where I left the horse. Fronting the piazza was the "cathedral," rococo in style, with a new coat of whitewash. The interior was as bad; I came out hurriedly. The time was best spent in roaming about the narrow streets. In doing this I soon found that the edge of the rock was not far away on each side; that the town was shaped like a long, narrow ellipse, running north and south, and it was built to the very top of the precipices that surround it. The house walls were about half of them stuccoed; on many the plaster had fallen off again, showing once more the great, squared, rough stone blocks, seamed by the centuries. It was very picturesque indeed to walk through these little streets, from four to eight feet wide, with the tall dark walls towering above, and the byways affording vistas, through tunnels and archways, of green fields and trees far away. Everywhere arches ran from wall to wall supportingly, and houses sat over the street now and then, obliging one to pass beneath them. But an air of comfort was given to this town, which all others I had seen did not possess, by the noticeable cleanness of the pavements, and the pots of flowers and ferns which everywhere graced the windows. Evidently Orte's situation on the main railroad of Italy had not failed to give her modern ideas.

Yet she is, I remembered, a very ancient town, — the "Horta" of the Romans; and there were evidences of it. In many instances the lower part of the housewalls was of unmistakable Roman workmanship, of the republican epoch: the huge, nicely squared and fitted, peperino or gray tufa blocks being joined without mortar, as the workmen of the early Middle Ages could not do it. The vast age, also, was plainly written on the stones. Here and there I found work of the imperial epoch: the long, narrow bricks, set in abundant mortar as hard as stone. It was interesting to find these Roman house-walls still standing, after two thousand years, and still sheltering people. An old cobbler, — whom I found exercising his trade, like all others, in an open doorway, — said that it was indeed true that a great many of the houses were more or less of ancient Roman construction; and he led me to a dwelling near by, upon the very face of the cliff, which he said was entirely of republican workmanship. He called it "the house of Julia," and asserted that it had always been a tradition in the town that this was built and inhabited by a certain lady from ancient Rome of that name. Appearances sustained the tradition. The house was about thirty feet square and two stories in height, constructed of the same large, squared, gray tufa blocks. The doorway, approached by a short flight of steps, was boarded up, and I could not enter.

At the northern end of the town, where it ended in a point with a gateway, I found the remains of the mediæval castle, upon a separate crag, divided from the town by a ravine. Across this ravine extended upon arches the ruins of a curious causeway, built to connect the castle with the city. Most of the arches still stood, high and gaunt-looking; the passage across their tops, with heavy parapets, was wide enough only for a man or donkey to traverse. It leaped from the last arch to the castle by a drawbridge, — now disappeared, together with all the rest of the edifice. The top of the rock upon which the castle stood was razed clean, except for a few fragments of walls. The sides of the crag were so perfectly precipitous that I did not see how it could ever have been taken and destroyed, except by treachery from within. It was the most ideal situation for a fortress that one could conceive. No foe could scale those precipices, and no foe could enter over this causeway and drawbridge, the only entrance there was. A modern road now sloped from the gateway, below the castle rock, to the valley of the Tiber.

I returned to the station and tested its fame by a luncheon of eggs "al piatto," and fried artichokes, which were delicious; then took train for Narni. After some twenty minutes of following the course of the Nera to the northeast, the mountains gathered in more and more closely to the stream, until it became a narrow defile. The river dashed alongside amidst boulders, and the pine-clad cliffs soared on each hand to a great height; it was sublime. Finally we plunged into a tunnel, and emerged upon the plain of the Nera, at the station of Narni. Getting out, I saw the town behind us, perched on a great hill-top, and in front the fertile plain spreading out for some distance between the receding mountains. Arriving at Narni by carriage, I found the situation even more picturesque than that of Orte. On the western side of the town the rock fell like a plumb-line to the ravine through which I had recently passed on the train. To the north and east the descent was very steep to the plain; to the south the mountain rose still higher, to a point upon which stood a huge and well-preserved castle, with machicolated parapets and massive towers at the angles. This is now used as a prison. A curious copy of it has been built by the Prince de Bourbon, grandson of the last king of Naples, upon the steep hillside towards the plain, where he now lives.

The upper streets of Narni climb arduously towards the castle, and circle about the mountain side through the usual archways and tunnels; but the houses are mostly plastered, with a modern air. I found it more interesting to walk on the streets lining the edges of the ravine and the descent to the plain, and gaze down at the river below, or off to the many mountains beyond. But it is an ancient town; the Roman Emperor Nerva was born here. It was first captured by the Romans as early as 299 B. C., before which it had been called Nequinum, and after which it was called Narnia. A wonderful relic of Roman times still exists, below the town, in the remains of the bridge of Augustus across the Nera just before it enters the glen. One arch of the three original I saw standing, sixty feet in height, of great cut stones perfectly fitted without mortar. I wondered that the other two ever fell; probably they were destroyed in warfare; the massive pier which supported them was still erect. This was a very important bridge in imperial days. It carried the Via Flaminia from Rome to the north, — to Perugia and the Umbrian cities, — spanning the dangerous floods of the Nar at a safe height.

Near by was the mediæval bridge, still in use, constructed after the other had fallen. It was spanned midway by a lofty tower, which formerly guarded it. Across this bridge I drove again, on my way to Amelia. Amelia lies in the heart of the mountains which intervene to the west between the valley of the Nera and that of the Tiber. In legend and authentic history it figures as one of the earliest, still existing, cities of Italy, built by the Pelasgi even before the days of the Etruscans. Once on the north side of the Nera we mounted rapidly the face of the mountain wall which girdles in the plain upon the west. We were soon at such a height that the plain lay before us like an oval, green basin, its sides dotted with grayish-white towns; at the further end of it, upon the level, lay Terni with its broad extent and modern factory chimneys. We turned westward into a gap in the mountains, and entered the heart of them, still climbing. Even up here the vine and the olive were ubiquitous. After an hour I saw Amelia before me on a vast hill-top, surmounted by its cathedral tower, the houses descending in successive tiers to the fragments of the ancient walls. It was late in the afternoon when we reached the piazza outside the gate, and the sun was hidden by dense clouds. A heavy murkiness filled the air, and gave to the mountains which hemmed us in on every side a dark and menacing aspect. I felt as though I were really back in ancient times, or at least a thousand miles from civilization. A few men slouched about the gateway with a gloomy air, saying nothing to each other, — in a fashion, it seemed to me, more Etruscan than Italian. I approached to examine the walls; and, true enough, they were Pelasgic, built of tremendous many-sided blocks of gray stone of different sizes. There they sat in the town wall just as they were laid four thousand years ago; it seemed incredible.

I climbed the winding ways in the gloom toward the cathedral at the top. Black walls of endless age lined the little streets, and melancholy-looking people gazed at me from cavern-like doorways. I heard nobody talking anywhere, and it produced a feeling of extraordinary isolation and loneliness. Half-way up I found a little piazza where there was no one but an old man with bleared eyes, who stood before an ancient town hall arching the street; and he followed me for a while in utter silence. It was evident that the perfect isolation of Amelia must affect its remaining people in this way. It was a long climb to the top, but I reached it at last in a little piazza before the cathedral (which wa closed). Here the view was magnificent, in spit of the sun's absence; it was impressive in its grandeur. The bare mountain peaks lined th whole horizon; there ran the valley of the Tiber, on the west; to the dim south sat Soracte, with its crouching back, which I had not thought to see again. It was hard to realize that this remote place could once have been so important; but I remembered that Ameria (its Latin name) was often referred to by Roman authors as a large and flourishing town. On descending I noticed remains of Roman days, ancient columns built into the house walls here and there, and Corinthian capitals projecting from the plastered façades. After one more look at the cyclopean walls, the equal of which I should probably never see again, I summoned the *vetturino*, and we descended rapidly to the plain of the Nera, and remounted to Narni. I dined at a primitive inn on the brink of the gorge, at a long table in a second-story room, confronted by an Italian and his daughter who interested me very much as types of the new class in Italy, — the class which has arisen since the unification, — a bourgeoisie, with a partial modern education. The man could talk well on most Italian subjects, but had bad manners and ate with his hat on; the daughter had gathered some education as to manners, but drank her eggs from the shell, and was generally ignorant.

That same evening I left for Terni; and a scene occurred at the station which was characteristically Italian. I knocked in vain at the little wooden slide which closed the window for purchase of tickets, until the train rumbled into the depot. Then the official condescended to open it and give me my *biglietto;* but I had still to get a piece of luggage which I had left there on deposit. I rushed to the platform and demanded it, showing the receipt, but no official was equal to the emergency. I appealed to the train guard to hold the train until I obtained my luggage; he said, "Certainly." First the right man could not be found, and then the right key. At last a proper conjunction of officialdom was effected, and I procured my bag; time, ten minutes, — during which the whole train stood patiently waiting.

We traversed the level plain of the Nera in the darkness, and I reached Terni rejoicing to find a good bed at the hotel which shelters the many strangers who come to see the waterfalls. These cascades are among the most celebrated in Europe; Terni is otherwise uninteresting, for it is a modern town, though of early origin; its location as the metropolis of the fertile basin of the Nera and the surrounding country, and as the junction of the railway to Rieti and the eastern coast, has given it recent prosperity. On awakening in the morning and pushing open the blinds I found myself looking upon the principal piazza of Terni. It was surrounded by modern stuccoed buildings, with cafés on the sidewalks. A stroll about the little city of ten thousand inhabitants revealed nothing more interesting than the poor renaissance palaces of the old nobility. The streets are comparatively wide and straight, the town being on a level; and the white and cream-colored houses have a somewhat cheerful air. It seemed as though the inhabitants must really have some of the conveniences and luxuries of modern life. It is lit by electricity, and there are tram-cars running by the same power to the station and to the cascades.

I took one of these trams in the afternoon. It ran to the east, past a great manufactory of arms which the government has established here, and up the course of the Nera into the mountains. Very soon we were in a deep, romantic glen, through which we wound beside the brawling stream for some miles, — bushes and willows below fringing the shady banks, and great cliffs rising high above on each hand. Thus we reached the point where the Velino comes tumbling into the glen from the south, falling from the high level of the plain of Rieti, and making three wide leaps of 330, 190, and 65 feet. The roar of the cataract and its dense mist filled the little valley. Nothing could be more beautiful than this situation, — the splashing Nera below, amidst dense trees, underbrush and boulders, — the vast cliffs on each hand, soaring to the sky for seven hundred feet, clothed with bushes and pines, — and, frowning over the cliffs and closing the glen,

THE FALLS OF TERNI

bare mountain peaks. The Velino in spring is of considerable volume; and it plunges in one compact body like a large river, from between sheltering trees at the top, in its first leap of 330 feet, — seeming to fall into a cauldron of steam. From the bowl hollowed by this fall it spreads out over the rocks and descends in a series of exquisite cascades for 190 feet more, now dashing wildly amongst huge stones, now dropping smoothly over a rounded cliff like a glistening, translucent veil. The words of Byron in "Childe Harold" of course recur to every traveler who visits this beautiful spot; and I, like others, sought to recall them: —

> "The roar of waters! — from the headlong height
> Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
> The fall of waters! — rapid as the light
> The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss;
> The hell of waters! — where they howl and hiss
> And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
> Of their great agony, wrung out from this
> Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
> That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set."

I mounted the cliff beside the large fall to a point where a little promontory projects before it with a belvedere, and from this had a good view of the seething basin into which it hurls itself. The roar, the madness of the rushing water, the boiling and surging of the pit, and the fierce eddying of the driven mist, were never to be forgotten. At the top I found a pretty vale between two mountain-tops, through which the Velino pours from the plain beyond. To the east there opens out upon this plain the beautiful lake of Piediluco, curving gracefully between rounded hillsides; on the north bank of it sits the town of the same name, beneath a cone-shaped mount topped by a ruined castle, whose ancient enfilading walls creep brokenly downward to right and left.

As I descended again to the glen of the Nera, I noticed that the modern Italians have actually been enterprising enough to make some use of this tremendous water-power. They have drawn off a little of the water at the head of the falls and conducted it by two separate channels, one to the east and the other to the west, to points where it drops into the glen through chutes to large manufactories, at a sufficient distance not to be seen from the cataract. In this they show their usual care not to spoil anything beautiful, — a lesson which we Anglo-Saxons seem unable to learn.

Next morning I departed from Terni, delighted to be on my way to Spoleto; Spoleto, the famous ancient Umbrian city, the faithful Roman colony which repelled the attack of Hannibal, the powerful Lombard duchy which gave an emperor to the Holy Roman Empire, the renaissant municipality which drew to it Filippo Lippi for the production of his masterpiece in its cathedral.

I was now to pass the divide which separates the valley of the Nera from that of the Teverone — the beautiful plain of Umbria, upon whose eastern bank sit not only Spoleto, but Trevi, Foligno, Spello, and Assisi. I was to cross the mountains which seem to divide northern Italy from central Italy, which marked the limit of the immediate administration of Rome, and which bounded upon the south the region of the awakening of the Renaissance. I was to enter that wonderful Umbrian plain over which Perugia extended her sway; where developed the Umbrian school of painting; the country of Pinturicchio, Perugino, and Lo Spagna.

The train left the plain of the Nera, and plunged at once into the mountains, climbing the course of a beautiful, though muddy, brook which splashed downward through a deep and wooded glen. It was a succession of cuts and tunnels through the hillsides of this winding stream. The mountains rose to a great height on each hand, sometimes bare and rocky, sometimes covered with fine old elm and oak trees. Soon we passed a most romantic looking little village upon the other side of the brook, stretching up the hillside in a mass of broken gray ruins, towards which the encircling arms of a castle above reached down; and far above was another castle, a thousand feet in the air, commanding the pass with its mighty keep. Then we crossed the divide by a long tunnel, and emerged on the northern side, — now running swiftly downward, — into a vale more spacious and an atmosphere more luminous. This vale was the beginning of the valley of the Teverone, into which it gradually widened. Here were farmhouses and villas upon the hillsides, speaking of order and prosperity; about them spread a luxuriant landscape of vineyards and orchards. The surrounding peaks looked no longer grim, but gentle and pastoral. Then we rolled into the station of Spoleto; and I saw the town at a little distance to the south, with its forefoot in the valley, stretching gracefully up a hillside, backed by mountains rounded, forest-clad and softly green.

CHAPTER V

SPOLETO

The approach to Spoleto from the station showed it lying upon its eminence in shape like a diamond, with the northern point upon the plain; upon the eastern point it bulged up into a great knob, upon which sat the extensive castle of the Lombard dukes, with an encircling wall of its own. Beyond this citadel rose the steep wooded cliff of Monte Luco to a height of over 2500 feet, dotted with white buildings amidst the foliage. The Tessino came rushing down around the foot of the castle and flowed swiftly before the northern gateway of the town, in a wide channel banked high for its spring floods. We crossed it by a handsome bridge, entered the old gateway, and mounted the town by the windings of the Corso, between buildings that were modern-looking and cheerful. It is but a few years, I was told, since the Corso was put through, together with a number of other new streets; this must have taken away much of the mediæval aspect of the town, but enough of that can still be had in the side streets. Looking down them I saw tortuous dark passages with rough unplastered walls.

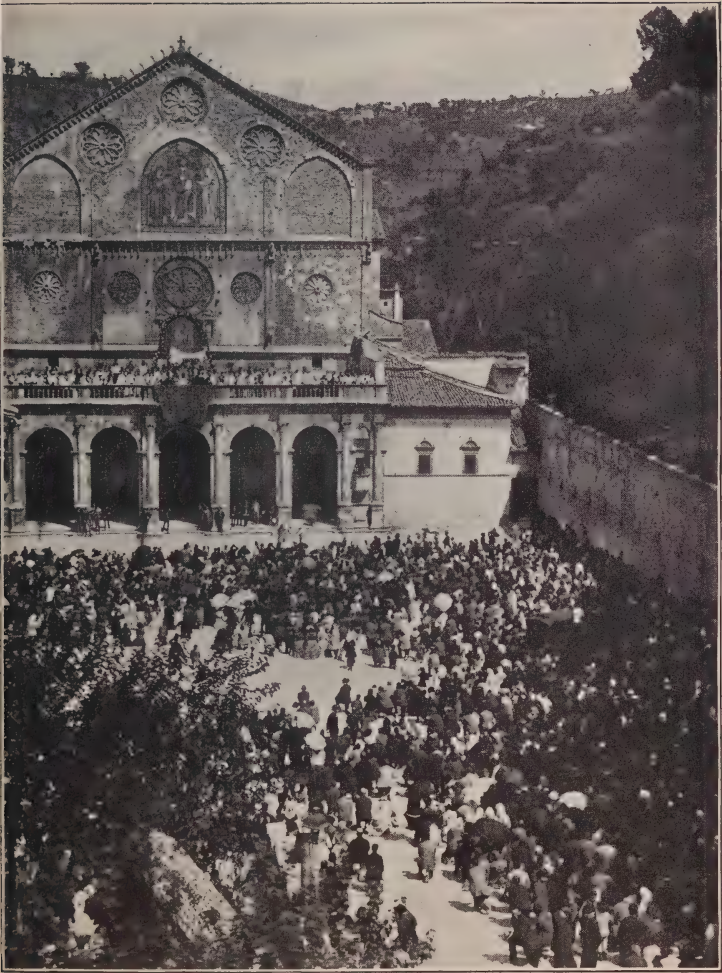
I was deposited at the old albergo of which other travelers have written, located in the centre of the town in an ancient palace, its approach through a tunnel under a garden, having spacious rooms and corridors with lofty ceilings, through which one wanders in gloom and confusion. I found stairways of stone worn by the feet of many generations, echoing tiled floors (as everywhere in Italy) and great salons, once gorgeous, now shuttered dim on faded furniture. It was curious to walk through those halls and chambers at night, groping the way to one's room by the flickering light of a candle, feeling, if not seeing, the ghosts of the departed noble occupants in every dusky corner.

My first walk took me further up the Corso, which in this part of the town becomes straight, to the Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele at the apex of the hill. In the centre of the piazza there is a statue of Victor Emmanuel, and upon the south side of it the Prefectura, a simple structure of renaissance lines. Beyond the piazza I found that the ground sloped downward to the south gate, in two parallel streets, the western one of which was no longer occupied by houses. The bare fields stretched away from it for some distance to the west, upon the southern slope of the hill, yet within the walls, showing how much smaller the town is to-day than in the Middle Ages and in antiquity. But following this road beyond the southern gate of San Luca I obtained a view which showed me at once where lies Spoleto's beauty. The town rose behind me to the north, and on the south, east, and west soared the rounded hills which hem it in so closely to the plain,— sweetly green in luxuriant masses of tufted trees, and dotted with the white walls and gray domes of villas and churches. The prospect was lovely beyond all expression. Here and there a grove of tall black cypresses shot their pointed heads against the blue of the sky. Large ecclesiastical structures built in peaceful renaissance days— monasteries and churches—filled the vales between the hills; and the whole vast face of Monte Luco on the east was sprinkled with the white walls of buildings amidst its heavy verdure. These, I knew, must be the hermitages established there in the sixth century by Saint Isaac of Syria, where so many renowned prelates and saints have passed good portions of their lives.

The next morning I proceeded to the Palazzo Municipale and the cathedral, both of which lie in front of the castle toward the eastern point of the town. The former is remarkable only for containing a marvelous fresco by Lo Spagna in its small art collection, and the remains of an ancient Roman house in its cellar. The fresco is a large Madonna with saints, which formerly stood in the castle, where it was much injured by the bayonets of Napoleon's soldiers; in spite of this it is a very beautiful work, showing that Lo Spagna at his best was equal to Perugino. The exquisite grace and sweetness of the Madonna hold the onlooker like a vise. It made me wonder what Lo Spagna, who died before he was twenty-four, would have accomplished had he lived to the alloted age. He shows in this fresco a mastery of flesh tint which was equaled by one other cinquecentist only, — his contemporary, Sodoma. There is a wonderful softness and delicacy in the skin of the Madonna's face and throat, transparent, with the light flush of health and youth diffused beneath it.

The remains of the Roman house consist of the mosaic pavement of its nine rooms, which is remarkably preserved — much better than any at Rome. The walls of the rooms and of the house are gone, save one fragment of heavy outside stonework. The legend has it that the mother of the Emperor Vespasian resided here.

The cathedral lies directly back of the Palazzo Municipale, in the very shadow of the castle, which rises far overhead upon its rock in grandeur. A beautiful renaissance portico, with an outside marble pulpit between two half columns at each end, faces the piazza before it. I found the interior whitewashed and uninteresting, except for the frescoes, of which a fine work of



OUTDOOR EASTER SERVICE — SPOLETO

Pinturicchio's stands in one chapel, and the masterpiece of Filippo Lippi occupies the choir. This *chef-d'œuvre* consists of three panels on the walls of the apse, and in the half dome a Coronation of the Virgin, with attendant angels and saints. Although greatly damaged by the cold and damp of nearly five hundred years, it is still very enjoyable. Fra Filippo's main strength lay in his mastery of colors. The colors here are mostly vanished, but enough remains to show the exquisite tints which he originally laid on, — softest blending hues of pink and brown and green, upon a general foundation of blue. It reminds one of Guido Reni, so many years after. The general composition is rather stiff; but the figure of the Virgin is of wonderful grace. She is kneeling with folded hands, to receive the crown which the Father is placing upon her head, in an attitude and with an expression indicative of dignity yet humility, godliness yet womanliness.

Fra Filippo died while at work on this painting, whereupon the Florentines sent Lorenzo de' Medici as special ambassador to claim the body; but the Spoletans refused to deliver it up and buried Filippo in the cathedral which he had given to fame. I saw his tomb in the entrance to the chapel on the left of the high altar: a slab set in the wall richly cut in bas-relief with patterns, having an epitaph by Politian.

Between the side of the Palazzo Municipale and the castle lies a wide piazza upon which opens the castle gateway; this, however, it was impossible to enter, because the fortress, like so many others in Italy, is now used as a prison. I looked far above at the grated windows, and reflected that the prisoners must have one of the most beautiful panoramas in the world to gaze at. To obtain this view I started one afternoon to make a partial ascent of Monte Luco behind the castle. The road wound around the base of the rock to the ravine at its back, — a vast ravine, three hundred feet in depth, with precipitous sides, and the Tessino dashing along at the bottom. And there I saw a mighty bridge actually spanning this chasm, — not jumping it in one leap, for it is seven hundred feet wide, but calmly stepping across on ten pointed arches, whose piers reached to the bottom so far below. They say that the lower construction of this marvel shows Roman work (I did not go down to see); but at any rate it was reconstructed as at present by Theodelapius, the third Lombard duke. Crossing over, I climbed the steep side of Monte Luco for half an hour, by a graveled path which led through thickets of box and juniper and groves of ilexes and elms. At last I reached a spot higher than the castle, placing it and the whole town below me; and beyond there stretched a view too beautiful for pen or words to describe.

From the mass of brown-tiled roofs of Spoleto the eye ranged out over the plain of Umbria, glistening sweetly green in the light of the sinking sun, — meadows and copses of great trees, fields of growing grain and orchards of olives, — the white walls of farmhouses alternating with those of churches and monasteries surrounded by clusters of cypresses. This vista stretched off to the northward between the walls of the mountains on each side, which contrasted by the darker green of their dense woods at the top. And on the mountain wall to the east, curving gently around to the northwest as it receded, sat in splendid procession the grand old towns of Umbria: Trevi, "piled volcano-like in sunlit pyramid with bright volume of cloud for a smoke wreath;" Foligno, slipped into the valley, with her towers and domes uplifted to catch the western rays; Spello, perched glistening, tier above tier, upon her pinnacle; and farthest of all, wonderful old Assisi, lying fair with white walls upon her sloping hillside, smiling with true churchly benignity towards martial Spoleto at the south. Wonderful, wonderful, it was. And as the setting sun sank lower his horizontal rays became golden, bathed the long valley in a golden mist, and turned the curving file of cities into a row of glistening golden domes.

And thus I found, as all others no doubt have found before me, that the best things at Spoleto are not indoors, hidden in galleries or churches, nor even in the streets, interesting as they are, but in the environs of hill and valley with their vistas. In these environs, too, lie all the principal churches except the cathedral. Yet it was a pleasure always to saunter up and down the variegated and tortuous streets of the city, noting all the different epochs which they represent. Here upon the Corso and Via Umberto is reunited Italy, with its little modern shops, and pink façades with outside green blinds, and cafés with men drinking at tiny tables in the open doors. There is not room upon the streets for the tables, because these fine thoroughfares are not over twenty feet wide from wall to wall. Then here is Spoleto of the Renaissance, on a side street, in the remains of the palaces then erected, — some of them with façades still intact, glorying in heavy rusticated stone corners and doorways, triangular pediments over the windows, ornate string-courses, and ponderous cornices. These façades mostly cover interiors decayed and ruined, long since passed from the hands of the impoverished noble builders and their descendants. But there are interiors of that epoch still well preserved, — most likely behind an altered and ugly front, — with their grand suite of rooms on the "piano nobile" or second story, having great length and breadth and height, frescoed ceilings, walls covered with remains of paintings or tapestry, vast double doors with decorated panels and handles at the centre instead of the edge, interior window blinds carved and painted, huge gilded cornices over doors and windows, marble-top tables with curved gilded legs, and great, handsome stone fireplaces.

But here is Spoleto of the Middle Ages, in this little dark way climbing the hill in cobble-stone steps, with dusky walls which one can reach on both sides, constructed of stones of every size and age loosely set together, most of them taken from buildings of prior epochs. Archways lead into halls like caverns, little sashless windows peer down, steps ascend and descend on each hand — sometimes into the light of a courtyard or another street, sometimes into deeper obscurity. And the odor of vast, stale, filthy age penetrates everything, — centuries which have never kept clean, centuries which have crumbled and decayed, centuries which have piled up ruin and filth and refuse without human molestation. Now and then a mediæval tower looks down upon one of these narrow ways; often bridges leap from house to house, and arches criss-cross before the blue sky-line above.

And here is Spoleto of the Romans: in this great stone wall forming the substructure of a mediæval house, with its huge oblong blocks of volcanic stone, cut and fitted with perfect accuracy. Here is another bit of such wall, and there another, and so they are found from street to street, with now and then a spanning archway of that period, quite intact. But the greatest of the Roman remains is the so-called Gate of Hannibal, or Porta della Fuga, which once formed part of the city wall, and from which the citizens repulsed the Carthaginian in B. C. 217, marching triumphantly from his victory at Thrasymene. To reach this relic I searched byway after byway on the northwest side of the town, until I found one curving downward at an angle of forty-five degrees in a series of tunnels beneath the houses; and imbedded in one of these tunnels was the arch, surely of Roman workmanship, of larger stones than usual. An inscription on the outer side of the keystone related the facts. I said to myself that if the Roman wall was built of such stone, and the ground without ran down at this angle, it was no wonder that Hannibal marched away again.

Finally, here is Spoleto of the Pelasgic period, — yes, actually, of the Pelasgic period! — before Rome was born, before Etruria flourished, before the Umbrians came down from the north! I stumbled upon this relic, — and it is an extensive one, — by the purest luck, in strolling about the city; for it is mentioned by no guidebook or previous traveler that I know of. Reascending from the Porta della Fuga, I took a wide street that curves to the right and runs across the town from west to east, and is for some way practically a terrace, with only a parapet on the left, and a high wall upon the right. This wall evidently banked in the higher ground, for the backs of dwellings rose upon it forty feet above. Suddenly I perceived that the whole lower part of it was of cyclopean formation, — gigantic polygonal stones, cut and set as the Pelasgi worked them, with leveled faces and straight edges. It was astonishing to me to find these valuable remains in the heart of Spoleto. The cyclopean work extended as high as fifteen feet from the present ground level, and ran along for a distance of a hundred yards. It was evident that this was the town wall four thousand years ago. The rapid descent of the ground without made it natural; and a gentleman who then came along said that such was the fact according to local tradition and research. A little further on, just under a ruined church which lifted its broken apse atop the wall, he showed me Roman work superimposed upon the Pelasgic; for once the Roman looked small.

Spoleto shows that the picturesque town, or the ancient town with a history and interesting remains, is not necessarily still aboriginal; and that the alteration of the ancient aspect by the Renaissance, or by modern streets and buildings, does not necessarily destroy the picturesqueness or the interest. In saying this I am comparing

Spoleto with the old towns of Etruria, and with Narni and Amelia. It is true that one can find the mediæval unchanged only in such places as Amelia or Nepi, and thus only can see exactly what a town of that period really was. But the alteration of Spoleto by the addition of its renaissance buildings, the putting through of its modern streets with their stores and dwellings, and the general plastering of façades, has not destroyed all the ancient or the mediæval, — which can still be seen in appropriate surroundings, — but has taken away the gloom of antiquity and substituted the cheeriness and cleanliness of today, has destroyed much of the ugliness and most of the filth, and added the beautiful. So Spoleto is not dark and oppressive — like Cività Castellana, or Narni, or even Orvieto — but is happy and beautiful.

There is a difference, too, in these Umbrian people. They appear cleaner, better dressed and more intelligent than those of Etruria or of the Nera. They certainly live better, and have more education. And their civility is proverbial. Civility is a most important thing to a stranger. It is far pleasanter to meet with smiles and greetings than with hostile stares and remarks. All of the Umbrian peasantry and a good part of the town people invariably greet the stranger with a pleasant "Buon giorno."

I visited, in a succession of delightful walks, the old churches which lie without the walls of Spoleto like a girdle of piety to preserve it from evil. Four of them were built before 1300 and are very curious in their façades, though three of these have been reconstructed and whitewashed within. San Pietro, which was the cathedral of the town until 1067, lies directly south of it in the vale of the Tessino. I went out there on a Sunday morning when the bells all over the city were sounding a grand chorus of invitation to service, and the streets were filled with the city people and peasantry in best attire, — the women all wearing multi-colored silk handkerchiefs over their heads, so that a vista down a sloping way was like a kaleidoscope. I descended from the Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele to one of the southern gates, and walked without alongside the Tessino; the town dips rapidly enough from the height of the castle to meet this stream as it curves around from the ravine below that stronghold. And the vale stretches away southward into the mountains, soft and beautiful in their bosom, snuggling as it were into the caresses of the rounded, gentle hills. San Pietro lies on one side of the stream, at the head of a high flight of steps; San Paolo on the other, with its convent buildings buried in trees. Mounting the steps I examined the façade of San Pietro with much interest; the church we know stood as early as the fifth century, but the extraordinary bas-reliefs between its portals must have been added in the later Middle Ages. These reliefs are mainly of beasts in all sorts of curious attitudes and exercises: devouring each other, preaching, and praying. Across the façade run several decorative cornices, with the classic block moulding; this moulding adheres also to the edges of the peaked roof. It was very interesting indeed to find Romanesque so near the classic. When this façade was built the art and learning of Rome had been lost so short a time that architects evidently still endeavored to follow the Græco-Roman lines. These mouldings seemed to me like the last gasp of the classic under the descending darkness of the Middle Ages. I know no other place where the merging of antique forms at their expiring breath into the Romanesque is found so perfectly as in these churches about Spoleto.

Within San Pietro, there was nothing to draw the eye except a marble statue of St. Peter sitting in the nave, of similar size and attitude to the one in Rome, and the disclosure of some fragments of early frescoes from beneath their coat of whitewash on the entrance wall. The whole church was probably once richly decorated with these frescoes; which would be of immense interest to-day as examples of mediæval Umbrian art.

I crossed over to San Paolo, following a beautiful lane between thick hedges topped by graceful elms. Other such lanes crossed the vale here and there, in which I saw the blue coats of soldiers of the regiment stationed at Spoleto, strolling in couples on their Sabbath outing. To the left, upon a rolling hill soft with fields of light green wheat dotted with groves of lighter olive trees, stood a convent encircled by the black spires of cypresses, through which a pretty loggia at the top looked towards Spoleto. To the right lay the city, white and brown behind its old gray walls, and further on beneath the castle on the east, the deep ravine crossed by its mighty bridge.

At San Paolo I found the same sort of early Romanesque façade, with classic decorations, now crumbling and broken: a simpler, smaller thing than San Pietro. Within there was nothing of interest.

Another walk took me from the southern gate of San Luca, across the meadows of San Paolo, to the arcade of Madonna di Loreto. This arcade runs by a long succession of arches from the city wall to the church of that name, built in the sixteenth century, and quite plain and uninviting. But the arcade made it picturesque, — so many, many arches, each erected once on a time with much pain and labor, plodding a third of a mile over the valley to the church at the end, above which rose a hill beautiful with fields and orchards.

San Ponziano on the east of the city I found more interesting: it has the same early Romanesque façade, with lintels and cornices which one would think at first glance to be renaissance, but which are survivals of the classic; and further, a cornice or string-course running along the sides and around the apse composed of little arches in relief without columns, — the decoration of early churches which they have always called Byzantine. It is found upon the Byzantine churches of Ravenna and Pisa. The finding of it here, at San Ponziano, and on several others of the early churches about Spoleto, shows it to be purely a survival of the classic.

On the same hill with San Ponziano, further up, stands San Agostino del Crocifisso, on a terrace behind a pretty burial-ground lined with little cypresses, and looking out toward the city. In walking there I stopped to look in at the cemetery through the iron gates. The gravestones are placed flat upon the ground, as closely together as cut stones in a wall; upon them sit occasional monuments, of every design. Then comes a space of ground devoted to shrubs and grass; then another little marble floor of gravestones. I saw no separation into families — perhaps the rich can do this — but men of different names lay side by side. The pretty trees, — just like the toy ones which we give to children to play with, — lined the outer wall of the cemetery. Proceeding to the terrace above I reached the façade of the church, which was erected in the fifth century upon the remains of a Roman temple. The plain wall is pierced by three beautiful classic doorways and three classic windows. The marble jambs and lintels of the doors are finely moulded, and enriched with a pattern of wreaths in bas-relief; the windows, also marble, have handsomely carved columns at each angle, upholding ornate cornices. It was a wonder to me to see such work, done at a period when Rome had fallen, civilization had fallen, and art is supposed also to have fallen.

The interior of the church is still more remarkable; it is not a church, it is the old Roman temple itself. I saw, to my amazement, the Doric columns, which formed the portico of the temple, protruding from the walls of the nave, and the Ionic and Corinthian columns which formed its cella, upholding the dome of the choir. The structure has not been changed since Roman days except in building up between the columns of the portico, and adding the dome to the cella. I was not prepared for such a find as this. It is another thing alone worth going to Spoleto for. Above the side columns of the cella the ancient entablature is still preserved, with a beautiful Doric frieze; which is unfortunately lost in the portico. As I stood there gazing it was very easy to conjure up the sight of the Spoletans of

Roman times coming over in tunic and toga from the ancient city, — which lay then upon her hill just about the same in appearance as she does to-day, — and entering here to lay their offerings before the god who sat enthroned in the cella. How beautiful the environs of Spoleto must have been in those peaceful, artistic days, if they are so beautiful now. This was but one of the many temples that graced the hills about. It is no wonder that the architects of succeeding darker centuries were unable to forget the Greek forms of beauty; for they had them right here in this preserved temple of San Agostino to remind and instruct.

As I came out from the building on to the terrace again, the beautiful view from it drew my attention. Across the vale of the Tessino lay Spoleto, sloping up with brown roofs to the cathedral tower far above; the façades curved gently in concentric lines; a dome soared here and there above the tiling. Hemming it all in, the ancient gray stone wall crept up the hillside in broken steps, to the vast crag of the castle on the left: that wonderful old castle with its battlements and loopholes, — which the Romans used two thousand years ago, where the dukes of Spoleto reigned in state for centuries, and the Papal viceroys for other centuries held their sway. What a panoply and pomp of power, what a glistening of shields and spears, it has seen!

Lucretia Borgia lived there for a year before she went to Nepi. I could not help thinking how sorry she must have been to exchange this beautiful prospect for the gloom of that Etruscan town. Here she had always the picturesque city below, and the fair rolling mountains closing round about, dotted with white shrines and monasteries and churches, — just as I saw them now.

Lovely Spoleto! Never can I forget the charm of your rich green hillsides, matted with tufted trees, or soft and pastoral with meadows and orchards; nor the wondrous vale of Tessino in its ever changing aspect, — here low and gentle, with San Ponziano and San Agostino looking across to the town, — there dread and shadowy in its chasm beneath the castle, — there again, on the southern side, spreading out into a fertile basin with fields of grain, shady lanes, and groves of mighty oaks, with the domes of San Pietro and San Paolo in the midst, — then winding up into the bosom of the curving, verdure-clad mountains to its source. Tessino is what helps so much to make each walk a succession of never-tiring vistas, each vista more beautiful than the last. And when in strolling we reach the top of one of her enfolding hills, there to the north stretches the marvelous plain of Umbria, one vast luxuriant garden sprinkled with white buildings, stretching on to Trevi and Foligno and Spello and Assisi.

CHAPTER VI

TREVI, FOLIGNO, MONTEFALCO, BEVAGNA

It was with a heavy heart that I departed from the old albergo at Spoleto and its agreeable hosts; the great rooms that seemed so dark and dismal on my first arrival had become cheerful and homelike, and I knew how much I should miss the gay wood fire in my palatial apartment over which I had been sitting in the cool May evenings. I took a morning train for Trevi; and we rattled away in the little cars through the smiling plain. An endless succession of wheat fields passed by the window, — the grain a little over a foot in height, and sometimes so thickly grown with poppies as to make it vividly red instead of green. But the effect was of traveling through orchards, because all the fields were set with rows of trees — fruit, or olive, or stunted elm — entwined with grape vines. This is the ancient custom of Umbria and Tuscany, — to have the vines sustained by the trunks and branches of trees set in rows, which their vigorous grasp has dwarfed; and the rich leaves of the grape, as summer grows on, swing from tree to tree in endless avenues of garlands. Everywhere, also, I saw enormous graceful elms, untouched by the vine, lining the fields, or gathered in copses. Here was a meadow of crimson clover glistening in the sun; and there an acre mastered completely by the wild mignonette and poppy, mingling their scarlet and white in exquisite profusion.

Always beyond rose the steep sides of the mountains, clad in vineyards and olive groves. There appeared an ancient village upon a ridge, looking like a mass of gray ruins; but closer inspection showed that the ruins were those of a fallen castle and the houses which formerly clustered about, all surrounded by a broken wall; and that without lay modern dwellings. It was really a cheerful sight, — the first instance I had seen of the peasantry forsaking their mediæval filthy town, and building new and more comfortable homes in civilized style. Soon we passed another instance: the castle and its enceinte sat crumbling and deserted on the high hillside, and neat-looking houses were gathered below at the edge of the valley amidst gardens and trees. Then came a really modern village, with isolated houses scattered in the luxuriant plain and running a short way up the hill. Indeed we were getting north, towards Tuscany and Tuscan influence. It is a great thing to get the peasantry to abandon their ancient squalid villages; it is the best step towards cleanliness, comfort, and education.

After passing a vast grove of olive trees, reaching up the mountainside for half a mile and running along for several miles in length, Trevi came in sight close at hand. More extraordinary it looked than from the walls of Spoleto. No town could be perched on a steeper pinnacle; otherwise it would surely fall off. It does not sit upon the flat top of a rock like Orvieto; it scrambles up the sides of a hill shaped like a cone, each house stepping upon the one below it, until they terminate nearly a thousand feet above the plain in the great dome of a cathedral. This is like Amelia, and like Montefiascone, only far more perpendicular.

On dismounting from the train I saw no horse in sight, and looked aghast at the pyramid before me. But a vettura finally appeared from beneath a shed, to my immense relief. Evidently they have few visitors at Trevi. We mounted by a new road which had to go far back on a mountain side in the rear of the town, in order to make loops enough for the ascent. Before this way was constructed, no vehicle could reach the town: they had no use for vehicles when they built Trevi. Horses and donkeys could clamber up the precipitous ways which I saw cut in the rock with steps. Shortly before reaching the walls we passed the church of St. Maria delle

TREVI, PERCHED ON A STEEP PINNACLE

Lagrime, and I descended to examine it. There was a very beautiful 'marble' Renaissance portal, with pilasters supporting a cornice, and a frieze in pattern running along the jambs and lintel. Within it was very curious indeed: a nave without aisles, and whitewashed save for two slightly recessed chapels on each side, which were completely covered with frescoes — back, walls, and arches. In the second chapel on the right was a wonderful Adoration of the Magi by Perugino: the Madonna seated with the Child beneath a belvedere, — the wise men in front and to the right below, spectators at the sides, and in the rear a beautiful landscape, seen through the belvedere, with soft golden atmosphere. The grouping and grace of this are as lovely as usual with Perugino, and the background gives the picture distinction, making it not only ideal but real. In the left transept I found a work of Lo Spagna's, an Entombment, remarkable for its freedom of movement and composition.

We finally entered the town from the mountain in the rear, being already two thirds of the way up to the cathedral; and the road swept around the hillside in a three-quarter circle, affording magnificent views over the plain above the tops of the houses next below. The ascent is so steep that the roofs of these houses do not rise to the level of the street. The vettura left me at a little inn inside the gate on the northern side, where some private soldiers and cats were quarreling in the dirty eating-room. The buxom landlady, however, ushered me to the state salon above, and provided me with a lunch not at all unpalatable. Thereafter I felt equal to climbing about the town, and spent the afternoon in laboring up and down its dark and tortuous ways. Streets they cannot be called, — rather staircases. No vehicle could traverse any of them, and some a horse alone could not. The one level spot is the Piazza, made picturesque by a *municipio* arcaded with heavy pillars, from which an arch crosses to a mediæval clock-and-bell tower. In the *municipio* I found a little collection of paintings in a single room, brightened by the presence of three works of Lo Spagna. From the Piazza it was but a short climb to the cathedral, crowded by houses on all sides, and having nothing interesting within save a curious wooden statue of St. Peter, almost archaic, upon the fingers of which the faithful had hung many trinkets; these caused him to appear to be a showman exhibiting his wares, instead of extending a blessing.

The ways of Trevi, however, are not so grim and ancient as those of Amelia or Montefiascone. A great many of the façades are stuccoed, and there are everywhere remains of the palaces of the Renaissance: windows handsomely barred and corniced, stringcourses, doorways with carved lintels, rustica-work, and heavy *cornicioni*. Often a whole façade has preserved its elegant proportions and details. I reflected that Trevi must have been wealthy four hundred years ago, — more so than now; and that is naturally true, for then all persons had fled from the Campagna to the mountain towns for protection, and there must have been here several times the present population of twelve hundred. Beyond its importance in the Middle Ages arising from its impregnable position, I knew of no history to Trevi; yet the town is ancient, — it was called by the Romans Trebia.

One of the winding passages let me out upon *the* street again, where I was able to enjoy at leisure the wonderful view. This was quite a different point of outlook from the mountain side back of Spoleto; here I was well down the valley, there the whole valley stretched away before me in one direction. The Umbrian plain now lay below like a map, — or rather like a dense flat mass of verdure, sprinkled with the white of villages; and across it here and there drifted the gentle shadows of light clouds. I saw Spoleto to the south, curving up her hill tc the brown castle, surrounded by the arms oi the mountains. Directly opposite Trevi sat the old Umbrian town of Montefalco at a still greater height, cresting a peak with her walls and towers. To the north Foligno glistened with her white domes in the green foliage of the plain; and beyond rose Spello and Assisi from the eastern mountain sides, — nearer now than when I first saw them, and more distinguishable as to battlement, church, and campanile.

I crossed from Trevi by the hillside in the rear to an adjacent spur where sat the church of San Martino behind a row of cypresses. There was a very beautiful fresco by Lo Spagna here, in an outside chapel, a Madonna with angels in vestments of marvelous hues. The more one sees of this artist, so little found outside of Umbria, the more one admires him. — Then we descended again the long windings of the road to the station, and I departed for Foligno.

Entering Foligno reminded me of entering Terni. In both cases I came down from mountain towns of the past, and found a new satisfaction in the wider, level, and less picturesque streets of the present. Foligno, also, like Terni, is a junction on the railroad; from here the main line continues on across the mountains to Ancona on the Adriatic, and a side line diverges to Assisi and Perugia. The station, as always, is outside the city; and to enter the latter I found myself driven along a handsome tree-lined road to the southern gate, and thence along the main street, which runs to the piazza in the centre. At Foligno, with its nine thousand inhabitants and modern prosperity, I expected a good hotel; and was not disappointed. After settling down at this, there was still time before sunset to get an idea of the place; so I started for a walk.

The topography of Foligno is very simple — rather a contrast to what I had been experiencing; — the Corso runs north to the Piazza, between plastered façades and corniced windows and one stretch of modern arcades; and from the Piazza another main street runs directly to the western gate, and a smaller street to the northern gate. But really, they are all small. The Corso itself is not over twenty-five feet from wall to wall, and the other ways are less. The Corso is the most modern; in it are the newer buildings and principal shops. The Piazza is a pleasant surprise. I found it almost as picturesque as some town of the Lombard plain long dominated and built up by a tyrant dynasty. There lay the cathedral, with its west transept facing the square in early Romanesque quaintness, and round about stretched the old palaces with their picturesque façades. And there were tyrants here also, — the family of the Trinci, who terrorized and ruled in the fourteenth century, and in the fifteenth up to 1439, when Foligno was incorporated with Papal territory. From the house next the cathedral a graceful old brick bridge leaped across to the palace of the Trinci, with its huge columns in relief upon the façade, and heavy *cornicione.* Under the bridge ran the way to the northern gate, into seeming darkness between high walls. All along the western side of the Piazza lay the huge Palazzo Municipale, also with great columns in relief and topped by a machicolated tower; save that between it and the palace of the Trinci intervened the once handsome dwelling of the princely house of Orfini, built in palmy renaissance days, and now mutilated, with its graceful loggia built up in brick and plaster.

I came to the Piazza again two days later in the bright morning sunshine, when it was market time, and the little stalls of the peasants filled it from end to end. Fresh vegetables were piled upon them, under green umbrellas, and heaped upon the ground; and hundreds of picturesque old women with bodices and kerchiefs of variegated hues chattered and gesticulated with vehemence. Doubtless they were here just the same, I thought, when the Trinci looked darkly down from the narrow barred windows of their palace fortress.

The Via Principe Amedeo, which runs between the palaces of the Trinci and Orfini to the western gate, is more suggestive of those old days even than the Piazza. It slips darkly along between brownish mediæval walls of brick, graced by Renaissance window-ledges and cornices, and Renaissance doorways and mouldings. Here and there is a little loggia. Sometimes these details are of stone; as often of brick also.

Most suggestive and reminiscent of mediæval days were the gratings of the first story windows, varying from plain bars to fancy curved grilles, but all strong enough to keep out in those times the enemy next door.

The vistas down the side-ways running off the Via Principe Amedeo were, like those from the Corso, of narrow ugly lanes, often filled with rubbish; but they revealed one curious fact: Foligno is rectangular. The lanes are all as straight as a die, and cross each other at right angles. This is a very extraordinary thing to find in Italy south of the Lombard plain; and there can be only one reason for it. Foligno must have been laid out by the Romans; quite likely upon the site of one of their legionary camps. It would not have grown naturally with that regularity; in fact, neither in pre-Roman nor in mediæval times would Foligno have been founded in its present situation at all. Very peaceful times, such as Rome alone was able to enforce, were necessary for the growth and existence of a town so exposed on the plain to easy capture. Foligno's experience in the dark ages shows this, when she was occupied by every successive barbarian horde, and sacked and ruled, when they had gone, by the neighboring principalities. Finally, at a time when the dawn of the Renaissance was glowing on the horizon, in 1281, Perugia marched down and destroyed the poor little town completely, and she arose once more from her ruins only under the firm rule of the Trinci and the subsequent protection of the Popes. She may once have been stone; but she arose brick. The universality of brick construction — usually uncovered by plaster, save in the Corso — is as striking in Foligno as her rectangularity. There are probably good clay beds near by; and it is a long haul to bring stone from the mountains.

It gave me a sort of satisfaction to think that this old town, so defenseless and down-trodden by her neighbors in the Middle Ages, is getting the better of them at last. In these modern peaceful times her situation in the plain has given her the advantage; and she will continue to forge far ahead in population and wealth for centuries to come, while her former oppressors sit stagnant and crumbling upon their pinnacles. The wheel of fortune always turns, be it ever so slowly.

The Via Principe Amedeo before reaching the western gate runs into a wide piazza, upon which front two of Foligno's few churches; and one of these I found externally quite interesting,— S. Maria infra Portas. It is an old Romanesque brick edifice, with a peculiar eighth-century stone portico, and a high picturesque tower. The portico is of one story, with four Romanesque columns having rough-leaved capitals, all different, and appears to be half sunk in the ground; it rests upon a flooring several feet lower than the present piazza. In marked contrast to this was the great gothic portal of the church on the north side, now used as a gymnasium. And between this Romanesque and this gothic ran the street directly to the high battlemented town gate at a little distance; a charming vista, combining so much of the picturesque, the suggestive, and the historical.

Near by, north of the Via Principe Amedeo, is the church of San Niccoló, in which I found a charming altar-piece by Niccoló da Foligno, a native of this town who, with Ottaviano Nelli da Gubbio and Gentile da Fabriano formed a trio of the principal early masters of the Umbrian school of painting. Laboring in the fifteenth century, succeeding Giotto though not of his school, they seem to fill the gap in the advancement of art in this region between that master and Buonfigli and Perugino. This altar-piece is a Nativity, surrounded by the figures of twelve saints in separate panels, and seemed to me remarkably well grouped and drawn, with the true Umbrian softness of tone, color, and expression.

Foligno is the best place from which to visit the old towns of Bevagna and Montefalco — the former lying on the western edge of the plain, and the latter perched on a high hill opposite Trevi. So I started off for them one pleasant morning, driving through the continuous orchards, which bear not apples nor pears nor peaches, but grapes. The leaves of the vine hung thickly and brightly from the stunted branches of the trees, and swiftly were creeping along the heavy shoots which are stretched from trunk to trunk. Already were their successive avenues of garlands swinging gracefully above the glistening wheat beneath. Now and then we passed a farmhouse, or a collection of them, built like most Italian buildings of stone. Some were quite large, stretching on three sides about the farmyard, filled with straw and chickens, with doors opening thereupon. The people seemed very hearty and cheerful, singing lustily at their work; it is a far healthier life than that led by the miserable inhabitants of the mediæval mountain towns. We crossed a number of streams, small, flowing in deep artificial channels, doubtless cut by the Romans in the first place to drain the plain. Reaching the western mountain wall at last, we climbed slowly by many windings to Montefalco, obtaining ever-widening views of the valley. I saw Montefalco ahead, still clinging to the shelter of its ancient battlements, which circle gray and crumbling about the hilltop. We entered by the western gate, drove circularly to the southern gate, and out again to a separate knoll on the south crested with elms and cypresses, where sat the mediæval monastery and church of San

Fortunato. Here we entered first a most charming old court, or cloisters, some of the columns of which were taken from ancient temples. Facing it is the church, with its rough bell-tower rising picturesquely behind. A pleasant Franciscan monk answered my summons — given by ringing a large bell whose rope hung without the door — and showed me the frescoes in the church and in an exterior chapel opening on the court. They were painted by Tiberio d' Assisi and Benozzo Gozzoli, those two quattrocentists who, we know, often did such wondrous and beautiful work, but which is seldom to be found nowadays — so much of it having been lost. Montefalco is one of the few places where their work is preserved, and is mostly visited on that account.

In the church I saw two panels by Gozzoli, — not so good as his fresco over the door without, which represented seven angels, marvels of beauty in form, grace, and coloring. In the chapel were Tiberio's frescoes, poor for him, except the fine figure of the Heavenly Father on the ceiling, in which he shows much power and dramatic suggestion.

We returned to the town and put up at a little inn near the western gate, for luncheon; which I managed to make out tolerably well, — upon eggs and macaroni and the brown bread of the mountains; which is similar to the bread of Etruria, with the same crust like a board and interior like rubber; yet it is very hearty, and one can become fond of it in time. After lunch I walked up into the town, climbing street-stairs between walls like those of Amelia, — of heavy unplastered stones, blackened and seamed by time, with the mortar long since crumbled away from between them, and the edges and corners rounded. But Montefalco is a small place — only eleven hundred inhabitants to-day; and three minutes of mounting and turning brought me to the piazza at the top. It seemed curious not to find a domed cathedral at the summit. But here was a wide, level square, with an arcaded municipio on one side and stuccoed houses on the others. Thence a wider street descended directly to the northern gate; and going down it a few steps I found on the right the church of San Francesco, celebrated for its early frescoes.

Montefalco was an insignificant hill town, unknown to history till the Renaissance came. Her stones show that she sat here on her crag in pre-Roman times; but she was too small to attract attention. It is queer, then, that, little as she was, she took hold of the Renaissance with such zest as to produce Francesco Melanzio and several other early artists of merit, and attract to herself the work of Tiberio, Gozzoli, and even Perugino and Lo Spagna. This work is practically all in the church of San Francesco, which I found has been made a national monument, and to which have been transferred the paintings formerly kept in the municipio. A small boy who had been diligently following me hallooed through the keyhole of the church, and the warden eventually let me in. The interior was very quaint: a high nave, with no chapels on the left, and a single low aisle on the right, separated from the nave by pointed arches; the walls all whitewashed, but practically covered to a height of fifteen feet with frescoes and canvases. The insignia and trappings of the Church had all, of course, been removed; and it seemed a remarkable combination of chapel and museum, kaleidoscopic with the thousand tints of the paintings, and glossed over with the ecclesiastical light of a rose window in the choir.

I spent a couple of delightful hours amongst this unique collection from the Umbrian and Florentine schools. There was a large Madonna and Saints by Tiberio d' Assisi, admirably disposed and drawn, with fine flesh coloring and expression, showing what excellent work that artist could do, — yet of course inferior to the very beautiful Annunciation and Nativity by Perugino, next to it, which it was an exquisite pleasure to observe, feeling the warm atmosphere, the ideal grace and the pensive beauty. There were a great many frescoes of Gozzoli's, the chief in the choir, illustrating the life of St. Francis of Assisi, showing what remarkable work was done by artists of the

Florentine school before Umbria had reached her refulgence, and when Siena was sunk in lethargy. Then there was a lovely group of saints by Lo Spagna, with his usual deep, soft flesh coloring and golden tone.

On leaving the church I proceeded to the northern gate, and walked thence outside the walls to the southern gate by a modern road on the east side, giving wonderful views of the Umbrian plain below. The light was not too glaring this afternoon, being softened and diffused over the plain by masses of clouds. Dense shadows piled about the mountain peaks beyond, and lay here and there in the valley; and between them fell bright pillars of sunshine, illuminating the softly green fields so far below, checkered white with farms and churches and tiny villages, and glistening upon the walls and domes of Foligno. The shadows over the mountains were parted for a moment by a shaft of light that leaped fairly upon the high gray cone of Trevi, causing the pyramidal mass of houses to gleam radiantly against the darkness behind, as if by the touch of a fairy's wand. Ah, this beautiful, beautiful plain of Umbria! No one who has looked upon it from its mountain tops can ever forget its soft luxuriant loveliness, its embattled cities watching from their crags, and its smiles under the play of the shadows that sport upon its surface.

It sprinkled a few drops of rain as we drove down from Montefalco to Bevagna, northward on the edge of the hills. But one gets accustomed to this in the Umbrian springtime, when the abundant rainfall necessary to its luxuriant verdure brings showers almost every day. The sunshine is always sweeter and more dazzling than ever when it bursts down again from the parted clouds, and shows glistening drops upon every swinging garland of grape leaves. After a drive of some four miles we entered Bevagna from its western, or mountain gate, set high in brick walls like those of Foligno. The little town, also, is built of brick, and has still another similarity to Foligno in being rectangular. It was likewise laid out upon the plain by the Romans, and I believe was in their time greater than Foligno. A few steps from the gate, with vistas down straight, dirty side-lanes of crumbling brick dwellings, brought us to the little piazza, where stood two large Romanesque churches facing each other, — San Silvestro and San Michele. Their quaint façades, from the twelfth century, were inset with little loggias and with crude carvings of patterns and beasts. Entering the latter, I found that it has been completely restored in modern times and now serves as the Duomo. A sensation of newness pervades the curious yellow arches of the nave, and there is nothing in it to attract the attention. San Silvestro is different. It has been dismantled, instead of being repaired to serve as a "monimento nazionale," and I picked my way over fallen stones and rubbish to examine its heavy old Romanesque columns with their large-leaved capitals. Here all was gloom and antiquity. The choir followed a very early Christian form in being raised to some height above the nave, so that the high altar was approached by steps. Under the choir was a crypt of some size, with the same ponderous columns. No windows pierced the walls of the aisles, and the only light filtered in through a round window in the apse. This window was very handsome, so much so that it must have been inserted later; to view it from outside, I walked back around the church to a piazza in the rear, where there was a charming vista of the crumbling apse with its carved opening, and adjacent, a high wall of mediæval times set with graceful trefoil windows.

From the central piazza between the churches runs the main street directly to the southern gate. At the first step down this I caught through an open door on the right a glimpse of arcades, and traversing the passage found myself in an old monastery court, two-storied, evidently now given over to common uses, but still full of grace. I kept on down the street, between its little shops in plastered façades, and dark, dirty lanes leading off to right and left, so curiously straight. It showered again, and the way was soon full of green umbrellas, enormous ones, such as the Umbrian peasants nearly always use. They bobbed this way and that down the long, narrow thoroughfare like a procession of green balloons. Some boys showed me a house in the basement of which remains of a Roman amphitheatre have been discovered, but the owner or custodian was not at home and could not be found. I consoled myself with the remark of a bystander that the remains were insignificant. Some one then asked if I should like to see the Roman mosaics recently found, and upon receiving an affirmative led me to a house in a side way near the eastern gate. Here an old woman left her work to get a key, and with it unlocked a door from the street into the basement. The cellar floor, to my amazement, was all of stone mosaic, — and the most remarkable mosaic that I have ever seen, composed of large figures of animals in black upon a white background. It was clearly Roman work, but of a genius surpassing any Roman work of that nature elsewhere found. The material used was simply white and black cubes of stone about half an inch square; but with this were formed a fish, a lobster, a sea-horse, and a centaur, each from four to six feet in length, and of marvelous execution. They positively moved and writhed and snorted under the very eye. The details and proportions of the anatomy were perfection, and every line expressed muscular action.

In my astonishment I questioned the old woman as to why such a find were not better known, and learned that it was discovered but three years ago, at a depth of several feet beneath her former cellar floor; also that her neighbors had since, within a radius of a hundred yards, dug into their cellar bottoms and all found the same mosaic pavement, showing that it was of great extent. She said that the town authorities had concluded that it was the pavement of some vast Roman baths; which is probably correct. This is sufficient to indicate what must have been the size and wealth of Bevagna in Roman days,—now shrunk to a village of eighteen hundred inhabitants.

For another thing beside this mosaic Bevagna must be given a red mark, a thing in which it is different from every other town in Italy: its people refuse fees. This will not be credible to any traveler; but one and all refused my proffers with a polite "Oh, no; it is nothing." Even the old lady of the mosaics, and the boys who conducted me about town, would take nothing. I will admit that it is incomprehensible.

We left the little town by an archway beside a vast tower in the city wall,—a picturesque, battlemented tower, huge enough for ten Bevagnas,—and followed a straight road eastward over the plain to Foligno, between high, rich green hedges. The sun was setting gloriously behind the western mountains. Its golden rays streamed hazily over the valley, and struck glittering upon the piled-up walls and towers of Spello before us. She lifted herself upon her mountain top and radiated back the effulgence upon the domes of Foligno below. She crested her peak like a golden crown, and her circling towers were the points of it, holding aloft bright tops which scintillated like jewels; till at last the dark shadow creeping up the hills from the valley swallowed walls, pinnacles, and all.

CHAPTER VII

SPELLO AND ASSISI

It is but three miles from Foligno to the southern gate of Spello, too short a journey to take by rail, and too lovely a drive to be missed. So I took the drive, and continued it to Assisi. Leaving the northern gate of Foligno, we followed a broad white road between the endless vineyards and orchards, as level and straight as a Roman way. In fact it is a Roman way, — the same road which the ancients constructed; probably the substructure is the original deep Roman concrete. Directly ahead at the end of the long, tree-lined avenue rose the huge town gate of Spello; and above it soared the mass of houses, façade over façade, climbing the steep hillside to a far height, and culminating in a huge pink building like a Renaissance palace. But the feature of it was the towers, — square and lofty, pointed or battlemented, bare or windowed, gray with age or pink with newness, — which rose from the mass of houses here, there, and everywhere, each looking over the head of the one below as they mounted the ascent in tiers. They gave Spello quite a different aspect from Trevi — a more animated, martial one. The town looked far more important than it is; for Spello is but a relic of a Roman municipium, unimportant since the Middle Ages, and reported uninteresting save for the celebrated frescoes of Pinturicchio. I recalled, as we rolled along toward it, that it was an ancient Umbrian fortress, given a Roman colony by Augustus, and a subsequent one by Vespasian. In prosperous imperial times it crawled out of its old walls and down the hillside to the plain, and became wealthy enough to afford a good sized amphitheatre. But modern times have crushed it, and it can muster to-day but twenty-five hundred inhabitants.

Modern improvements do not seem to have struck Spello at all — it is too near Foligno to have any importance of its own. When we reached the gate I learned from my driver that the only inns lay there outside of it, — two miserable-looking *locande*, with stables on the ground floor and eating-rooms above. Looking through the gateway and up the street which mounted through the town, I saw the reason for the inns — such as they were — being outside the walls. The street was too steep for the ordinary vehicle to climb. I dismounted, and made out a lunch as best I could over one of the stables, gazing out upon the huge gateway opposite, which is the chief sight (next to the frescoes) of Spello. For it is a real, intact Roman city gate, of massive construction, rising far above the single entrance like a triumphal arch; and upon the façade are three original Roman statues, perched on slabs projecting from the wall. I wondered how they could ever have remained there during the onslaughts of mediæval times. To the right is an interesting inscription, — "Colonia Julia Hispelli," showing the derivation of the modern name.

As I was watching, several loads of fire-wood came along, each on a two-wheeled cart drawn by a donkey or a broken-down horse. They unhitched before the gate and made shift to get up the steep hill inside by putting all the animals to one load at a time, — long ears and short ears bobbing up and down together, to the accompaniment of a tremendous shouting and laying on of whips. The Italian loves nothing so much as an opportunity to use his lung power or to wield a whip. But this method of hauling wood was superior to what I had seen everywhere else in Umbria and in Etruria, — the carrying of two bundles at a time slung across a donkey's back; which is probably the most familiar road scene outside of the large cities. The wood is uniformly green branches cut from growing trees — the trees themselves are preserved to grow a crop each year just as if it were fruit. In fact it is more valuable than fruit. Italy has no coal, except some found in the north, which is so poor as to be almost worthless; and even this is beyond the reach of the peasantry. There is no original growth of timber to fell for fuel, and the branches that the trees on the mountain sides put forth each year are the only resource. It is not for heating purposes that the peasants are constantly hauling the wood, but for cooking use; and it burns up very rapidly. In the fall they lay in as much of a stock as they can afford for warmth during the winter.

Finishing my homely lunch, with the aid of two dogs who sat one on each side, I started up the main street of Spello. Here again I noticed the same brick-work as at Foligno, probably from the same clay beds. Some of the façades, particularly on the main street, were plastered. The side streets darted up or down into semi-obscurity, plunging through archways and tunnels; they were but a few feet in width, built up and over with decaying masonry — either of bricks or of a heterogeneous assortment of bricks and cut stone and cobble-stone. Here and there I saw a few traces of early Roman work, in the substructure of houses. Of renaissance work there were not as many remains as at Trevi, — only occasionally a simple façade with details of that period. The street mounted directly upward through the heart of the town, to the usual piazza half way to the top. Before reaching this I passed a good-sized church on the right, and on inquiry found that it was S. Maria Maggiore; this, then, was the place of Pinturicchio's great frescoes. I entered, and saw that the edifice was, as usual, being made over into a "monimento nazionale." Doubtless this is excellent for the preservation of the paintings in time to come; but the removal of the ecclesiastical furniture and the extensive reparations destroy the appropriate historical surroundings. It seemed to me like taking away the frame from the picture.

It is queer that Spello ever had money enough or spirit enough to draw Pinturicchio to it, in its subsidence to desuetude after the end of the dark ages; but come he did, in 1501, and filled the Baglioni chapel of S. Maria Maggiore with frescoes which are among the best from his brush. The light, unfortunately, is so poor that it is difficult to observe them. It was made worse at my visit by the placing of two large confessional boxes in the chapel, at its entrance. After some time, however, I could make out the Annunciation, the Adoration, and Christ in the Temple, on the three walls, and four Sibyls on the vaulting. The composition of the three large tableaux is in the set forms of the early quattrocentists, save that the Christ in the Temple is more freed from tradition. This is a magnificent work: before the arches and steps of the temple as a background — placed in good perspective and atmosphere — is gathered the large crowd of wise men and onlookers in excellent attitudes of interest and attention, with their glances focused upon the youthful figure of Christ in the centre. And this figure, very gracefully drawn and posed, is positively aglow with radiant beauty, which seems diffused not only from the beautiful, speaking face but from the whole person. It was difficult to look at anything else in the chapel. And after scrutinizing the less interesting work of the other panels and the ceiling, I preferred to gaze at this as the masterpiece, and come away with it fixed in my mind. One distinct, beautiful impression is worth a hundred confused ones.

Before leaving the church I entered the sacristy; and there found in a frame above the altar a most lovely Madonna, on canvas, — one of those golden studies of gentle pensive beauty which are the *chefs d'œuvre* of the Umbrian school, and which fill the observer with deepest delight. This Madonna is distinguished by a silver star upon her cloak, and hence appropriately called the "Madonna della Stella." The painter is unknown. It is evidently a work of about the beginning of the sixteenth century, ascribed most often to Pinturicchio, but more probably by Lo Spagna, on account of the wonderful tones of the flesh.

From the church I mounted the main street to the Piazza, and observed there with weariness a new municipal building on the upper east side.

holding aloft a pink machicolated tower to look over the plain. In the church of S. Andrea, just above this, is another work of Pinturicchio's, a Madonna and Saints, — very graceful, but not as interesting as the frescoes in S. Maria. I continued upward until the street ended at a large Roman archway of the republican period, which rose between the houses in dark, ponderous majesty; it must have been erected as a monument. To the right of it branched off a street along the southern slope of the hill, quite level itself, but with byways which pitched into it precipitously on the left hand and jumped off as suddenly on the right. I followed it for some distance, to catch the pretty glimpses of the green valley below, down these dark inclines; and at the end looked off across a ravine to a church upon an opposite knoll picturesquely ensconced behind a row of cypresses, — the white walls and dome peeping through their black spear-points. Then returning to the Roman arch I took the street through it, which was invitingly labeled "Via del Torre della Bella Vista." It led me darkly and narrowly up the hill, winding in steps between mediæval brick buildings with small barred windows, through groups of women knitting and sewing in the street, and more animated groups of children who tumbled about my knees in play. At last I emerged upon the level top of the mountain, before the high walls of the square building which I had observed from the plain. To my disappointment it proved to be nothing but a simple private villa, of modern construction. But the road kept on around it to an open piazza on the north side, where in an instant I found myself on the parapeted edge of a breathless precipice, gazing off to the whole extent of the Umbrian plain and mountains. There fell the house-tops of Spello sheer below me, and there swept the rich valley to north and south — verdure-clad between its walls of verdure. There sat Assisi, now near at hand, strung along upon the south side of its mountain in a glistening oval pile of houses and churches, tower after tower rising beautifully from the mass. And there at last was Perugia, — Perugia the capital of Umbria, the goal of the traveler, — lying upon its peak to the northwest where the Tiber empties its waters upon the plain, looking royally out over the vales and mountains which it subdued in times of old, and which it commands to-day. Royal indeed it appeared, stretching extensively over its vast hill-top, with buildings and towers silhouetted against the blue sky beyond.

Bringing the eye back down the valley it fell upon a large mound rising from its level below Assisi, — a mound like a round gray hill of bare rock, but which closer inspection showed to be a building surmounted by a gigantic dome. This dome appeared of incredible size; it dominated the plain as St. Peter's does the Campagna. I knew it could be no other than the great pilgrimage church of S. Maria degli Angeli, built over the little hut where the disciples of St. Francis of Assisi first collected about him.

Nearer still, not far from the foot of the hill on which I stood, lay the ruins of the amphitheatre of Spello, — an oval ring of earth raised slightly from the plain, from which protruded the remnants of stone piers and arches. Turning about to descend, I saw the "Tower of the Beautiful View" behind me, the grim square relic of a mediæval castle which once topped this eminence; and beside it was another old Roman arch, demolished save for a single course of heavy stones, which hung suspended above a street running down to an outskirt of Spello on the northern side of the hill. A man beside me said impressively that the arch was built by Augustus; but Augustus or not, it was very fine early Roman work.

I retraced my footsteps through many windings to the valley again; and we proceeded northward, following closely now the foot of the mountain wall. A charming villa was passed, rising from heavy gates in terraces to a cypress-lined promenade on the hillside. Beyond, the olive groves swept continuously upward, following the gentle sinuosities of the slopes; and we drove between them on the right and vineyards on the left, until a branch road took us across the plain again towards S. Maria degli Angeli. Its tremendous dome looming ever higher as we approached, was a most forcible reminder to me of the marvelous life of St. Francis, and the change which it wrought in the world. Before his coming the religion of Christ had become a close profession, to enter which the abandonment of all human affections was necessary, and which confined its practice to dogmatic discussion. The great mass of the population, the poor people, had no share in it, beyond witnessing occasionally a mystic ceremony which they could not comprehend. The cardinal teachings of Christ that constitute really the whole of his religion — love, and the brotherhood of man — were forgotten by the scholars who split hairs in monasteries and the ministrants who swung censers before Madonnas like Byzantine empresses. The pith of Christianity was gone. Naught remained but an empty gaudy shell, which a few men gilded with set lines. And it too would have perished had not such a man as St. Francis appeared to extricate from the dried abstract the truths of Christ. He preached once more to the world what Jesus preached on the Mount of Olives, and what the world had forgotten: love, charity, faith, and hope. He rekindled the expiring flame of our religion. He brought it to the masses, and into their lives. He taught men that Christianity is not the demonstration by a few minds of dogmatic principles, nor the celebration of elaborate ceremonies by vested priests, but is the inculcation into their daily lives of the simple truths of Christ. He brought the divine light, and the divine hope, once more to the soul of humanity. He replaced the affections of the family — so long banished from religion — in their natural, innocent sphere; and beatified the love of maternity and fraternity.

How much, then, does not all the world to-day — including every one of us — owe to St. Francis of Assisi! Protestant has the debt as well as Catholic. From his little emaciated body flowed the freedom from set creeds and ceremonies, as well as the idea of *living* the divine life and not painting it in mosaics — which we have to-day. And from what a small seed the truth eternal grew again! St. Francis was a boy on those streets of Assisi which I saw above me on the hillside, the child of simple parents, born in 1182. And as a youth he was careless and gay as any, and went into the war soon after waged with Perugia. There, however, he suffered many ills from privation and sickness, adversities which turned his thoughts to the sufferings of all the rest of men at that time. He realized the coldness, the ferocity, and the utter selfishness of humanity in those fierce mediæval days, — and saw that no one practiced Christ's teachings, nor even grasped them. The world was as pagan as in the times of Babylon, and far less refined. Only this explains the life of the Middle Ages, — the warring, murdering, slaughtering, torturing, of man upon man, incessant, fratricidal, — when delicate ladies ate their dinners over the groans from racks in dungeons below without a shudder. In 1208 St. Francis gathered his first seven disciples about him in the little hut in the plain below Assisi, calling them Fratres Minores (little brothers) and teaching them to practice the life of Christ, and to take "neither gold nor silver, nor money in their purses, nor shoes, nor staff." And from here he sent them forth to "proclaim peace to men, and preach repentance for the remission of sins."

The Porziuncula, as the hut is called, remained of course the great shrine of Franciscans after the death of their founder in 1228; but it was not till 1569 that the present edifice was begun, under the plans of Vignola, and was constructed to inclose the Porziuncula. I approached it with a vast curiosity, and with reverence, I will admit, such as one takes to a holy spot. The exterior of the church is plain, in simple renaissance lines, all made majestic by the glorious dome. It faces to the west, across a bare piazza round which is gathered the village of the same name as the church. When I entered the nave, I was struck at once by the great size of the building. It seemed almost as large as St. Peter's, though not as long, and the similarity was increased by the lofty barrel vaulting, and the white heavy piers separating the nave from the aisles. No sculptures enriched the walls, and none were needed; for there below the dome stood the Porziuncula in marble casing, topped by graceful statuary, and blazing with the tones of Overbeck's famous fresco on the façade. I approached to examine this painting, which took the place in 1829 of an earlier one by Lo Spagna that had become effaced; and though a little incongruous at first glance in these old surroundings, it nevertheless filled me with pleasure. There is no reason why a modern work cannot be enjoyed as well as an ancient one. In adaptation to the space allotted, in composition, in general and individual grace, and in harmony of splendid coloring, this work has few equals in modern frescoes.

Above it soars a marble canopy inclosing a sculptured Madonna; and below opens the round arched doorway into the original interior, whose bare stone walls, in spite of the elaborate altar and burning lamps, are a violent contrast to the rich façade. There are a few prayer-stools on each side; and here, when I entered, some peasants were kneeling in silent communion. I walked to the rear, and observed that few traces are left of the Crucifixion that Perugino painted there. In the left transept is a very good altar-piece by Andrea della Robbia; but I went on to the sacristy, opening from the right transept, and through it to the little garden where grow St. Francis' thornless roses. He is known to have rolled his bare body upon rose thorns in mortification of the flesh, and they say that ever since then the thorns have disappeared, and the bushes have continued to live and blossom through the centuries. I saw through the grating a little plot of earth planted with low bushes, upon which the flowers were just commencing to bud; and there were no thorns now, at any rate. Close at hand is a chapel, built by St. Buonaventura over the cave where St. Francis at one time imprisoned himself in darkness. On the walls are frescoes by Tiberio d' Assisi, injured by time, and not as good as his work at Montefalco and elsewhere. The choir of the chapel is raised, allowing one to look beneath into the cave of St. Francis, — a small compartment encased in gloom; and this gloom seems to pervade the choir also, obscuring the frescoes there by Lo Spagna. I returned to the church, enjoyed once more the view down the lofty nave, of the beautiful Porziuncula beneath its mighty dome, and started for Assisi.

The road lay east across several miles of plain to the foot of Assisi's mountain. Over the end of the green avenue of trees soared the pink stones of the city, climbing upward to the southeast from its great rock face towards the valley. And yet this huge knob was not a rock; it was actually masonry, rising from the mountain slope in two mighty tiers of arches like work of the cyclops and surmounted by a great church and tower. This, I knew, must be the church and monastery of St. Francis, — the stone memorial of his life, the sepulchre of his remains, and the Mecca of his brotherhood and the world of art: — the world of art also, because, begun at St. Francis' death in 1228 and finished in 1253, it was then completely decorated with frescoes by almost the whole school of trecentists, and Giotto at the head of the list. I reflected, as we climbed the hill in long curves, that St. Francis did as much for the beautiful in color as for the beautiful in living. At his birth art was wedded to the rites of what religion there was, and was equally dead. It had no action, nor composition, nor realism, nor grace, nor feeling, and never revealed a truth nor told a story. It was petrified in diagonal lines on a tinsel background. All was set, — as it had been for hundreds of years, since it ran into those curious moulds from the live crucible of Rome's halcyon days. The subjects were set; the composition, the attitudes, the figures, the gestures, the expressions, — all were set. There was only the Christ, and Madonna, and Saints, robed orientally like sovereigns, and seated on oriental thrones. No wonder they called this work Byzantine. All human feeling and affections were banished from art as they were from the church, together with those component elements of Christianity and beauty of idea — love, fraternity, humility. St. Francis was in a way partly responsible for the Renaissance which began after his lifetime with Cimabue, Duccio, and Giotto, in that they heard and shared his ideas of throwing off the ancient shackles and considering the true and natural to have beauty. What St. Francis had preached, they took up and began to paint. He had advocated the primitive ideas of Christianity, and they set them forth in genuine expression. Since he had waked the church to the true divine life, they were able in the edifices of the church to topple the tinsel gods from their places and supersede them with expositions of faith, hope, charity, and love. The Madonna, as the incarnation of maternal love, sorrow and sacrifice, began to mount toward her present pedestal. Art reborn longed to tell the story of the life of Jesus and the saints. And when this great church was erected as St. Francis' sepulchre, there flocked to it the artists to whom his teachings must have been an inspiration, to worship at his shrine, and lay their offerings over all its walls in living lines of beauty. So St. Francis in his death did as much for art as in his life, by leaving this temple where for years it gathered the masters to adorn and fructify and advance, without the old fetters of the church to hold them back.

I gazed at the church upon its vast substructure of arches, to which we were very near now, thinking with emotion that within its four walls was gathered the work of the great originators of the Renaissance; that there, and there alone, could they be seen side by side, showing in their juxtaposition the best art of each period, and its steady advance from decade to decade, and from master to master. Then we entered a great gate in the town wall just below the monastery, and mounted eastward by a long ascent toward the centre of the city, where lay the albergo that I had selected. The street was clean, but narrow and steep; the houses were old and heavy, yet given a somewhat light appearance by the unusual pink stone of which the whole city is constructed, and which causes it to radiate that color to a long distance under the direct rays of the sun. This stone is a peculiarity of Assisi; I have seen it nowhere else. It is of exceptional hardness and durability, not worn or rounded at the edges or corners by the elements, though the mortar between the blocks has long since crumbled away on the outside. The walls have a curious appearance, — with their color of youth, and the seeming newness of the unworn stones, and yet their evident great age from the gaping seams between. It gives a little the impression of a hale old man, with white hair and ruddy cheeks.

Assisi is a place of such manifold interest that it requires some time to be seen and appreciated, and I settled down at my albergo with that idea; but unusually cold weather drove me away sooner than was desirable. The first walk — the walk of lasting impressions — took me to the central piazza, by byways which wound in and out, and up by steps, through occasional arches under houses. It was well to get some idea of the town before starting in to study S. Francesco. No place could be more unlevel. There did not seem to be a level space in it, except the Piazza, nor a level street, except the main one at different portions of its length. Assisi, as I had seen from a distance, lies stretched along the side of its mountain, with a huge mediæval castle far above, whose broken walls enfold it still protectingly and strive to run down the flanks of the hill to inclose the city as of old, but falter and tumble on the way. At the western end lies S. Francesco, at the eastern S. Chiara; midway, a little nearer the latter church, is the Piazza, of considerable size. The main street connects these landmarks, running (under different names) quite straight on an even up-grade almost to the Piazza, then jumping upon it with a sudden leap, then slowly downward from the other side to S. Chiara and the eastern gate. Through the whole length of this thoroughfare the byways fall into it on the one hand and fall out of it on the other, — narrow, dark and picturesque as ever, made heavier than elsewhere by the heavy stones of the wall and the more frequent tunnels. When a man wished for more room in mediæval times, he had no lawn in which to extend his dwelling, nor were there vacant lots inside the walls on which to build; outside the walls it was unsafe; so he had to bridge over the street.

When I first emerged upon the Piazza, I looked at once for the Roman temple, which Goethe climbed to see, and so admired that he left without visiting S. Francesco, "in order not to mar the impression by any Christian associations." I saw the fair, wide space of the Piazza, surrounded by stone and plastered façades of even height, and on the north side six beautiful fluted columns with composite capitals, resting on a basement approached by inclosing steps, and upholding a simple, graceful pediment. Probably in Roman days there were sculptures in the pediment; but it is all very lovely without adornment, in its perfect proportions and harmony of lines. The columns I found on closer inspection to be monoliths, except the bases. The temple is very useful also, to remind one that Assisi is not simply the sepulchre of St. Francis, but that she lived and had importance fifteen hundred years before he was born; that she was a large and wealthy Roman colony; and that in the dark ages she continued strong enough to save her edifices from destruction. The old city has dwindled to-day to five thousand inhabitants, and there is plenty of grass-grown space within the once close-confining walls. It is too long a pull for modern prosperity from the railroad station to her distant height; she is wretchedly poor, has little to live upon except the visitors, and her whole population seem to have turned beggars.

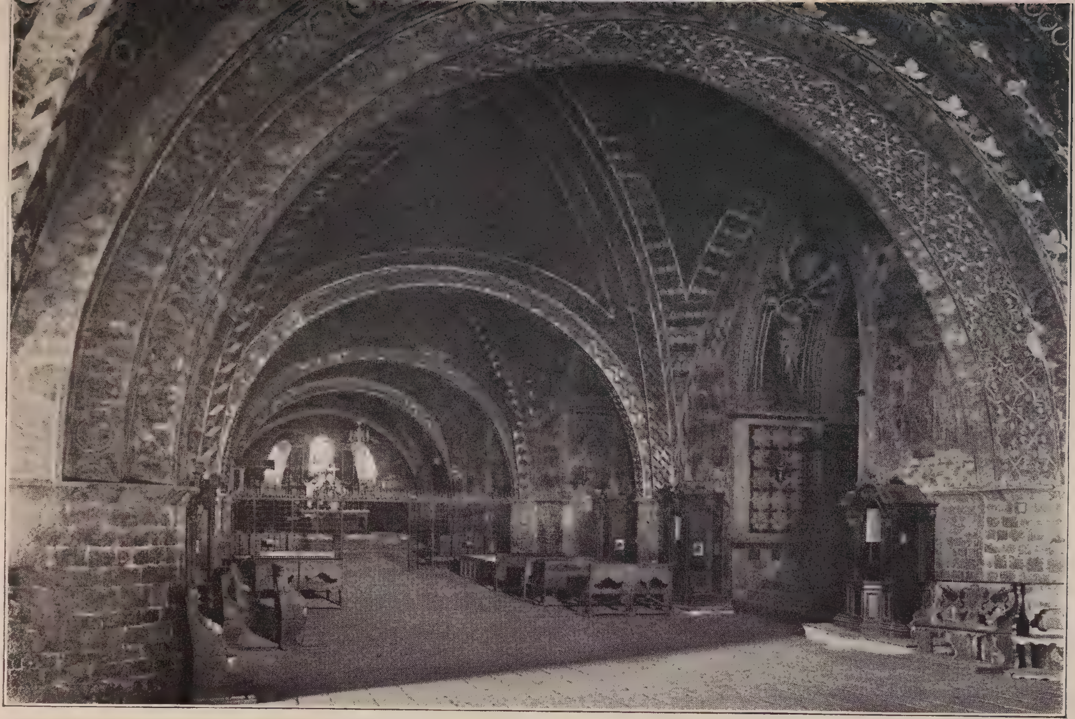
I walked from the Piazza down the Corso to S. Chiara, which I found standing proudly behind a piazza of its own, in bright colors of red and white, with extraordinary flying buttresses on the north. The colors were from alternate courses of stones; the buttresses leaped from the side-wall in successive quarter-circles to piers nearly as high as the nave, — a thing quite exceptional in Italy. But here gothic ideas were adopted only piecemeal, and applied now and then in often random detail. There is a handsome rose-window also in the façade of this church; and as I stood looking at it, the memory of the beautiful life of S. Chiara came to mind: she who, as a young maid, so admired and loved the work and teachings of St. Francis, that she escaped from her parents' house in the night and ran to him; who cut off her fair tresses, donned the garment of a nun, and devoted herself to the same labor, founding the order of Clarissines. We think of her as weeping over the body of St. Francis when he had breathed his last, and vowing to continue unbrokenly what he had begun. And this fine church is her tomb. In the very centre of the nave, as though to indicate that it is a memorial simply, a wide flight of steps leads to a crypt built of colored marble, where the remains are preserved.

Halfway between the Piazza and S. Chiara, on the hill above the Corso, lies the Duomo, with its handsome romanesque façade of the twelfth century turned, like S. Chiara, to the west. I visited it on another day. The three portals are unusually graceful for the period, their rounded frames cut in pleasing patterns; above runs a light gallery the whole width of the church, topped by three beautiful rose-windows. The great number of these windows, all exquisitely done, in the early Umbrian churches, is astonishing. Beside the edifice is a very large and well proportioned campanile, which, with the dome, dominates the upper town from every point of view. In front is a little piazza with a bronze copy of Giovanni Dupré's famous statue of St. Francis; the marble original is now in the cathedral, where I saw it, full of remarkable grace of pathos and humility. The dim interior contains another gem of art: an altar-piece of Madonna and saints by Niccolò da Foligno, — one of his best works. Nothing better illustrates than this the development of the Umbrian school, and painting generally, between Giotto and Perugino; it is a work worthy of the latter artist.

All is beautiful in it — the composition, tone, attitudes, drapery, flesh, and coloring.

The first visit to S. Francesco is something never to be forgotten. I approached it in a bright morning light, the day after my arrival, full of sentiment over the history and contents of the wonderful structure, — as I think one should approach it; and the way led upward from the western town gate through a piazza reminiscent of St. Peter's at Rome — framed on each side by a long arcade whose arches roll triumphantly on to a vast, recessed gothic portal. This is the entrance to the lower church; — for there are two churches, one above the other, superimposed thus at the original construction, a high and soaring one upon a low and dark. The upper opens upon a separate and loftier piazza, another terrace of the hillside, which is approached from the space at the side of the lower church by a double flight of steps. The under edifice has always been the more famous, and the more used. I entered it through the richly carved doorway, and found myself at once plunged in gloom, — a gloom silent, oppressive, laden with countless memories of the past, impregnated with the breath of the eminent hundreds who have labored in it and the eminent thousands who have come to see and worship. On the eyes becoming accustomed, I found myself at the south end of the eastern transept, and a few steps took me to the spot where the nave stretched away to the west, — marvelous, unforgettable sight. Low, heavy, rounded arches rolled on in the gloom, one succeeding another, curving from wall to wall, seeming to bear upon their shoulders the weight of the world. And now it was no longer gloom: a thousand colors began to glisten through it from arches, walls, and vaulting, reflecting the soft light of the three windows in the far apse, — gently iridescent spots and curving lines which sparkled through the dusk like stars, and slowly then resolved themselves into figures and designs. These figures, clad in garments of soft gold and blue and crimson, seemed to whisper from the walls, which they covered in a host from top to bottom, and breathe of the vast labor of surpassing genius that had placed them there; and the designs took up the tale in glowing patterns and traceries, carrying it lightly and happily to the vaults above, embroidering the soffits of the ponderous arches and hanging like lace-work to their sides.

Four chapels opened on each side from the nave, covered, like it, with early frescoes. Gentle lights filtered in from them upon the floor, illuminating the colored marbles set in the lower walls. Before the windows of the apse rose the high altar, upon a platform at the intersection of the western transept; and over that, I knew, glowed the great frescoes of Giotto from the



THE LOWER CHURCH, S. FRANCESCO—ASSISI

ceiling. These on the sides of the nave were done by the predecessors of Cimabue; closer inspection proved, alas, that they were so obliterated and faded as to be almost undecipherable in the dim light; only the general color effect remained here and there. The work in the chapels was done by Martini, Giottino, Dona dei Doni and Buffalmaco. I could not at first, however, linger with them when the greater masters were at hand, and went on to the western transept. There on the wall of the north wing was the Madonna and Saints of Cimabue himself, a large panel, with figures life size. I thought again of the stiff, bedecked Byzantine empresses who represented the Virgin before he began to paint, and looked in wonder at this one. How could he have accomplished so great a change! Here was a real Madonna of likelike face and posture and clothes, holding the child naturally on the arm, and breathing out gentleness, compassion, womanliness, maternity. Here was grace — of composition, figure, and expression. The beautiful simple colors in which he must have worked were mostly faded out; but they are not needed to exhibit the revolution which Cimabue began.

I turned, then, to the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Giotto, upon the vaulting over the high altar. The space is divided into four triangular compartments, each occupied by a different subject, — Obedience, Poverty, Chastity, and Apotheosis of St. Francis;

and each picture is filled with a multitude of figures upon an architectural background. What a further revolution in art was this! A complete abandonment of mere representations of Christ, Madonna, and saints, — a real composition of figures engaged in action, a portrayal of an idea by their action and expressions, a realism of movement and grouping and gesture, — the inception of the dramatic. Here at last art ceased to be a set of colored designs, and began to tell a story. What a vast genius was that of Giotto! And what daring he had to launch upon the new field so boldly, in such large panels, bringing in so many figures, and portraying abstract ideas at the outset, instead of simple incidents!

Here, for instance, in the representation of Chastity, that virtue is shown as a maiden encased in the fortress with which she surrounds herself for protection, and engaged in supplication for divine aid in the tower thereof; two angels are bringing her peace (the palm branch) and sustenance (the Bible); warriors are guarding the castle, in front and on each side; a man is receiving baptism in the ceremonies of knighthood, whose knightly clothes are held by angels, and to whom occupants of the castle of Chastity are handing a cloak and the banner of purity; on the right angels and Penance are driving back the devils of the flesh; on the left St. Francis is introduced as receiving disciples for the defense of the fortress. This is a remarkable allegorical study for any period; how much more so for the very beginning of dramatic painting. And yet the work does not fail in the other constituents of good drawing and coloring: firstly, it is so exactly proportioned in all parts to the space allotted; then it is so balanced in composition and easy of movement; and the genius carries itself into detail, in the individual grace, postures, and expression. It is beautiful from the whole manifestation of the idea down to the lovely faces of the angels.

The other panels are about equally good, of the same characteristics; an enumeration of the points of one applies to the four. After studying them all one comes back to the realization that more wonderful than all the disposition, grace, and beauty is Giotto's inception of the dramatic. From his mind was born this Muse, so strong that she did not begin existence by creeping but started off at a run. One finds it further and still more strongly illustrated in the series of scenes from the life of Jesus, which Giotto, assisted by his pupils, placed on the walls of the north wing of this transept. The portrayal of an abstract idea is necessarily somewhat of a tableau; the representation of an incident in real life is action arrested, — an instantaneous photograph, when the actors have had no time to assume a pose. Their disposition, attitudes, and expressions, then, must tell the story. So in some of these scenes from the life of Jesus the dramatic is more prominent than in the ceiling work. In the one, for example, showing the visit of Elizabeth to Mary, the action is caught at the moment when Elizabeth, accompanied by friends, is approaching the house and being met by Mary at the door. The painting (as to the persons) is as faithful as a photograph, with yet a grace of grouping, movement, and gesture which is so subtly interwoven as to seem perfectly natural. The Madonna's whole situation and depth of feeling is seen plainly in her attitude and face, and in the attitudes and expressions of all. She is clearly speaking of the great burden laid upon her, which she is hardly able to bear; and Elizabeth is saying, "I have come to comfort you." In this painting Giotto's limitations are also seen: he had not mastered the realism of architecture and of nature, — he could not portray a general effect of foliage and landscape; perspective, atmosphere, and light and shadow were yet to be discovered. All that was too much for one lifetime to accomplish, — or several.

The coloring of these works is in pure and simple tones, exactly suited to their situation and environment. Clear, light colors with little shading were needed to set off the frescoes from the dark walls and in the churchly gloom; but those are now much faded from their original beauty.

After studying these frescoes of Giotto, subsequent inspection of the work of other artists of his period — such as Martini, Giottino, and Buffalmacco — in the chapels of the nave, was of little interest to me save as a comparison which further illustrated his superiority; although amongst the paintings of the Sienese master Lorenzetti, in the south wing of the western transept, is a Madonna and Saints of great beauty, — often ascribed also to Cavallini.

The dramatic in painting to which Giotto gave birth was inherited and followed up by the Florentine school, in the hands of Masaccio, the Lippis, Signorelli, and Ghirlandajo, till it culminated in Michael Angelo; whereas, curiously enough, the Umbrian school did not take it up, but continued the other side of art developed by Cimabue and Giotto — grace, sentiment, and beauty. And we can trace this continuance, in a steady advancement, through the works of Gentile, Tiberio, Niccolò, Pinturicchio, Perugino, and Lo Spagna. Here in Assisi are found paintings by Tiberio, those in the Capella delle Rose of S. Maria degli Angeli, some of which are sufficiently preserved to show his partial advance over Giotto in realistic delineation of the countenance, maintaining also his grace and gentleness. And in the altar-piece of Niccolò in the Duomo can be seen a still greater improvement in tone and finish and execution. Pinturicchio and Perugino are wanting to Assisi. I had seen them, at their best, in Trevi, Montefalco, and Spello. Lo Spagna, however, is here, in S. Francesco, represented by a large canvas of the Madonna and Saints in the south wing of the western transept. In this can be seen a culmination of the characteristic qualities of the Umbrian school, enriched by a warm, golden tone, a development of some play of light and shadow, and Lo Spagna's wonderful flesh coloring. After Lo Spagna comes Raphael, who with his all-embracing genius united the attainments of all schools, and the Umbrian grace and gentleness with the Florentine dramatic action and perspective.

St. Francis lies buried in a crypt below the church, a modern structure erected about the spot where his remains, long lost, were discovered in 1818. I descended the flight of steps from the nave and looked through a grating into a gloomy chamber lit by burnished lamps, and saw the stone sarcophagus in the centre. It was a place for meditation, — for recollection once more of what he who lay there did for the world.

The upper church is reached from the lower by stairs which ascend from the sacristy. On first entering it the transition is extraordinary, — from low-lying and confining gloom to lofty, spacious light. The eyes are dazzled for a moment by the brightness and extent of the aërial nave and transept. Large, gothic, three-storied windows flood the whole place with sunshine. Round about the walls beneath them extends a kind of wainscoting of masonry, forming a ground for the great series of frescoes, which march in continuous glowing procession from portal to choir and back again. Otherwise the nave is bare; and the transept and choir are bare, save for high altar and stalls.

Here there is disappointment; for the paintings once laid by Cimabue over all the lower walls of the western end of the church are now so damaged and defaced as to be practically unreadable. An outline of a figure can be dimly made out here and there, and doubtful colors linger on in shapeless spots. And so with the upper line of frescoes in the nave by pupils of Cimabue; but the lower series, and most important of all, is fairly well preserved, with the aid of modern disfiguring restoration. This last series is accredited to pupils of Giotto, and contains twenty-eight grand scenes from the life of St. Francis. Giotto himself, however, must have designed or overseen them, — they are so forceful in composition, action, and expression, and tell their stories so vividly. They differ much in execution — showing the different hands that wielded the brush; but whether St. Francis be expelling evil spirits from Arezzo, predicting the death of a wicked nobleman, or parting from

St. Clara, the composition is of vigor and the attitudes and expression real and to the point. It is another, and vaster, exhibition of Giotto's inception of the dramatic.

The great monastery of the Franciscans lies behind the church, jutting farther to the west upon the promontory of masonry. One enters by a graveled walk leading down by the side of the lower church, and sees first to the right the cloisters, quite extensive, just behind the apse. To the left here is the great refectory, where several hundred monks once took their meals, and where I saw long tables spread to-day for as many schoolboys. For the national government suppressed the monastery in 1866 and turned it into a school for the sons of teachers. The passage leads on to the colonnade upon the face of the cliff — the second row of arches which one sees from a distance; and there it was a delight to walk, indulging in the wide view of the fertile valley below.

An even more pleasant walk was that in the public gardens which the modern Assisans have laid out upon the high-lying eastern end of the town, where it shelves up on a cliff above the eastern gate. I used to go there in the morning, when the sun threw his bright light over the shoulder of the cliff upon the town below; and go by way of the piazza of S. Chiara, from which there was a preliminary charming view of

THE UMBRIAN PLAIN, FROM ASSISI

the nearer walls and towers. Before one fell the houses to the southern gate, a picturesque mass of ancient gaping walls, like toothless age, surmounted by the campaniles of S. Maria Maggiore and the Chiesa Nuova, in which toy figures were sure to appear very soon and frantically ring the bells. The bells are always ringing in Assisi. They are always ringing everywhere in Umbria. They welcome the morning light when it glows over the eastern mountains, throwing a fresh golden radiance upon the solid stone mass of the city, cut by its narrow winding ways, and topped by its many domes and towers, — when the pink stone grows still more pink, in glorious, roseate hues; they call joyously when the sun has mounted the horizon; they raise carols of praise or anthems of feeling from hour to hour of the day, one tower taking up the music where another lays it down. And at sunset comes the grand diapason of song; when a hundred sonorous, metallic throats throw out their sweet and stately chorus over the golden Umbrian plain, pealing from Spoleto and Trevi and Spello and Assisi, praising the eventide which brings the world one day nearer to its God.

CHAPTER VIII

PERUGIA

The plain of Umbria stretches from Lake Thrasymene on the west to Assisi on the east, with two great branches which diverge wedge-like to the south, the one reaching its point at Todi, the other at Spoleto. The Tiber forces its way through the northern mountains to this plain at its centre, flows directly south across the main part, receives at the nose of the promontory that divides the two branches the waters of the eastern wedge, and then follows the western wedge to Todi. Beside the Tiber as it emerges first upon the plain rises a great hill to a height of 1200 feet above its waters, which has the position of a spur thrown forward from the northern mountains; and standing at the centre of the northern line of the level country, its summit commands absolutely the whole region. It overlooks the plain from Thrasymene to Assisi, and its branches to Todi and Spello, just as a high throne overlooks and awes a court room. Prehistoric man naturally first occupied this citadel; the Pelasgi built upon it; and the Etruscans made it one of their greatest cities, — a prominent member of their historic league. It was they who gave it the name of Perusia.

The Romans early coveted the town, as the unavoidable capital and mistress of Umbria ; and their consul Fabius in B. C. 309 succeeded in taking it. After several unsuccessful revolts the Etruscans acquiesced in Roman rule ; their blood, then ancient, failed under the fierce young energy of the conquerors, and Perugia gradually became a thorough Roman municipium. In B. C. 40 came the terrible catastrophe which utterly destroyed the ancient city, with its wealth of palaces and temples, leaving no trace behind but the indestructible Etruscan walls, which still exist. The consul Lucius Antoninus, fleeing before Octavius Augustus, took refuge in Perugia, which supported him for seven months, and fell by famine ; then the citizens themselves set fire to their beloved city, and it perished. When it arose from its ashes it was Augustus himself who built it, and it received the name of Augusta Perusia. The city never suffered another destruction ; its position was too unassailable for the rapine which follows capture by assault. In the decline of Rome no barbarian mounted the walls of Perugia, though there is a legend that Totila besieged it for seven years. Successively Byzantine fortress and Lombard duchy, the town at length shook itself free from foreign restraint, and began about eleven hundred A. D. to assert its natural hegemony over Umbria. Then came the centuries of extraordinary domestic conflict, of city with city, and village with village, — wars with Assisi, battles with Spoleto, sacks of Arezzo, till the valleys were red with the blood of their unfortunate inhabitants. The lesser towns gradually gave way before the stronger, till Perugia asserted its rule over all; a rule which was often rebelled against, was as often reasserted, and contracted and expanded with the fortunes of the city through centuries of vicissitudes. Not content with their outer conflicts, the citizens of Perugia fought constantly between themselves, — brawling, murdering, battling, burning, demolishing, till it is a wonder that any buildings of the Middle Ages remain to-day. Until the middle of the fifteenth century these struggles were between the classes, — nobles, bourgeois, and common people; about that time the nobles' power became supreme, and thenceforth they fought amongst themselves. The Della Corgna killed the Della Staffa, the Arcipreti murdered the Della Corgna, the Oddi and the Baglioni cut each others' throats, — so it went incessantly, from year to year. Yet, in accordance with the history of other cities, through all this turmoil within and wars without Perugia waxed ever stronger and wealthier; her most prosperous centuries were certainly the fourteenth and fifteenth. Before the establishment of the power of the nobles, three extraordinary men at different times obtained sole mastery of the city, men who were first pure condottieri, then entered the town with their bands, and maintained by popularity for awhile the sovereignty which they had acquired by force: Michelotti in 1393, the great Braccio Fortebraccio from 1416 to 1424, and Niccolò Piccinino in 1440. Fortebraccio was an exceptional man in many ways; he owned Perugia, ruled all Umbria, lorded it over Capua, and even occupied Rome itself; he designed to unite the whole of Italy under his sway, but fell in battle with Aquila in 1424.

From the struggles between the nobles after 1450 the Baglioni finally emerged supreme, having killed, banished, or utterly subdued their rivals; and began about 1488 that tyrannical domination of one family which was the predominant characteristic of mediæval Italian towns. The Baglioni were a race of men magnificent in looks, bearing, and physique, but barbarously cruel. Their sway was ended in 1535 by Pope Paul III., — the great Paolo Farnese, — who took Perugia by force, demolished their castles, and banished them. The Papacy had for five hundred years pretended to exercise suzerainty over the city, a suzerainty which was often nominally acknowledged by the party in power, and the

Popes had paid countless visits to the place — sometimes with a retinue for pleasure, as often with an army to chastise and go away again. But after Paolo Farnese their rule was absolute. Upon the site of the Baglioni strongholds he built a gigantic fortress, — a Bastille, which subjected and imprisoned the Perugians for three hundred years. The joy with which they pulled this down upon the occupation by Victor Emmanuel in 1860 was not less than that of the Parisian populace in 1790.

In the domain of art Perugia came later into the fold of the Renaissance than Assisi, or Siena, or Florence; and her first colorists of merit were quattrocentists — Benedetto Buonfigli and Fiorenzo da Lorenzo — who mastered the ideas of the Umbrian school, and combined them somewhat with the Florentine dramatic expression. Later came Pinturicchio to the city to leave some of his work; and then Pietro Vannucci, who became so identified with the town, adorning it with his frescoes and canvases and conducting there a school of painting, that he received the appellation of Perugino. In his school the young Raphael studied, and placed upon the wall of the little church of S. Severo his first independent fresco.

It was with these bits of history in mind, — of course somewhat lapsed in memory as to dates and details, and requiring to be refreshed — that I took the train one bright May day at the foot of Assisi's mountain for Perugia. I longed to mount her commanding summit, whose walls and towers were so plainly visible, and view from it the vast stretch of valleys and hills which she had ruled so long, — to walk through her tortuous mediæval streets where Oddi and Baglioni had fought and bled, — to see the spot where stood Paolo Farnese's tremendous fortress, — to enjoy her ancient buildings and churches with their precious works of Buonfigli and Perugino.

The train rolled westward across the plain, whose festoons of grape-vine hung more richly leaved from tree to tree in splendid avenues than when I first entered it at Spoleto. Then the Tiber came in sight, muddy as when I left it at Orte — it seemed so long ago. From its banks the great hill of Perugia began suddenly to rise, and I looked at its towers twelve hundred feet above and wondered how we should get there. This problem was solved by the train's turning to the south and running several miles along the flank of the hill at a steep ascending grade, then rounding its nose and returning on the west side, — always climbing. Descending at the large and busy station I saw the walls of the city now but a few hundred feet above. In a vettura I made this ascent by a road of many loops, which entered the town at a new southern gate, and then mounted by more windings the very face of the vast cliff of the ancient quarter. This cliff is the forehead of the hill of Perugia, the acropolis of the city. I looked at it with great interest as we ascended ; for here on its precipitous summit the Baglioni built their many castles, and here upon their ruins Paolo Farnese constructed his Bastille. The cliff is faced with mediæval brick masonry, in several terraces and angles, — the still existing substructure of the fortress. When we reached the top I saw upon the platform a pretty little park of small trees and shrubs and graveled walks; behind it the modern Prefecture, a large well-proportioned building arcaded on four sides, and backed by another open space with foliage and fountains. On the west side of the park we saw the hotel, which is the pride of Perugia, facing the greenery, with its side even with the cliff ; on the east side of the park, — a jump into the air of two hundred feet.

I settled my belongings at the hotel, looked about its luxurious and spacious apartments, and went out upon the terrace again for the view. A sense of the greatest delight possessed me, as it will any traveler who reaches this wonderful spot after a tour through Umbria. Here I was in Perugia at last, treading the foundations of her famous fortress through flowers and trees, gazing off from her acropolis upon the region she so long possessed. Far below stretched the rich plain of Umbria, gently rolling here and there, in fields of grain, vineyards, olive groves, and copses of wood, — from the mountains inclosing Lake Thrasymene on the west to fair Assisi gleaming on the slope of Mt. Subasio to the east. There divulged its right-hand branch, the valley of the Tiber, with the Tiber glistening in it in bright meanderings, to where the mountains narrowed far away and met, and Todi sat upon its hilltop with towers against the sky. And there extended the left-hand branch, the beauteous vale of the Topino and the Teverone, to Spello and Foligno and Trevi, and the massive snow peaks that glitter above the site of Spoleto. Close below the terrace lay two of the lower spurs of Perugia, one curving shortly to the south in a semicircle, the other projecting long and narrow to the southeast upon a ridge, ending in a great church and monastery topped by an octagonal, pointed tower. This I knew to be S. Pietro de' Casinensi, built in the tenth century on the site of an Etruscan temple, the first cathedral of Perugia. In the plain below lay villas and churches, embossed in verdure, or cresting little eminences, stretching off countlessly, with white walls shining in the green, to the surrounding mountains. And behind these mountains glowered higher peaks, lining the whole horizon with their lofty, rounded summits, — bare, or glistening with fields of snow. And even on these summits — the nearer ones — the presence of man was indicated by walls and towers silhouetted in little piles against the sky, — strange mediæval burgs clinging there through centuries of solitude.

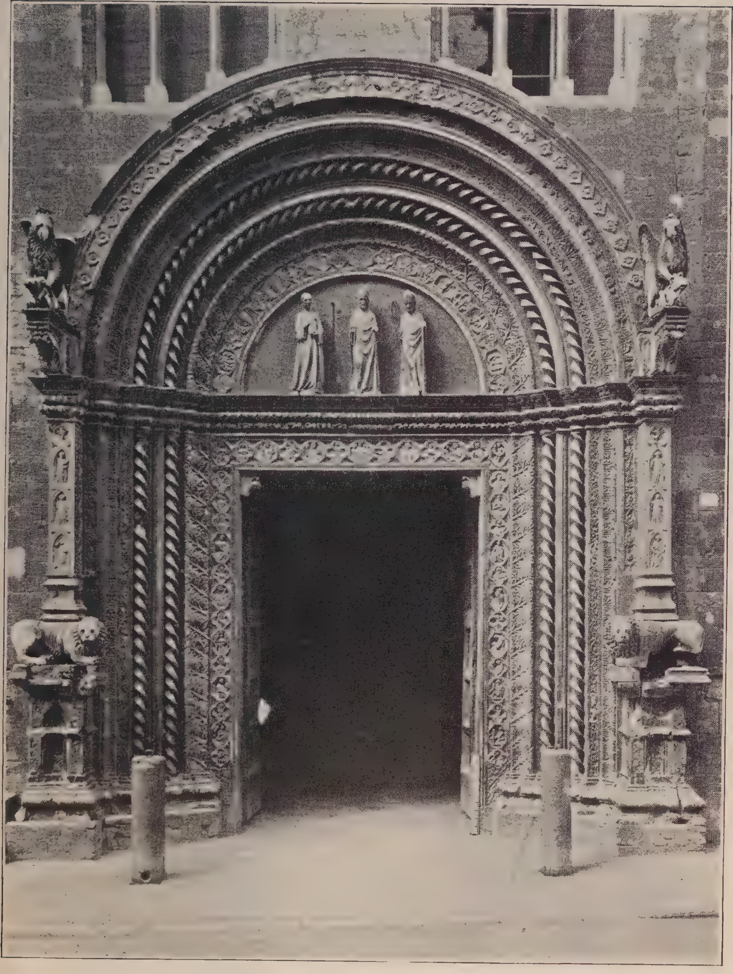
I could not get enough of this view; I never tired of it. The Perugians do not tire of it in a lifetime. They like nothing better than to lean from parapet and window-sill, gazing silently by the hour over the beautiful land that their ancestors ruled. But this first evening I turned from it after a while, to look about the terrace and back upon the city. I reconstructed in my eye the vast fortress of the Farnese, extending over the whole summit, now occupied by the park and the Prefecture and hotel, with its huge, grim walls and little windows, and battlements and donjon keep. I thought of the miscellaneous castles of the Baglioni perched here before the fortress, from whose lofty towers they watched the city and the plain, and from whose guarded gates they sallied out to plunder and destroy. What dark and fearful days those were! And now I looked upon a scene of peace and beauty, — the graceful Prefecture with its rows of arches, and on each side a broad, straight way leading north to the centre of the city between rows of goodly buildings.

It was the left-hand one of these streets that I took for my first walk about the town, — the

Corso, which runs from the park and the hotel to the central piazza and the Duomo four hundred yards away, and which is pleasantly called the Corso Vanucci. Worthy citizens, to remember their artist first of all; this savors of Tuscany. Two things struck me at once as I walked along between high plastered façades and well-dressed, busy people: Perugia did not die with the Middle Ages, and Perugia is no longer warlike. She did not stagnate and decay within her ancient walls with the coming of modern times, like Assisi and Spello and Trevi, for here were prosperity and business; true to her valor and her history, she has kept on advancing. And in this advancement the ferocity and unrest which were the marked characteristics of her people from earliest ages, have turned to thrift and courtesy. I saw them, and afterwards always found them, well-mannered and comparatively prosperous.

As I approached the Piazza the street assumed a different look; mediæval Perugia began to appear. Here were renaissance cornices and doorways, and beautiful gothic balconies. The houses were centuries old, built of large, black stones that formed pointed arches over the windows. And then there loomed up on the left the great Palazzo Pubblico itself, huge and beautiful, with exquisite trefoil windows high in its long façade. A mighty clock-tower raised its heavy head above the roof; and in its foot there opened a cavernous archway, through which a side street darted off, and fell between dark, narrow walls. A colonnade of pointed arches, now mostly filled up with doors and windows, formed the ground story of the Palazzo; above came the long rows of trefoil windows, and above them a massive battlemented parapet. The main doorway opened from the street-level in a large arch beautifully recessed in gothic moulding and tracery, with the quaint images of three saints in the lunette; and on each side crouched a mediæval lion on a pedestal, supporting on his back a carved column, with a griffin — the emblem of Perugia — on the top. This is the building that alone survived intact the conflicts of the Middle Ages; however much they pillaged and destroyed all else, their Palazzo Pubblico was sacred to the citizens. When even the Duomo itself, across the Piazza, was turned into a fortress by the Baglioni in 1489 during a peculiarly desperate conflict with the Oddi, neither of the combatants touched the Palazzo. It was then about one hundred and thirty years of age, — just the time that was taken to build it.

Across the street rose three interesting private structures, whose ground floors were occupied now by stores. All were of heavy stone, and round-arched from base to parapet; the first had a battlemented tower, the third — upon a corner — some large trefoil windows like the



THE MAIN DOORWAY, PALAZZO PUBBLICO—PERUGIA

Palazzo. In this last, they told me, Perugino used to keep his studio. At this point the Piazza opened out to right and left, and in front was faced by the high unfinished side of the cathedral. Before its bare brick walls, which the citizens had succeeded in covering with colored marble to a height of a few feet only, sat Pope Julius III. in bronze upon a pedestal, looking off down the Corso, — the Pope who abolished many of the severities laid upon Perugians by Paolo Farnese, and restored to them their ancient liberties. To the east modern buildings faced the Piazza; to the west the remains of the Palazzo Vescovile, built over with recent façades. On the south was the end of the Palazzo Pubblico, more picturesque even than its front. The trefoil windows and parapet extended around, and below them were two charming entrance ways: on the left a sculptured portal approached by a fan-like course of steps; on the right, stairs leading to a balcony upheld by colored marble columns. And from the wall projected two huge bronze beasts, roaring towards the Duomo, a lion and a griffin side by side.

In the centre of the Piazza I saw the famous fountain of Perugia, designed by her architect, Bevignate, and sculptured by Niccolò and Giovanni Pisano about 1280. It is therefore one of the earliest products of the Renaissance, as well as a very beautiful thing. I approached with great interest to examine the carvings. There are three basins, the lower two of stone, the uppermost of bronze; the first is quite extensive, many-sided, three feet or so in height, each side empaneled with a figure or figures in bas-relief; the second rises from within the first on a multitude of slender columns, and holds on its many angles a concourse of statuettes; the third — not by the Pisani — is a small basin with nereids and the griffin. As I looked at the sculptures I thought of the stiff, crude effigies that were all that the world could make when Niccolò Pisano was born, and saw the genius that had produced these. Instead of dummies of no human resemblance, here were life-like beings on the panels and the angles, in natural postures, with faces often beautiful; and, in the panels, they were actually in motion, — easy, graceful motion that portrayed an idea; they walked and conversed and sowed and reaped, and told the old story of Adam and Eve. Niccolò Pisano revived the realistic, the beautiful, and the dramatic in sculpture, as Giotto did in painting.

It was interesting to see the iron railing about the fountain that the Perugians placed there centuries ago to preserve it; they made special laws for its careful use and protection; and they went to vast labor and expense to bring the water to it over aqueducts and through the hills.

I sat upon the side steps of the Duomo — as

I did many times afterwards — and looked across the historic square to the Palazzo. No piazza in Italy is more eloquent and suggestive of the past, — the dreadful yet beautiful mediæval past, when life was so strong and fierce, and passions blazed so suddenly to the bad and to the good, when men fought their neighbors one day, and the next labored unpaid on their Palazzo. Here above my head projected from the wall of the cathedral the carved and inlaid marble pulpit where St. Bernardino used to preach to the Perugians, who were at one time so taken by religious frenzy that fully a quarter of the population turned Franciscans. Doubtless they doffed the habit next month.

Adjacent on the cathedral wall is the southern door, above which filled-in brick-work attests that something else once stood there. This something else was a great crucifix facing the Piazza ; and one stormy night in the year 1539, when the army of Paolo Farnese was battering at the gates of the city and the last of the Baglioni and its fighting men were gone, the chancellor of Perugia accompanied by the terrified and weeping citizens came here to place the keys of the city at the feet of the dead Christ. Extraordinary and touching ceremony! Thereafter every night through all the centuries a lamp was lit above the crucifix in commemoration of it. I saw this lamp still hanging above the doorway, and it is still lighted at eventide.

I looked across the square and thought of how many, countless times, in the days before Paolo Farnese, it had run with the blood of the citizens in fratricidal contest; and of how many ceremonials, joyous or pathetic, how many stately processions, it has held. I could fairly see the dignified *Priori*, or senators, marching down the spreading steps of the Palazzo in rich robes of gold and crimson, to receive the subjection of some frightened town whose deputation bore its keys.

There at the western end of the Piazza, where a way runs down behind the Bishop's Palace, the young Astorre Baglioni once held at bay for an hour a host of exiled nobles who were trying to reënter and take the city. All alone he stood, flashing his mighty sword about him; "and so many lances, partisans, and cross-bow quarries, and other weapons, made upon his body a most mighty din, that above every other noise and shout was heard the thud of those great strokes." And hold the way he did, until the family retainers had gathered and armed, and came on to drive out the enemy.

I walked over to this interesting spot. The street from the Piazza runs down a few paces between high walls of old dark stone with fragments of reliefs upon them above, to a renaissance façade of arches and pilasters that blocks the way; and then, in silence and gloom the street divides into two narrow lanes that plunge downward right and left, — through archways and between bristling, mighty walls. No spot could be more mediæval; I have never seen any as much so. These buildings have their foundation in Roman times, to speak by the heavy stones; and up they rise on all sides, in close confining grimness, to a vast height, with tiny barred windows and narrow doors. Arches holding rooms and corridors cross from wall to wall here, there, and everywhere; one is suspended between two battlemented towers nearly a hundred feet above. And just before the observer, to relieve the gloom, is a touch of beauty; a little arch of colored marble, leaping from a wall to a carved marble column, standing alone in its daintiness, — a last relic of the Palazzo del Podestá that stood here many centuries ago.

I recrossed the Piazza — called S. Lorenzo after the cathedral — and took the street that leads from it around the eastern façade of the Duomo to another piazza in its rear, named after Dante. Upon this fronts the modern theatre of Perugia; and five streets branch out from it, — two to east and west respectively and three to the north. I followed each in turn for a short distance. The right-hand street on the north is the only one that keeps the level of the hilltop; it even mounts a little. Following it through the Piazza di Porta Sole I reached its termination in the little Piazza delle Prome on the verge of a cliff. This was the northern end of the hilltop on which ancient Perugia was built, — a long and narrow ridge extending north and south from this Piazza delle Prome to the park before the Prefettura. Here it fell sheer for a hundred feet, faced with the city wall of the Etruscans; which could be followed with the eye to right and left as it curved out to embrace the slope of the hill on the northeast and northwest. Above the Etruscan work in the substructure of the wall rose the work of the Romans; all was massive, — great blocks laid on a great scale. The view took in the northern additions to the town made in the Middle Ages, and the Via Pinturicchio with its double row of houses directly at the foot of the cliff, — beyond which dipped a vast ravine, separating in its spread the two long ridges that extended to the northeast and northwest. Each of these ridges bore a double or triple row of dwellings on its back; that on the left had several churches, and is the Borgo S. Angelo, whose people were always considered the wickedest and most desperate in the city. I thought of how narrowly it escaped destruction when Marcantonio Baglioni lighted torches to burn it in 1500. Then, when his family were at the height of their power and magnificence, and Astorre's wedding with a daughter of the Colonna was being celebrated by the whole city with extraordinary festivities, Grifonetto Baglioni with bravoes in the dead of night murdered Astorre, Simonetto and Guido. The beautiful and martial Astorre perished in the arms of his bride exclaiming "Miserable Astorre, to die like a poltroon." Gianpaolo escaped, to return later and slay the traitor. Marcantonio had been in Naples. When he returned it was all over; Grifonetto was dead, and over a hundred suspected accomplices had been butchered by Gianpaolo in the Piazza. Marcantonio's wrath had no tangible object to vent itself upon, so he set out to demolish the Borgo of S. Angelo on general principles. But Gianpaolo finally dissuaded him at the last moment.

The view from this point ranges out over the borgoes to the mountains on the northern horizon, which stretch along in majestic outlines — the backbone of the Apennines. In the upper valley of the Tiber, this side of them, lay, I knew, S. Sepolcro and Città di Castello, quaint old Umbrian towns which once acknowledged the supremacy of Perugia, and which I hoped yet to see.

The left-hand street of the three emerging from the north side of the Piazza Danti is the Via Vecchia — rightly named, for it is the oldest in the city. Men have trodden it for three thousand years. It leads down the northwestern slope of the hill to the great Roman city gate, called the arch of Augustus; at least it was a city gate in Roman days, though the Borgo S. Angelo was afterwards built up beyond it. When I first went down the Via Vecchia I realized immediately the vast difference between it and the top of the hill; this was ancient Perugia, of the Romans and Etruscans. The house walls towered high and dark above the narrow way, built of travertine blocks that looked as old as the hills; like fortresses they seemed, rather than dwellings. Marks of alteration through the ages were everywhere visible — former doorways and windows now built up, and occasionally new ones cut. As the walls grew still higher I saw the gateway ahead, of surprising loftiness — a vast archway with windowed corridor above. The façades of the houses here were of heavy Roman workmanship, the same as the arch; save that on the right rose one renaissance facing of ponderous lines, with ledges and cornices heavy enough to sink the structure into the ground. Passing through the gateway and viewing it from without, it proved a monument of extraordinary interest. No other Roman gate can equal it; it reminds one of the Colosseum and the Pont du Gard — so mighty is it. Two vast square piers of travertine masonry rise beside the archway, projecting well forward, and narrowing toward the top. On the summit of the left-hand one, eighty feet above, is a graceful pavilion with a loggia, added in renaissance days. Over the arch is inscribed in cut letters "Augusta Perusia." Above that are the remains of Roman relief work — huge pilasters supporting an entablature. In its mutilated state it is still a splendid piece of architecture, attaining the height of architectural merit, the combination of grace with strength.

The hill of Perugia upon which the original city was built slopes gradually and evenly for some distance westward from the backbone of it formed by the Corso, and after some four hundred yards drops precipitously. The Etruscan and Roman city walls ran westward from the gate of Augustus to take in this ancient quarter, and encompassed its three cliff-bound sides. Here Perugia is still as ancient in spots as the Via Vecchia, and where she is not ancient she is mediæval. The ways twist and turn and dodge and burrow, between high gloomy stone walls and through incessant archways. Roman masonry is seen, and mediæval, — often composed of odds and ends of stone and brick, — and renaissance, with pleasing balanced façades and heavy cornices. Here and there the streets turn to stairways. Little piazzas open out occasionally with bursts of sunlight in them where the people sit and children play. The ways are quite clean, and there are few offensive odors, such as mark the smaller towns. Everywhere one sees flowers growing in pots set in rings beneath the windows, a thing that speaks volumes for the nature of the modern Perugian. What a pleasure it is to wander in such surroundings — to have the picturesque, the mediæval and the ancient, without their squalor!

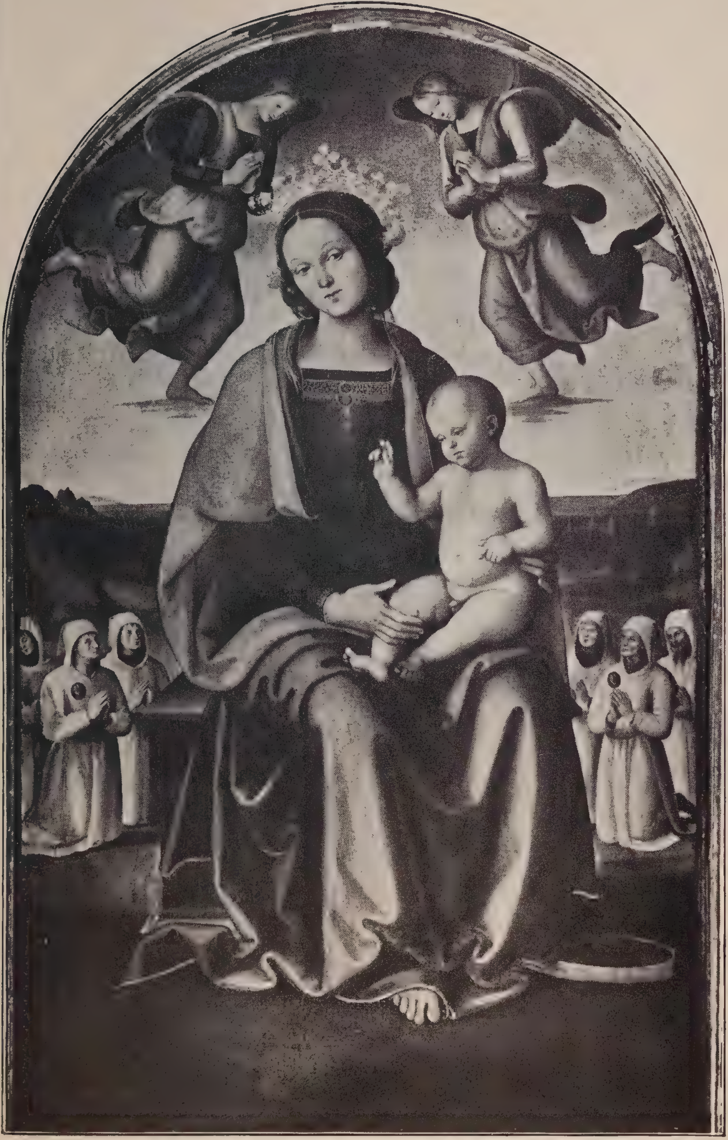
The principal street of this quarter is the Via dei Priori, the same which starts under the clock-tower of the Palazzo Pubblico. Some way down it runs past the only tower of the hundreds that the nobles of the Middle Ages built for battling which exists intact; and even this, climbing heavily far into the blue sky, has had its head shaved of battlements. Shortly beyond, the street slopes through a cut in the western cliff to an Etruscan city gate, which is pointed like the gothic. Just inside, in contrast, is a little church with beautiful renaissance details; and close at hand on the outside is another church — S. Bernardino — with a very remarkable façade. It is of marble and terra cotta, one mass of sculpture and a glow of many colors, executed by the Florentine artist, Agostino di Duccio, in 1460. Beautiful traceries are spread about the doorway, and dancing girls in bas-relief contrast with stately saints upon their pedestals.

I did not wait long after my arrival in Perugia before going to see Perugino's famous frescoes in the Collegio del Cambio, the old Chamber of Commerce, situated on the Corso just north of the Palazzo Pubblico. The master executed them by order of the guild of merchants in 1500, at the very time when the Baglioni were murdering each other and slaying hundreds of people in the streets and the Piazza near by. One enters the two Halls of the Merchants directly from the Corso; the second one, with beautiful carved judicial seat and bench of the money-changers, contains Perugino's five great panels. They are the best of his work in Perugia now; Napoleon the First was not able to carry them off as he did the canvases. Each of the two scenes on the left wall contains six heroes of antiquity standing in a row; in spite of the stiffness of such a composition they are pleasing from the Peruginesque grace and beauty of the younger men. On the back wall are the two main scenes, a Transfiguration and an Adoration of the Shepherds (commonly called Magi, which is a mistake). They are wonderful, delightful frescoes. In addition to the usual qualities of the Umbrian school which Perugino brought to a finish, they are individually remarkable: the Adoration for its exquisite balance in grouping and landscape, and its warm atmosphere and perspective which make an ideal scene more real, and therefore more beautiful; the Transfiguration for its demonstration of a dramatic power that Perugino seldom showed elsewhere. The apostles are rising from the ground in wonder and apprehension, every muscle of their bodies moving under the very eye. The awesomeness of the situation is sent straight to the spectator's mind. This is a finer, subtler dramatic expression than the muscular contortions of Signorelli. Perugino had this great power, and did not use it; what a pity! On the right wall are prophets and sibyls, surmounted by the figure of Jehovah.

One of the pleasures of Perugia is to be able at any time to drop into this little place, stepping directly from the sidewalk of the Corso (a small admission fee keeps out idlers) and sit down to gaze at these beautiful masterpieces. Close at hand also is the entrance to the Palazzo Pubblico and its art gallery. Here one mounts the massive, winding stone stairway that so many generations of Perugians have mounted, to the third floor, passing glass doors through which can be seen great old-fashioned halls with heavy timbered ceilings. The gallery is placed in about twenty consecutive rooms, and very well arranged, chronologically; exhibiting the steps by which painting advanced from the primitive or Byzantine stiffness of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to the Sienese school of the Renaissance, and in Perugia, through the works of Buonfigli and Fiorenzo, to the triumphs of the Umbrian school. The churches of Perugia have been ransacked and stripped of their Madonnas and Saints and Holy Families, and one cannot help thinking that they would look better in the surroundings for which they were made. The works of Siena here are, it is true, but few, and wanting illustrious names — save that of Taddeo Bartolo; one must go to Siena for her paintings. But Perugia's early masters, Buonfigli and Fiorenzo, are here both in quantity and quality. Some people say that there *was* no master at Perugia before Buonfigli — meaning no painter of merit — and yet he was contemporary with Perugino's youth. He worked up his art with his own ideas, was no pupil of Florence or Siena, and must be given great credit for his accomplishments. His work, as shown in the frescoes and canvases, partook of the Umbrian qualities of gentle beauty, and yet — what is curious — he developed a high sense and execution of the dramatic also. In this gallery one of the rooms is covered with large frescoes of his portraying the lives of St. Louis and St. Ercolano, showing much realistic action, directed so as to reveal the motives for it. Fiorenzo da Lorenzo was a pupil of Buonfigli, and his work advanced over the latter's in tone, execution, and finish though not in dramatic power. One of his canvases, an Adoration of the Magi, is full of exceptional grace and finish.

The work of these two early masters gives the character to the collection, and was the most interesting to me. The representation of Perugino is quite disappointing, — canvases of his inexperienced youth and decadent old age, and poor copies of the wonderful frescoes in the Sala del Cambio. But one or two hold the gentle fire of his genius. There is a fine Pinturicchio, a great wooden altar-piece whose panels are filled with exquisitely drawn Madonna, Saints, and Annunciation, showing a pietistic grace, beauty, and execution not inferior to Perugino. There are fragments of an altar-piece by Fra Angelico, of remarkable loveliness in the Bambino, and surprising character-drawing in the faces of the Saints, which one does not look for in his work. And there is a beautiful Lo Spagna, the only specimen left in Perugia of that great artist, who studied here in the school of Perugino. Almost the finest picture of the collection is of uncertain attribution, an Adoration of the Magi, of wonderful tone, composition, and coloring; it has been often ascribed to Eusebio di San Giorgio, the favorite pupil of Perugino, but is too great for him. It is up to Raphael's standard; and he alone, if he did not actually lay on the colors, could have designed it.

Perugia used to have many works of Raphael. They are all gone now, it is sad to think, except his fresco in S. Severo, which the conqueror could not take and the necessitous could not sell. The chapel of S. Severo lies at the north end of the hill-top, just east of the Piazza delle Prome. I first



MADONNA, BY PERUGINO—PERUGIA

went there, I remember, by way of the Piazza Sopramura. This piazza, and the Via Baglioni leading to it from the park before the Prefettura, extend north and south parallel to the Corso, at the same level, forming the eastern edge of the hill-top; so near are they to the brink that the piazza, as its name indicates, is actually sustained by the old Etruscan city wall, with transverse supports erected by Fortebraccio. As I walked down the Via Baglioni, which those bravoes rushed through so many a time with sword in hand, I thought that the square is a more substantial memorial to Braccio than any street name could be. It is long and not very wide, made picturesque by old buildings, and by sloping at its northern end into a sharply falling way, above which towers on the left a mass of confused mediæval houses. On its right is a stretch of beautiful renaissance façades, — first the old University, built in 1483, with graceful window-frames of simple moulding, then the Palazzo del Capitano del Popolo, dating from 1472. The latter is adorned with a high arched doorway, recessed with exquisite tracery, and mediæval lions upon consoles above; also with a series of light, double-arched, renaissance windows over a string-course, having a rich frieze of wreaths under their cornices; and lastly with a most lovely carved balcony, resting upon large, thin consoles receding to the wall in steps of acanthus leaves. This is the most charming façade in Perugia.

Every morning this piazza of Fortebraccio is put to excellent use by the peasantry, who hold their vegetable market in it, with a concourse of stalls covered by picturesque green umbrellas. I picked my way through the lettuce and artichokes and bright piles of oranges, and took a little street at the north end of the piazza that penetrates the mass of buildings above it like a tunnel. In fact, it *is* a tunnel, winding for some distance through the basements of dwellings, with the light coming in through a well here and there, climbing out at last on the Via Bontempi, whence it is but a few steps to S. Severo. I found in Raphael's fresco in this chapel a great resemblance, of course, to his master Perugino, but also the signs of his near breaking away from the traditions of the Umbrian school. The fresco is much injured; it represents the Saviour in glory, with saints and angels; the picture of God the Father at the top has been quite obliterated. Below are six saints by Perugino, resembling Raphael's above, but not as good; for at this time, 1505, Perugino was in his decline, and also had ceased to take pains. The figure of the Saviour shows Raphael's coming greatness, in its combination of strength with beauty, and power of execution with that of expression.

On leaving the chapel I went around and

down to the gate of Augustus, and followed the street of the Borgo S. Angelo to its termination over half a mile to the northwest. There was but one row of houses on each side just occupying the top of the ridge; and the façades of these mediæval structures were uninteresting, for they had been plastered. Occasionally I saw a pretty relic of renaissance times and ancient customs, — a doorway with stone lintel beautifully cut with a wreath and ribbons in relief, looking out of place on a dingy, crumbling dwelling. These carved lintels may be seen all over the city. The children of Borgo S. Angelo seemed to me to exhibit clear traces of the wickedness of their forefathers; a crowd of them pulled at my coat and annoyed me with screams for half an hour. Half way out is the church of S. Agostino, uninteresting save for some carved choir stalls ascribed to Perugino, and mediocre paintings in the oratory; but at the end is the sixth-century church of S. Angelo, after which the Borgo is named. It is really a Roman temple, which stood on this knoll at a considerable distance from the ancient city, and thus escaped the destruction of B. C. 40. It consisted originally of three concentric rings of columns, with the centre one domed above the altar, and must have been very beautiful. The outer line of columns was carted away by the abbot of S. Pietro to adorn his church of that name at the southeastern end of the town. Early Christians walled up the second ring and placed a Christian altar where the pagan one had been. It is thus a very interesting edifice. When I rang a bell by a string that hung out of the door of the adjacent sacristy, and was admitted through it into the church, I saw in the outer wall of the latter one of the second row of columns protruding from the plaster. Within, a graceful sight met the eye: the ancient inner ring of columns circling about the altar, upholding still their Roman dome, from which the light showered softly down on a gilded baldachino. I saw the original Roman altar still there, but standing against the back wall, with its receptacles for the blood of the beasts sacrificed upon it. The sacristan exhibited also, among numerous curious relics and bones and skulls of early saints, the embalmed body of a canonized child of the Middle Ages, remarkably preserved, which seemed to be peacefully sleeping, with rounded limbs and innocent face.

Upon the southern slope of this hill of S. Angelo, amidst gardens once occupied by dwellings, stands the large modern building of Perugia's university, — removed there from its old habitation on the Piazza del Sopramura during Napoleon's reign. This institution was founded as early as 1307, and has always been a great pride of the Perugians; the Emperor Charles IV.

gave it many honors and perquisites, and Napoleon himself greatly enhanced them. The modern building contains a remarkable collection of Etruscan antiquities, quite extensive, and requiring considerable time to go over observantly I found it a great pleasure, after visiting the old cities of Etruria and seeing the tombs of its people, to pick out in this collection the household articles and other things of their daily use. It is little indeed that we can glean of the life and customs of that extraordinary, buried race; what they have left behind them is only the contents of their sepulchres and articles ploughed up in the fields. These, however, indicate quite clearly the extent of their civilization. Here were combs, hair-pins, stick-pins, bronze coins, looking-glasses, pots and pans, strainers, lamps, unguent-bottles, medicine-bottles, water-vases, — a host of things showing a life quite like the modern Italian's, in fact surpassing the average countryman's in comfort and luxury. Even safety-pins are found; and we used to think them a modern invention. There are many articles of adornment, both for the person and the house. The Etruscan ladies had a great array of things for the toilet, and their dwellings were evidently enriched with these beautiful vases, bronze statuary, and knick-knacks. They wore dresses stiff enough to require holding down at the bottom with these leaden weights, and golden earrings and finger-rings set with precious stones. The Etruscans did not know much of iron, and had to make their common articles of bronze; their implements of warfare, which I saw, were mostly of the same material — helmets, corselets, greaves, and spear and javelin points. They worked also in stone, ivory, terra cotta, clay, glass, coral, and lead, and cut precious stones most exquisitely. This last accomplishment was the best of their art, although I saw a few bronze backs of mirrors chased with remarkable beauty and execution. Like the rest of the world, they got their art from the Greeks, and it was an endeavor to copy the latter which was generally not successful. Their sculpture that we have is of small bronze images — mostly primitive — and of figures and bas-reliefs upon the sarcophagi. There are many fine sarcophagi in this collection, although the majority of the burial receptacles were for the ashes only. A few were for the bones, after the flesh had been removed by heat or burial in earth. Poor Etruscans had their ashes placed in a simple urn; the moderately well off in stone or terra cotta caskets with carved tops and a design or Medusa-head upon the front; the rich occupied sarcophagi of different sizes, with portrait-figures of the dead reclining upon the lid, and dramatic bas-reliefs upon the sides.

The intimate connection of the Etruscan cities with each other, and with not only Greece but also Africa and Asia, is shown by the finding, in this far inland town of Perugia, of the evidences of their endeavors to follow Greek art, and of their representations of foreign animals. In the cut stones especially I saw many Numidian lions, and Asiatic lions and elephants. Two sarcophagi bear reliefs that are absolutely Assyrian work,—in designs, execution, and ideas. Either some Etruscan artist had been to Babylon, or some Babylonian had come here. This connection of the Etruscan cities with each other and with the Orient shows peaceful times in Italy in their days (sure indication of advanced civilization) and an extensive commerce upon the sea, that must have been protected by naval supremacy. It is quite certain, then, that five hundred years before the Romans thought of conquering and civilizing Italy and controlling the sea, the Etruscans had done that very thing,—at least between the Arno and the Tiber.

In another section of this museum, devoted to mediæval relics, I saw the authenticated bones of the great Braccio Fortebraccio, lying in a heap with the skull on top in a little case with a glass cover. Strange resting-place for the remains of Perugia's greatest citizen! Here also is kept a beautiful bishop's vestment, of wonderful working, that was worn by Perugia's patron saint Ercolano over thirteen hundred years ago. As her bishop, he defended the city against the Gothic Totila in that memorable (or mythical) siege, at the terrible end of which he was tortured and beheaded by the enemy.

The Church of S. Ercolano lies just under the old Etruscan wall at the southeast corner of the city, reached by a stairway-street running down from the Via Baglioni. The church is a most ancient and curious one without, shaped like a tall octagonal drum, standing with its back against the Etruscan wall and its dome reaching to the level of the lofty parapet. This was one of the two structures that Paolo Farnese preserved when he pulled down the Baglioni strongholds above, and ten churches and four hundred houses, to make room for his terrible fortress. The other was the Etruscan city gate at this angle, called Porta Marzia, which was so fine that Augustus also had preserved it. The Farnese's architect built it into the wall of the fortress, where it stands to-day, just under the parapet of the park before the Prefettura, looking rather queer as a bas-relief instead of an archway. The nobly proportioned and moulded arch is there, surmounted by the ancient elaborate entablature.

Two large pilasters beside the arch and four graceful columns on its top uphold the cornice; and in the space between these are mutilated statues added by the Romans, who also inscribed their "Augusta Perusia." There is a small doorway below, through which one can enter the network of old streets and corridors in the substructure of the Baglioni castles, above which the Farnese built his Bastille, and upon which the little park rests to-day.

There is nothing especially interesting in the interior of S. Ercolano, beyond its curious shape. But there are two interesting church interiors still in Perugia, despite the spoliations for the art gallery. One is that of S. Pietro, to the southeast; the other is that of the Duomo. The latter edifice has also had to survive the intestinal warfare of the Middle Ages, when it was often besieged and much battered about; but the interior, in contrast to the desolate worn exterior, is yet warm and golden with a subdued rich light from its high gothic windows. It was built in gothic times — the fourteenth century — and the lofty columns of brick and stucco have capitals of that style. The aisles which they separate from the nave are of the same height as the latter, producing a unique effect; and on the third column to the right is a miracle-picture, wrought by unknown early hands, which is a work of art. If one can penetrate the crowd of worshipers always kneeling before its countless blazing candles, there can be seen in a long, narrow, upright frame the painting of a Madonna, — a young girl of beautiful, innocent countenance, with a golden crown on her forehead, holding up both hands as if to bless.

There is here a glowing, passionate Descent from the Cross, by one of the Umbrian school in its slow decadence after Perugino, Baroccio of Urbino; a fine colored window of the sixteenth century, and some remarkable choir stalls. The choir stalls of all the Perugian churches are wonders of art; the Umbrian masters devoted much attention to their carving. Perugino designed those in S. Agostino, and Raphael himself those in S. Pietro. Each stall is always of individual pattern, and there is no end to the time that could be spent over them. In the cathedral there is finally Perugia's precious Signorelli, — a Madonna and Saints hung in the winter choir. To me it was of great interest as exhibiting clearly the difference between the Florentine and Umbrian schools at that epoch; it was the invasion by a Florentine master, whose inherited specialties were dramatic action and realistic drawing, of the Umbrian province of quiet, pietistic beauty; and the result, hung in one of Umbria's chief churches, is most curious. Signorelli could not drop his muscular activity and realism; all is action: — one saint is singing vehemently, another is energetically wringing his hands, a third is even reading a book with violence; an angel below is doubled up with playing a lute, and the Madonna herself is writhing in her seat. It is not at all beautiful; but it is thoroughly well executed, and most interesting

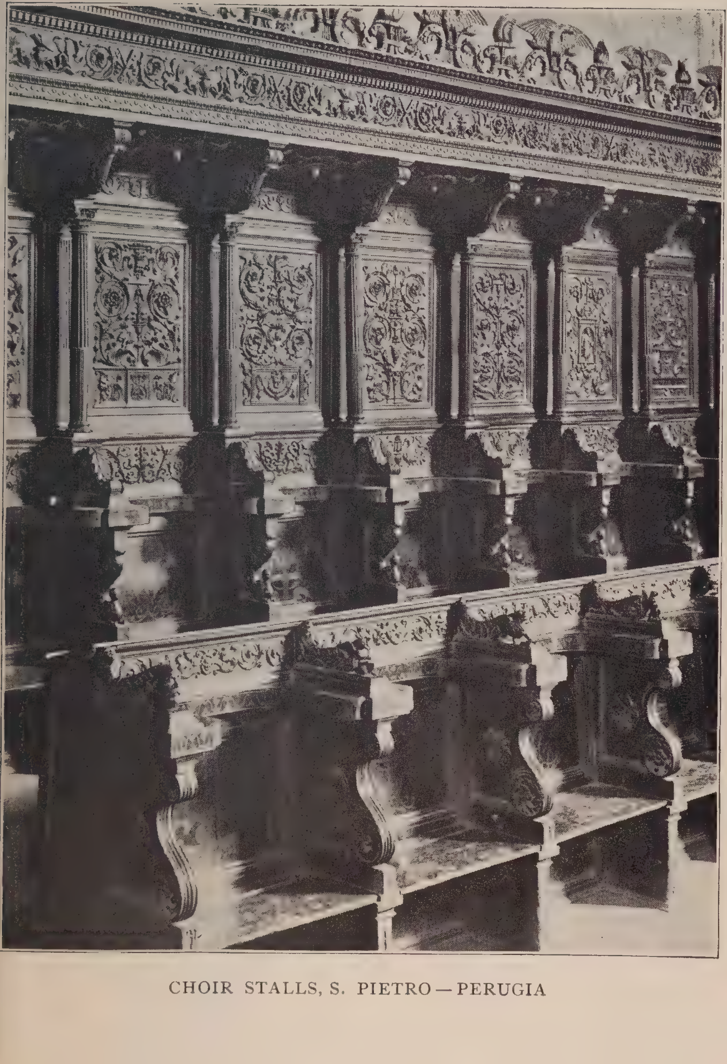
There is another miracle-working object in the Duomo, — the alleged wedding-ring of the Virgin, brought here by theft from Chiusi in 1472. This is kept in a silver casket in a chapel, inclosed in a dozen successive boxes of wood and iron, locked by fifteen or twenty different locks, the keys to which are held and guarded by fifteen or twenty different persons. They exercise their high office by gathering together five times a year, with strong men to lift the iron chests, to bring the little ring to light of day. It is said to hold a stone that is a kind of transparent agate, reflecting many changing colors. Curious stories are told of the wonders and miracles it has wrought.

But the interior of S. Pietro is, after all, the finest. I remember walking out to see this church one lovely afternoon, descending to quaint S. Ercolano from the Via Baglioni, and following the long, comparatively straight street that leads to the southeast on the top of the ridge. In shape this quarter is just like the Borgo S. Angelo, but longer, and the modern stores and dwellings are more substantial. The street is the road that runs to Rome; by it all commerce with that city and the south used to flow, and I thought of how many times the Popes had come up it in a pageant of red cardinals and glittering guards. Here also the Swiss mercenaries of Pius IX. forced their entrance in 1859, butchering the inhabitants with frightful savagery as they proceeded. What a short time ago that was! I am thankful for the peace of united Italy.

The Church of S. Domenico is first passed on the left, another great unfinished brick edifice, constructed in the fifteenth century, fallen down and rebuilt several times since. I stopped to see the interior, and found a vast, barn-like hall, enriched by the rose light of a great gothic window in the apse, — the largest in Italy. I thought of the whole regiment of Napoleon's soldiers quartered here in his day, and did not wonder at its vacancy. But in the left transept there is still a treasure, the tomb of Pope Benedict XI., executed by Giovanni Pisano, the son of Niccolò. Two exquisite spiral columns uphold a canopy above the reclining figure of the dead prelate, which two little angels disclose by drawing back the curtains, — perhaps the first instance of this familiar design. The choir stalls, of course, are fine, in this case of intarsia work. And in a chapel to the right I observed some uninteresting terra cotta work by the Duccio who made so beautiful a façade for S. Bernardino. The best artists waver in their quality.

An instance of Duccio's good work is found again in the city gate towards the end of this street, which he decorated in 1473 with a rich renaissance façade, of purest style and proportions. It is a joy to look at it. Just beyond is the church of S. Pietro, with its monastery. I anticipated something interesting here, for the church was built in the tenth century, was the original cathedral of the city, was remarkably adorned with works of art during the Renaissance, and, in reward for its priests having fought with the people against the Pope's Swiss in 1859, was left intact by the government of United Italy, with all its treasures. Even this does not prepare one for the beauty of it. On first entering I saw in dim, warm light the nave stretching away with graceful marble columns on each side, carrying round arches prettily frescoed; above, a gilded, heavily coffered ceiling, and on both sides, on the triumphal arch and all the walls of the choir, great paintings, whose rich tones glowed and glistened in the dusk. The columns are those taken from S. Angelo. The paintings of the nave and choir are not great in the sense of quality, but they give to the whole edifice a glorious sense of color. And in the walls of the aisles, and in the chapels, this is heightened by works of genius, whose beautiful lines of Madonnas and Saints coruscate tenderly in the half-light. Here are canvases of Sassoferrato, Caravaggio, Buonfigli, Eusebio di San Giorgio, Vasari, and Guido Reni. There, is a bas-relief by Overbeck; here, a marble altar with reliefs by Mino da Fiesole. And under the triumphal arch is a pulpit on each side, carved with exquisite designs on a golden ground.

The high altar formerly held the wondrous Assumption of Perugino, the only treasure of the church taken by Napoleon, but its greatest; and the sacristan exhibits five small half figures of saints that the monks managed to save from this painting, by cutting them from the frames. The sweet-faced saints seem to look mournfully from their canvases, inconsolable for the loss of their associates. They are good examples of Perugino's genius in drawing ideal faces that yet have character and live and breathe. But the choir stalls ascribed to Raphael are the loveliest things in the church. They come upon one with a power of beauty and execution that takes the breath away, and grips the mind with a sense of marvelous genius. Who but Raphael could have drawn these wonderful traceries that spread themselves all over the arms and backs of the stalls and the frieze above, curving into a thousand graceful fancies without a single repetition. Quaint masks and faces, lovely flowers and vases, unknown animals, and figures half man half beast, look out from the maze of broidery. And on the tops of the arms of the lower row of seats sit life-like creatures that send a shiver through the observer in the shades of eventide: beasts that the haze of mythology only could have known, demoniacally human in coun-



CHOIR STALLS, S. PIETRO — PERUGIA

tenance or body or expression, that crouch and crawl and quiver. One steps away in fear unconsciously, and emerges with relief through the doors that the sacristan throws open upon a little balcony behind the apse. Here a beautiful view is spread before one, — the valley of the Tiber in all its verdure of fields and orchards close below, and Assisi off beyond, gleaming on her mountain side. And the sacristan directs attention to the doors themselves, for they are of very finest intarsia, showing not merely human figures in action upon an architectural background, but shading and perspective and atmosphere, by the graining of the wood. Not only a labor of genius, but a labor of Hercules. Damiano da Bergamo executed these doors, and his brother Stefano the choir stalls, about 1535; and their names should be writ higher in the temple of Fame.

There is another old church in Perugia which I visited with pleasure, for the sake of its rose window in the façade, and its monastery court. This is S. Giuliana, located on the Piazza d' Armi at the apex of the semicircular borgo that extends shortly to the south below the height of the Prefettura. The window is of great size and beautiful detail; the cloisters are now occupied by the government as a military hospital, but not at all defaced. The pretty garden of the monks in the centre still flourishes. Around it extend the noble gothic arches, upon heavy pillars with varied gothic capitals; and above are round arches in relief, each holding three little pointed windows separated by graceful slender columns in sets of two, and a quatrefoil opening in the lunette. The whole is a delightful, harmonious rendering of the Gothic of the fifteenth century, with a perfect combination of power and airiness.

The little ancient church of S. Costanzo stands on the hillside below S. Pietro. This saint is the local patron of lovers; and when I went out there on his feast day to see the curious doorway of the church, the floor was strewn with rushes, and a great many unlinked youthful couples whispered at the entrance and blushed upon the parapet. The girls were all pretty. Beauty is very common in the women of Perugia. Not so beautiful is the female image carved upon the quaint marble doorway of S. Costanzo; she looks like a Hindu goddess, but is simply a Byzantine Madonna of the dark ages.

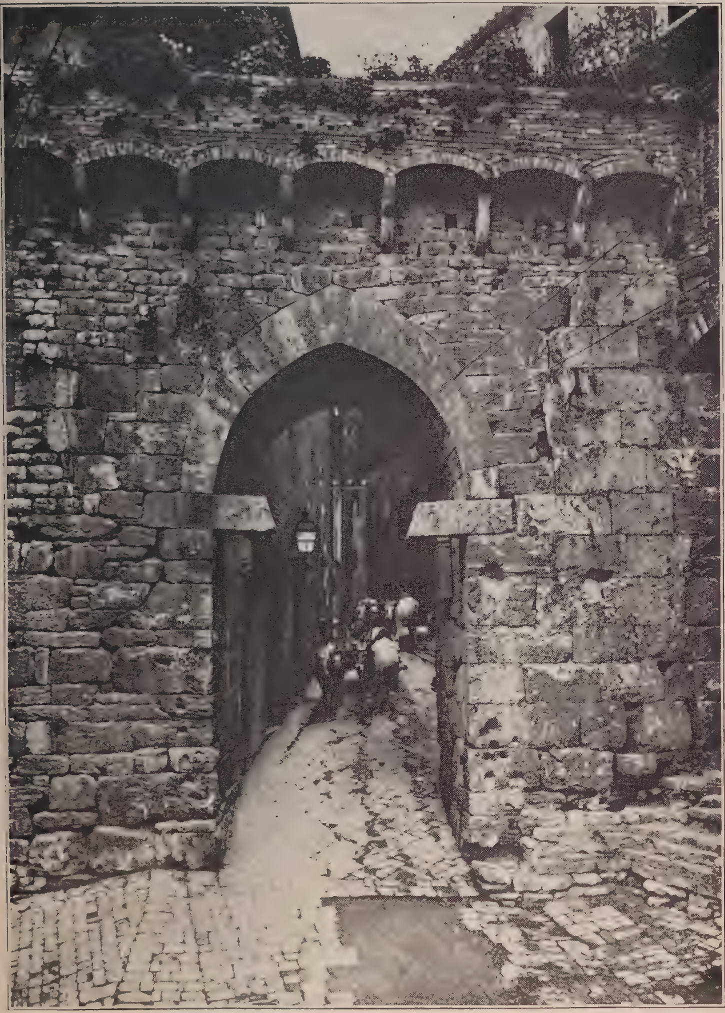
The mass performed at the festa was not as picturesque and impressive as the celebration which I saw later at the cathedral, of the festival of Corpus Christi. This is an important day in Perugia; the whole population were out in gala attire. In best attire also were all the priests and functionaries of the Duomo, whose richly embroidered and golden chasubles glistened brilliantly in the light of a thousand candles. The bishop himself, with mitre and crosier, performed the high mass, surrounded by a glowing group of attendant priests. As I looked over the heads of the kneeling hundreds I thought of the many times that the then Pope, Leo XIII., had gone through this ceremony in the thirty years of his bishopric here. Toward the end of it a great procession wound round the aisles of the Duomo, choir boys, seminarists, chapter-members, and priests, bearing hundreds of candles and banners, and crosses of gold and jewels, — with the bishop carrying the consecrated host under a baldachino. The rolling of the organ, the sonorous chanting, the dusk through which gleamed the moving lights, and their refraction from golden crosses and vestments, made a spectacle never to be forgotten.

That same afternoon the festa was celebrated in the Corso by a carnival of flowers. A hundred carriages, filled and decorated with flowers, pulled by fine horses with flashing harness, paraded from S. Pietro to the Cathedral and the Corso; and from stands there erected, and from windows and sidewalks, a shower of roses and bouquets fell upon the occupants of the vehicles. Everything was joyous, — from the people who laughed and waved ribbons and exchanged a fire of flowers, to the genial sun that glowed balmily in a deep blue sky. It was the more interesting because it was not prepared for the benefit of visitors, as at Nice, but was a natural festa of the inhabitants.

About this time I went down to the Tiber one afternoon, to see the celebrated Etruscan tomb of the Volumnii, driving by a road that descended the eastern hillside, through beautiful views over the rolling vineyarded spurs of the mountain, and crossed the river twice by ancient "camel-back" bridges. Here the Tiber seemed actually to have lost some of its mud, and a greenish hue was visible under the overhanging willows that marked its winding course. The tomb, which lies just at the foot of Perugia's mountain, adjacent to the railway to Assisi, was discovered in 1840 by a caving-in while making the new roadway there. A modern structure covers the entrance, and we descended a long, steep flight of modern steps to reach the seppulchre. There is a vestibule, richly adorned with bas-reliefs above, and seven chambers opening out of it; only the principal chamber, that at the end, is finished. Here we saw by lamp-light the sarcophagi of the Etruscan family of the Volumnii, left as they were found. Remarkable portrait-figures and reliefs adorned them, of terra cotta. The faces were those of men and women of high intelligence and refinement. They must have been wealthy, to cut this tomb out of the tufa so far underground; and their importance must have continued for centuries, as evidenced by the finding of one marble cinerary casket shaped like a Roman temple, with Roman lettering upon it, which must have been executed long after the others. We saw collected here, also, a great many sarcophagi of other families, all discovered within a radius of half a mile. On one of them is probably the earliest representation of the sea-serpent, which a winged goddess is driving. It all enhanced further my opinion as to the high quality of the Etruscan civilization.

In Perugia itself the greatest enjoyment is, after all, not in the interiors and paintings, — lovely as they are, — but in walking about the mediæval streets and gazing from the parapets at the view. Just west of the park and the hotel, upon the slope downward from the hill-top, is a little quarter of the city which is the most ancient and picturesque of all. Here all is Etruscan and Roman masonry, — perhaps the masons of the Middle Ages rebuilt with the ancient stones, — and the dark walls, furrowed by the centuries, rise closely above the winding ways. Little court-yards, towers, arches carrying rooms and corridors, tunnels, barred windows, and streets that mount in curving stairs through arching gloom and wells of light, are found on every side. Here is the Porta Eburnea, — which was built by the Etruscans, — well within the limits of the mediæval city. It is ponderous, and pointed, like the four or five other Etruscan gates still standing; and above it projects on each side a picturesque brick parapet upon stone consoles, added in the Middle Ages. Over the parapets hang the leaves and flowers of a garden.

From a walk in such surroundings it was a pleasant contrast to return to the spacious Corso, and to the piazza at its southern end. After a stroll in any quarter of the city, or a visit to the churches, or an hour with the early masters, it was most pleasing of all to return to this park before the hotel. For here is the view from Perugia's ramparts over the whole land that she owned and swayed, — over the whole of beautiful, glorious Umbria. It is these vales far below, rich with the light green of growing wheat and the darker green of tufted foliage, sprinkled with the white walls of villas and the campaniles of ancient churches, and these rounded mountains curving the horizon, upholding on their tops the towers of mediæval towns, and bearing on their slopes the walls of historical cities, that he who has gone away, when he thinks of Perugia, calls to mind with longing and regret. Ah, the sunrises over this panorama, when the first bright shafts of light stream from the eastern mountain peaks upon the sea-like mist that occupies the plain, and lift it to disclose the treasury below! And the sunsets, — most beautiful of all! Then



PORTA EBURNEA, BUILT BY THE ETRUSCANS—PERUGIA

the sinking orb showers its golden rays upon the walls and campaniles of S. Giuliano, S. Domenico, and S. Pietro, gilding them, till they glow like brazen torches over the brown house-tops below; the rays traverse the plain, penetrate the foliage of vale and rolling hill, and pick out every house and church and village with scintillating points, till it sparkles like green velvet set with jewels; they fall upon the mountain slopes beyond, shimmering on pink Assisi and yellow Spello and cone-like Trevi on its pinnacle; they burnish the ancient battlements of Bettona and Deruta; and they mount to the far-off crests where glisten Todi and Montefalco, holding against a deep blue sky their clustered walls and domes and towers. There they glow, wonderful old towns of Etruria, Rome, and Umbria, circled by their mediæval battlements, guarding in their breasts their treasures of the Renaissance, holding up their beacon-lights of homage to Perugia, the mistress, upon her citadel.

CHAPTER IX

FROM LAKE THRASYMENE TO SAN QUIRICO

One cannot see Lake Thrasymene from Perugia because the mountains that hem it in upon the north, east, and south sides intervene. It was in the desire to look over its waters, and see the spot where Hannibal trapped the Roman army two thousand years ago, that I at last left Perugia. The regret was poignant, and as the train sped westward over the plain already I wished that I were back with those noble buildings towering a thousand feet above. Soon they were hid from sight by the road turning northwestward between two long hills. This was the rolling country upon the northern verge of the Umbrian plain. It was fertile with vineyards and wheat fields, and beautiful with wild flowers scattered densely along the track and over the meadows. Ancient castles lifted their ruined heads upon the hill-tops, in solitude, or surmounting mediæval villages. We passed the once considerable town of Magione, with a massive square fortress of the period of Fortebraccio and the condottieri; then soon pierced by a tunnel the ridge dividing Thrasymene from Magione's valley, and emerged upon the shore of the lake. The first view was disappointing, because it ranged westward over the pale expanse of water to the flat coast of the Valle di Chiana beyond. As we continued along the shore, however, and turned upon the northern bank, soon the mountains to south and west loomed up over the green surface, giving it beauty and dignity. We left the train at Passignano (I had the good fortune to be accompanied on this trip by an amiable friend), and engaged a row-boat to transport us to Isola Maggiore. Three islands mirror in the water their masses of large trees, — Polvese, to the southeast, lifting the tower of its old castle, and Maggiore and Minore toward the north of the lake, not far from Passignano. Minore is small and uninhabited; Maggiore is the largest island, having a considerable village and an ancient monastery recently converted into a castellated country home. All three islands were plainly visible, of course, from Passignano, for the lake is but ten miles in diameter; but Maggiore's village was fortunately hidden on its southern shore, leaving to view only the great convent-castle on a hill at the eastern angle, embosomed in trees, through which its white walls shone and over which it raised machicolated parapets and towers. This is accounted in picturesqueness and beauty of situation one of the finest country homes of the Italian nobility; which augmented our desire to visit it. The three ragged boatmen who propelled our flat-bottomed craft said that "the marchese" was now in Rome; that he came here only in September and October.

We had at this time a good view backward of the little town of Passignano, crowded closely upon a hill whose sloping face jutted some way into the lake. Above the jumble of old, brown tiled roofs and gray façades rose several towers, and behind them all a huge mediæval wall that girt the town from shore to shore, rising into tremendous battlemented keeps. We saw that this hill of Passignano was the eastern confine of a defile that extended for some five miles along the northern shore between the mountains and the water; here was the scene of the battle of Hannibal and the Romans, which we were to visit later.

Quite near now was the convent-castle in its masses of trees, thrusting a terrace before it on the slope, over whose high parapeted sides rose ilexes and cypresses; and below that was a flat point of land with round towers and beautiful willows. It was an ideal scene, — one of those bits of loveliness to be ever treasured in the memory. There was no trace of the convent left on the building now; square machicolated towers marked its angles, crenelations topped its graceful walls and massive keep. On the hillside behind an olive grove climbed to the sky. We landed in a little cove behind the point, where were boat-houses containing naphtha launches and a good-sized steamer used by the marchese and his guests in cruising about the lake. Thence we climbed to the terrace and were conducted through its umbrageous walks and beds of irises, cyclamen, pansies, lilies, orchis, and roses; beautiful vistas opened across the blue lake to bluer mountains beyond. We traversed the courts and halls of the building, coming out on balconies with commanding views above the trees. Then we strolled on to the southern shore of the island by a path from the castle lined with tall cypresses. Here was a crumbling village that undoubtedly had stood from the days of Hannibal, to judge by the ancient walls; there was surely a population living here then, by fishing, as now. Nets were everywhere spread over the sand and rocks to dry. We reëntered our boat, which had come around to meet us, and started back for the mainland, rounding the island on the west and making for the coast at a point some miles distant from Passignano. As we approached we saw the lay of the battlefield distinctly. The defile between the mountains and the lake is not strictly a defile, for it widens out to considerable width; nevertheless, it is completely locked in, stopped at the eastern end by the hill of Passignano and at the western end by the hill of Borghetto. In the centre there projects a spur from the mountains, upon which we saw the mediæval village of Tuoro. On this spur Hannibal, marching from his devastation of the rich valley of the Arno in June, B. C. 217, and followed by the Roman consul Flaminius, posted the main body of his army in the night, leaving a force of cavalry to ambush the entrance to the defile at Borghetto and another force of infantry to block the exit over the hill of Passignano. In the early morning, when a mist covered the lowlands (as it generally does), Flaminius entered the vale. Soon his army was extended in long marching order over its whole length, the van reaching Passignano about the time that the rear left Borghetto. Flaminius was hurrying on without thought of ambuscade, believing that Hannibal was proceeding directly to Rome. Then the main body of the Carthaginians and Gauls suddenly hurled themselves from the hill of Tuoro upon the centre of the Roman marching column, broke it to pieces, and hurled back the pieces in confusion upon the van and the rear. From Borghetto the terrible Numidian cavalry plunged into the rear before it could form in battle array. The Romans, turned fugitive, could not escape by the blocked entrance at Borghetto, and such as were not cut down were thrust into the lake and drowned. Their vanguard alone, six thousand strong, which was already mounting the hill of Passignano when the battle burst, cut their way through the Africans opposing and made off. The remainder of the Roman army, 15,000 in number, including Flaminius himself, perished; and next day the vanguard, followed closely by Hannibal, surrendered. It was a terrible shock to Roman supremacy in Italy; for the first time the proud city by the Tiber trembled on its seven hills.

I thought, as I looked over the scene so peaceful to-day in the bright sunlight, of what frightful sounds of cries and savage blows must have come out of the mist across this water on that eventful morning, — what a ringing of steel on steel, what a snorting of steeds and trampling of elephants, what a pandemonium of shouts and death-cries! And the many thousands that died reddened with their blood this little stream that to-day flows so gently down between the rows of giant oak trees. So the peasants called it Sanguinetto; and it still bears the name.

As the fishermen pulled us back to Passignano, each leaning on a great, heavy oar, ten feet in length, fastened to its thole-pin by a piece of rope, one of them related with pride how he had recently found a Roman sword in the soil of the battlefield, and sold it for twenty francs, which was almost a fortune. In the train which soon came in we went over the field again at a slow pace, crossing the Sanguinetto with its beautiful oaks, and stopping a minute at Tuoro, where the onset was made. Then the train left the defile at Borghetto, and the Valle di Chiana stretched before us: a vast plain, level as a billiard table, reaching from Arezzo on the north to Chiusi on the south, having a width of ten to fifteen miles. Lake Thrasymene once filled this whole expanse, between the encompassing mountains on which sit Cortona to the east and Montepulciano to the west. The waters gradually slipped away, however, to their present basin, — which is but little lower, — and linger in the shallow lakes of Chiusi and Montepulciano at the southern end. As I gazed over the expanse of plain, luxuriant with growing cereals and vineyards, I recollected that this cultivation was quite modern. The Romans did not drain this basin, as they did the Umbrian plain, — with such vast labor, — and it remained practically a swamp till fifty years ago.

After a change of cars at the junction of Terontola we proceeded along the eastern edge of the plain to Cortona, which soon appeared sitting high upon a mountain to the right. We climbed into a rickety little open diligence — the only vehicle at hand — and mounted to the town by many loops on the hillside. The western sun struck fairly upon the encircling walls of the city, above which rose a mass of ancient brown houses in the centre, with light, modern façades at the wings. I looked for modernity henceforth; for now we were in Tuscany. And Tuscany has kept well in advance of Umbria, as Umbria has of Etruria, ever since Niccolò Pisano bethought him of reviving the beautiful. Yet Cortona is very old. She was an important Etruscan city, one of the celebrated twelve capitals, and her Etruscan walls still linger in the substructure of the present ones. Under Rome she retained her importance, and in the dark ages her impregnable position enhanced it. Modern times only have doomed Cortona: her height of two thousand one hundred feet is too steep for industry to haul there its material, and the peasants their produce for exchange into the necessities of life. I saw a new town springing up in the plain by the railroad station, which soon will take the place of the old; and the latter, like Trevi and Spello and a hundred others, will sit upon its hill-top, a deserted relic of antiquity.

We stopped half way up to see the church of the Madonna del Calcinajo, an ambitious early renaissance building of fine proportions and vaulting, built of a kind of slaty stone that abounds here, and which had flaked off till it looked like a ruin. Arrived at the town, we entered by the southern gate, and followed the main street thence to the albergo. Cortona, with its thirty-six hundred inhabitants, is not twice the size of Spello, for example, but I saw instantly a vast difference in the large stuccoed stores and dwellings that lined this street. Here and there was a good renaissance façade, with heavy long-and-short-work at the corners, and windows with stone ledges and cornices. Large doorways from renaissance days were frequent, built of great rusticated stones projecting from the stucco-like radii of the arch. The albergo also was of an excellence far surpassing those of the small towns further south. Surely, wherever Florence put her finger (which she did here in 1410, reducing the town to her dominion), there came, not only a revival of the arts, but a revival of civilization.

As we walked about the little city we found that the main street ran straight, on a level, from the southern gate to the central Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele, whence it sloped downward to the northern gate; and from the Piazza dipped steeply another thoroughfare — Via Guelfa — to the western gate. The side streets were narrow and mediæval, running darkly up and down through windings and archways, between walls of stone and ancient bricks and odds and ends. The Piazza was picturesque, having a municipio with sweeping steps on the west, a large, arched loggia above a single-storied building on the north, and another loggia, light and graceful, upon a high building on the east. Looking down the Via Guelfa we saw some fine renaissance palaces on each hand, heavy with rustica-work and graceful in proportions. Clearly Cortona possessed some wealth five hundred years ago.

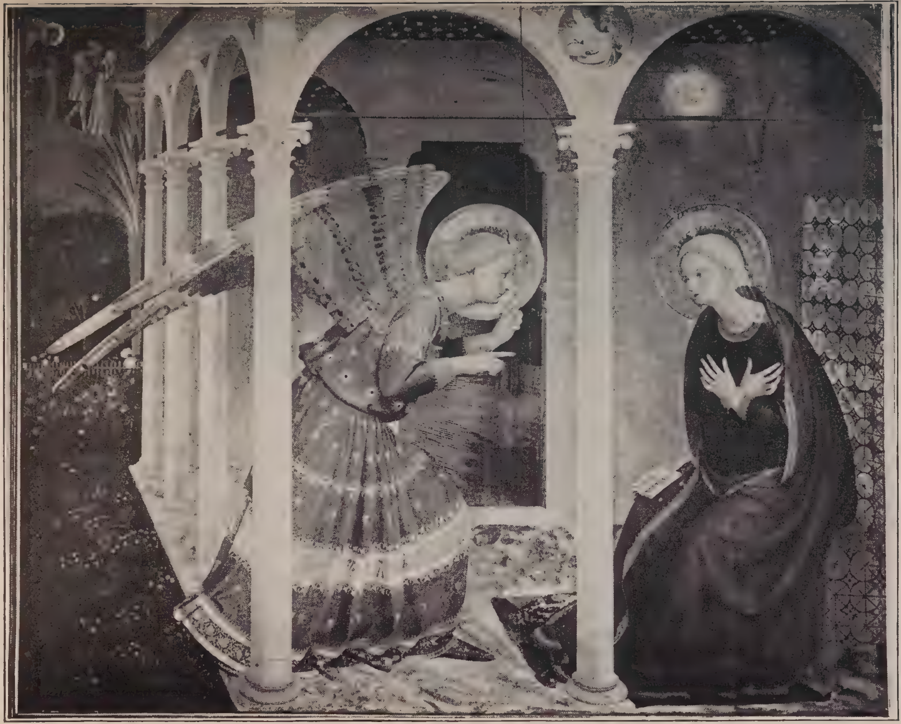
Adjacent to this piazza on the north we found another piazza whose name — Signorelli — recalled to us that that distinguished painter was born here. Upon it fronted the old Palazzo Pretorio, having imbedded in its side a great many armorial bearings of magistrates who had held sway in it; past these bearings a street led us northeastward to the cathedral, which we found lying against the town wall, with a little piazza in front, from whose parapet stretched a splendid view of the vale on the north. The façade of the cathedral was dull, but in its choir were four paintings by Signorelli, large canvases, so badly hung that they could scarcely be seen. We saw better ones in the other churches, or at least they appeared better in the light available.

But in the baptistery across the little piazza from the Duomo we found the gems of Cortona, — three beautiful works by Fra Angelico: a large Annunciation, and two small predelle with scenes from the lives of the Saviour and the Virgin and S. Domenico. The Annunciation was in his earlier, stilted style, but its angel was of marvelous loveliness, a great golden butterfly with a seraphic face. The predelle, on the contrary, were of easy, dramatic movement, realistic, with many figures of individuality, strongly grouped; which, combined with the Angelico's delicious coloring, produced remarkable effects. They impressed me, as did the fragments of his altar-piece in the Perugia gallery, with a sense of his astonishing versatility.

In the church of S. Domenico, which lies behind the public garden at the southern gate of the town, we found another Angelico, — a Madonna and Saints; this was in his stilted style again, but of wonderful beauty in the Child, which quite closely resembled his Bambino in Perugia. Here was a Signorelli that was remarkable. For it was a Madonna and Saints in the pietistic manner which he seemed unable to master, yet of real grace and softness. I could hardly realize that it was by the same man who painted the grotesque canvas in Perugia's cathedral. Here was a gentle dignity, a benignity, and a beauty of form and expression worthy of Niccolò da Foligno.

We discovered another Signorelli of this character in the little church of S. Niccolò on top of the hill, an altar-piece painted on both sides. On one side was a Madonna enthroned, of considerable softness of charm; on the other, an excellent representation of the body of Christ borne by angels, with saints around; in this Signorelli had more opportunity for freedom of movement, and used it to pronounced effect. Here also is a fresco of his, utterly ruined by "restoration."

From S. Niccolò we climbed, as the sun was setting, to the gaudy church of S. Margarita still higher, which has a campanile built by



ANNUNCIATION, BY FRA ANGELICO—CORTONA

Giovanni Pisano. It was of hideous modernity within, in the modern Italian bad taste of loud colors and overdone ornamentation. But from the piazza in front we had a most beautiful view. Still above, and behind, rose the ruined fortress of the town, to which its walls creep up on each side. Below lay the town itself, bathed in the golden light of the sinking sun, which streamed from distant mountain peaks across the wide, verdant valley below. Over those peaks a cloud of crimson fire seemed to hang, like volcanic emanation. To the south gleamed Lake Thrasymene, rolling blue upon the plain from between its mountain walls, as if striving to recover the land that it had lost so long.

Next morning I went again to the central piazza, to see that famous Etruscan lamp which is in the museum of the Palazzo Pretorio. The custodian, however, could not be found, and as we were to leave directly, I had to go without viewing it. Dennis describes it as being like a bowl about twenty-three inches in diameter, round whose rim are "sixteen lamps of classic form, fed by oil from the great bowl, and adorned with elegant foliage in relief. Alternating with them are heads of the horned and bearded Bacchus." Reliefs on the lamp and bowl are of draped sirens with outspread wings, satyrs, lions, leopards, wolves, griffins, a bull, a horse, a boar, a stag, and Medusa head. I was sorry to miss this beautiful specimen of Etruscan art; but I had already seen much of their sculpture and knew how well they could do in that line. What I had not seen was a specimen of their painting; and to obtain this we were going to Chiusi to visit its tombs, one of which is covered with frescoes. So I returned to the albergo, making my way through a great crowd of peasants collected in the Piazza, for it was market day. Half of them held chickens in their hands by the legs, and the fowls kept up a deafening squawking.

We went south again by the train, repassing Terontola, and following the western shore of Lake Thrasymene. Its three islands lifted again their fair heads from the water, and the rounded gray mountains skirted the blue expanse in the distance. Leaving the lake behind, we were soon at the station of Chiusi, at the southern end of the Valle di Chiana. The town of Chiusi sat upon a hill-top a mile or two away, raising against the sky a vast tower like a castle-keep, and we proceeded to it by vettura. It also was an important Etruscan city, — the Clusium of Lars Porsena fame, the headquarters of various wars against Rome. It is a little place to-day, of only eighteen hundred inhabitants, and has nothing of interest within its mediæval walls except an Etruscan museum and a cathedral with columns from ancient temples. We therefore did not linger long at the town, but set out for the tombs called "della Scimmia" and "della Granduca." These are the two most important of the many discovered near Chiusi in all directions, and whose disposition indicates that in Etruscan days, when Clusium was a large capital, there were many noble families living on their private estates in the country round about. We soon saw the additional likelihood of this in the character of the country; for it is beautifully rolling, with soft vales of exquisite luxuriance, and rounded hills that lift clumps of great oak trees above graceful vineyards. Not even in Umbria had I seen so beautiful a landscape. It was the verdure of Kent and Sussex transplanted to the Cheviot Hills, intermixed with the vine and olive, and domed by the blue Italian sky.

As we drove around the crest of Chiusi's hill we saw across the rich vale to its south, and beyond the defile into which the railroad plunges from the Valle di Chiana, the town of Città della Pieve upon its height, — walls and towers embosomed in a wood of giant trees. There, I thought, in the narrow streets so hid, the genius of Perugino first saw the light of day. And still further south, but a little way along that iron track, rises the crowned hill of Orvieto, with Maitani's wonderful cathedral glistening on its top. Since last I looked upon that I had made almost a complete circle through the mountains of central Italy.

After rounding Chiusi's hill we descended upon the north through the luxuriant rolling fields and woods of oaks almost to the level of the Valle di Chiana, which could be seen stretching on to Cortona. Here the show of wild flowers and meadows of cultivated clover was something indescribable. It cannot be imagined, and is hardly credible when told. The earth was almost a carpet, beneath the vine-trees and great oaks, of poppies, broom, wild roses, mustard, daisies, mignonette, and white and red clover. It was a genuine kaleidoscope wherever the eyes turned. The wide fields of crimson clover made the chief display; but prettiest of all were the countless acres of wheat so overgrown with scarlet poppies that they seemed like great bouquets with light-green trimming. We left the vehicle and climbed for half an hour a little path that wound through the woods and vineyards. White and pink rose-bushes lined it, filling the air with fragrance; sometimes we walked through woods entirely of oaks, tremendous yet graceful trees, by whose mossy roots trickled here and there little rivulets. Coming out upon a cleared hill-top once, we saw Chiusi to the south, lifting its brown towers above a sloping wall of forest. To the east glistened below in the valley the Lake of Chiusi, set like an oval sapphire in a bed of emerald.

Just beyond this height we found the "Deposito della Scimmia." The custodian of the tombs, who had accompanied us from Chiusi, unlocked the modern doors that guard the entrance, and we descended some twenty feet to the vestibule. This tomb was hewn out of the tufa, like that of the Volumnii. The four walls of the vestibule were covered with frescoes, which we examined as well as possible by the glimmer of three candles. The figures were entirely in red, upon a white background, men and horses engaged in an athletic contest. The representation of these games extended completely around the room. There were boxers, wrestlers, chariot races, and bareback performers; one slim lady in tights was reclining upon the side of a galloping horse in exactly the style of the original American circus. The drawing was somewhat crude, but not at all archaic; the anatomy was generally excellent. There was no perspective, or drawn background, or moulding of the figures; but the muscular action and movement were cleverly done. There was no finish to the work; it would not serve to adorn a drawing-room. In one place was represented the monkey after which the tomb is called, sitting in observation of the games, and plainly gibbering.

Other specimens of Etruscan painting than this tomb-work are wanting, because, of course, any other must have been upon material that has perished. To judge from this, the Etruscan ideas of the art were advanced only in the line of dramatic representation and action and fairly good execution of outline. But they probably could do better than this. There are no paintings in the "Deposito della Granduca," to which we now descended by another route. This was a tomb of an entirely different, and probably later, period; it was constructed of large, carefully fitted stones, not hewn out of the rock — and stood imbedded in the slope of a hill. The barrel vaulting was some ten feet in height, and very fine; sarcophagi with terra cotta figures lined the walls, and held some excellent reliefs. Near this tomb the vehicle was awaiting us, and we returned to Chiusi, through the meadows of flowers and rolling hills of oaks.

At the little albergo we enjoyed one of those characteristic Italian meals, — thin soup poured over a plate of boiled maccaroni, eggs *al piatto*, fried artichokes, and fried potatoes, all seasoned with wine. Curiously enough the wine here, as soon as we had reached the mountains of the western side of Italy, was good. In Umbria I had found it uniformly poor. The good wine region stretches from Firenze on the north to Rome on the south, west of the Valle di Chiana and the Paglia and the Tiber. The excellent hostess of the albergo bustled about in great anxiety to please, and rendered a bill very small in proportion to her efforts. Then we mounted the vettura again, to drive to Montepulciano. The road descended to the Valle di Chiana and followed its western side for about two hours, through level fields of growing cereals intermixed with flowers and shaded by vine-bearing trees, and often between sweet hawthorn hedges. Then we began the laborious ascent to the west of the mountain of Montepulciano, an isolated peak, crowned with its extensive walls and towers. For a full hour we climbed, with many a winding, and entered at last through a massive gateway with black abutments of stone. Close inside the gate upon the main street was our stopping place, fronted by a tall column bearing an ornamental mediæval lion.

I saw at once that Montepulciano was a place of considerable character. Magnificently situated upon its isolated, commanding mountain in the centre of this most fertile region, — wide luxuriant valleys on three sides and the long slope to the Valle di Chiana on the fourth — it has always been the natural centre and mistress of the territory. First Etruscan, then Roman, it rose to greatest importance and size in the dark ages, like other towns of impregnable position; and in renaissance days it was possessed of enough wealth and brains to take up civilization and art more eagerly and more completely than any other mountain city save Siena. It did not produce or acquire painting like Assisi and Perugia; but it widened its streets and piazzas, and adorned them with a long series of fine renaissance palaces. On this main street I saw them, to my delight, extending away up the hill to the west. Hurriedly settling our belongings at the albergo, we started in this direction. Immediately on the left was a handsome, pure façade by Vignola; opposite was another excellent one, with a great number of Etruscan bas-reliefs built into the wall. The palaces stretched grandly on, with imposing rustica-work and cornices, and graceful pilasters and arches, arcaded or built in relief; and even the more modern stuccoed fronts that were interspersed were fair and harmonious, observing the prime idea of correct proportion of opening to the solid. Clearly Montepulciano formerly possessed many times its present population of three thousand. But this small population is quite up to date. Pretty little stores lined the street, and well-dressed people of prepossessing manners filled the thoroughfare and sat drinking coffee in many goodly cafés. Even the side streets, that pitched down to the battlements on the left and climbed the hillside on the right, appeared cleanly and inhabitable.

We passed a tower on the left that bore aloft the town clock with a large bell in open air; and beside the bell stood a wooden figure of a buffoon, dressed in white clown's clothes with huge blue buttons and a dunce's cap, waving a spear in the left hand and holding a hammer in the right to strike the hours. I was informed that it had sounded thus the hours for a great many years, and that the people were much attached to it.

The street kept on westward up the hill, passing through a huge archway, and by a market-hall on the right designed by Vignola, with a large arcade. A tablet on a brick house to the left announced that Politianus, the scholar and poet, was born there in 1454. Handsome palaces continued to line the way, till it terminated at last in an open piazza on the south side of the mountain-top. Here there was a magnificent view: to the south, of the wide valley far below with its rich verdure checkered with fields of crimson clover; to the west, of another valley, set with an imposing church designed by Antonio da Sangallo the elder in the shape of a cross with majestic dome, and beyond the valley a great range of mountains, running from north to south, peak after peak rising against the reddening sunset sky.

From this piazza another street led northward over the hill-top to the piazza on its apex. Here, we found, at this tremendous height, the Montepulcianese had placed their public palace and their cathedral; and no finer public square for a small place can be found. On the west of it rises the Palazzo in gothic style, with battlements and high machicolated tower, a beautiful building, that seizes instant hold of the eye and the imagination, — a building of which any city of a hundred thousand inhabitants would be proud. On the north and east rise two splendid specimens of the Renaissance, — private palaces designed by Sangallo, with beautiful proportions, graceful lines, and harmonious details. Beside one of them is an exquisite well-top in similar style, the cross-beam surmounted by carved lions. On the south stands the cathedral, with unfinished brick façade, but imposing from its size. We went into this, as vespers were being chanted, and examined in the dusk the beautiful fragments of a monument once erected there by the famous architect Michelozzo. The light from a few candles lit upon the high altar twinkled down the gloom of the lofty nave. The sonorous chanting of the unseen priests rolled along the vaulting, and reverberated from arch to arch of the bays. Moving nearer, we saw through a doorway beside the altar a section of the choir behind; there, in the dark, other candles twinkled, each reflecting rosily upon the rubicund face and open missal of a singing *padre*. These cowled faces, shining alone in the encompassing gloom, the few altar lights glimmering in the vastness of the church, and the deep chant rolling through its arches, — made a scene never to be forgotten.

When we came out, it was still twilight, and we returned to the lower town by a street leaving the north end of the piazza. It passed more renaissance palaces, including a particularly interesting gothic façade of brick — the Palazzo Bombagli — and came down to the main street by Vignola's market place.

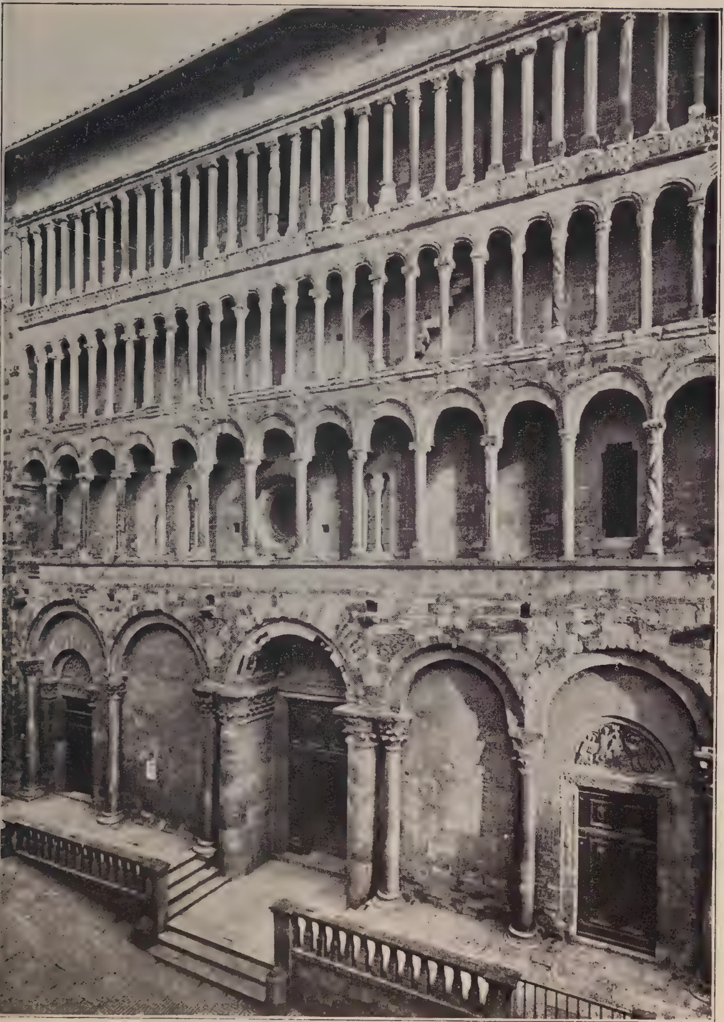
The next morning early I went over this route again, enjoying the architecture in the bright sunlight, and lingering over the view from the hill-top to the west. The eastern sun fell full upon the mountains in that quarter, picking out every shining hamlet and town ; and I saw, upon three hill-tops in the middle distance, one rising behind the other, the glistening battlements of Pienza, San Quirico and Montalcino. Behind them, again, loomed far higher peaks, gray and bare. To the southwest rose the monarch of them all, Monte Amiata, in sublime, isolated, towering majesty, dominating with his pyramidal cloud-capped top this whole quarter of Italy. He is a second Soracte, and a grander one, with a subsidiary region more extensive. Last night he had been hidden in the clouds, but now he shone distinct in the sunlight, with rocky sides far above the tree-line, and wreathed, serrated cone. Into his territory we were going that day, — to Pienza and San Quirico.

From the albergo itself there was a splendid view to the east, which I took at sunrise: the three lakes, Thrasymene and Chiusi and Montepulciano, lying in the lap of the mountains, reflecting the level sun-rays from their polished surfaces; on this side the long slope of the mountains stretching down to them, rich with its burden of vines and oaks and flowers; and beyond them, peaks everywhere again, dark against the brightening sky.

We started on our drive for Pienza about nine o'clock, making the descent to the valley west of Montepulciano by a road which left the eastern gate and curved spirally around the mountain with those same magnificent views. Once in the valley we found it not flat but undulating, with waves of luxuriant verdure that cast up against the sky square donjon keeps and crenellated walls. Then we mounted again, through these hills like billows of vegetation, rich with vineyards and olive-groves and topped by tufted copses of giant oaks. And everywhere was a pandemonium of color, so loudly did the gorgeous hues of clover and wild-flower blaze in the sun. The fields that were not crimson with clover were pink or lavender with countless acres of sweet peas; the meadows for grazing were overspread completely with the variegated hues of broom, daisies, marguerites, and a hundred other flowers; and the vineyards, beneath the vines swinging from tree to tree and drooping from the branches, were not the light green of growing wheat but a vivid glistening scarlet, — for here the poppies had won the mastery of the cereal. It was a riot of color, — it was color run mad. Yet the eye found relief in the green of the vines and the umbrageous thickets of oak; and the road, lined with hawthorn hedges or bushes of wild rose, careened along the sides of the hills, crested their tops, dipped into shady vales, and rose again. Beyond this rolling sea of verdure rose always the higher and barer mountains, gray on their rocky summits, and holding on each lower pinnacle a battlemented town or castle. There gleamed Pienza ahead of us, behind its massive parapets, and San Quirico beyond, lifting to heaven a gigantic mediæval tower; there sat Montepulciano on its isolated conical peak, cresting it like a crown. And all around, on every crag and buttress of the mountains, glistened in the sun the walls of countless villages. Dominating this beautiful scene as a donjon tower dominates a palace-fortress, was the colossal bristling pyramid of Monte Amiata, drawing ever nearer, till it seemed to fill the whole southern sky to the meridian with its glowering bastions and its mantling spire.

As we came close to Pienza it was difficult to realize, when looking at its high walls set with ponderous round towers and its mass of housetops rising within, that it was really a tiny town of but a thousand inhabitants. It never had been a large place. Its interest therefore did not arise from past greatness or history, but from two other unique causes: one was its setting in this scenery of unparalleled beauty and splendor; the other because Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini was born here, and after he became Pope Pius II adorned its central piazza on all four sides with fine renaissance palaces and a cathedral. The village, which had theretofore borne the name of Corsignano, then assumed that of Pienza in gratitude to its benefactor.

We entered the north gate and drove up the little main street to the Piazza, where we dismounted. It was a smaller piazza than I had unconsciously anticipated, and the buildings about it were similarly smaller; yet the palaces were of purest renaissance work, and beautiful in their lines. The lines were exceptionally harmonious, because they were all constructed at the same time, 1460. The Palazzo Municipale stood on the east side, with a graceful colonnade on the ground story, and a high tower with bracketed and machicolated top; the Palazzo Vescovile on the south, a square brown stone façade with simple pleasing outlines; the Palazzo Piccolomini — largest and finest of the three — on the north. The last was faced with rustica-work; its three stories were separated by heavy string-courses and had pilasters at the angles. The windows of the first story were basement-like, — small and square, without ledge or cornice, and set with bars; they gave



ANCIENT FAÇADE, S. MARIA DELLA PIEVE — AREZZO

strength and solidity to the building. The windows of the upper stories were light and graceful, — two in each large arch, separated by a slim corinthian column. Thus there was heaviness at the bottom tapering to airiness above, the proper combination of strength and grace, which is nevertheless so seldom attained.

The façade of the cathedral was dull; but its interior gave a pronounced effect of spacious dignity, and it contained three interesting altar-pieces by Sienese masters of that period when the art of their school alone was sleeping in the past — the quattrocentists Matteo di Giovanni, Vecchieta, and Sano di Pietro. Their long-eyed, stiff Madonnas with rich robes on golden backgrounds seemed in some way, however, to fit this dusky old cathedral in its little mountain town so far from modern life. An elaborate high mass was being celebrated, with a large attendance of devout and kneeling peasants; and it recalled to me that this was the Sunday after Corpus Christi, one of the most important festas of the Roman Catholic year. It was on this account that the streets without were so highly decorated with flags and bunting. I left the cathedral and walked through the little main street to the southern gate; every window on the way hung out a silken banner or lace-edged counterpane. The counterpanes were most frequent; it was an exceptional opportunity to inspect bed linen; but I was surprised to see how the humblest dwellings draped from their aged, broken window ledges really exquisite cloths. The whole effect was most spectacular; looking back through the narrow way with its high brown façades of stone and stucco, I could see no longer the dark walls but a vast gleaming mass of white, red, yellow and blue that waved on both sides to the sky.

Then came boys with great baskets filled with flowers, and they strewed the pavement with blossoms of broom and poppy until they formed a veritable carpet hiding the stone. I went back some way to meet the Corpus Christi procession, which I knew by the approaching chanting had left the cathedral. Then it turned the corner and came on slowly and dignifiedly, — flags, banners and crosses surmounting the white garments of the marchers. From the streamers on the house-walls to the waving banners and matting of flowers, — it was all now a tossing sea of color. And the people crowded in from every side street and filled the windows of the dwellings, deferential, with hats in hand, but trembling in excitement. The choir-boys led the procession, two by two, in a long line; acolytes followed swinging censers; then came the seminarists. Here and there were men carrying flags, and gilded crosses, and a huge crucifix under a canopy. The chanting rolled sonorously down the narrow way. One beautifully worked banner was that of the "company" of this festa, followed by the laymen constituting it, all dressed in white robes like surplices. Then came the priests, with the chief ministrant carrying the host in its golden monstrance under a great gorgeous baldachino. Where but in Italy, I thought, can one obtain such a sight as this? Beautiful old Italy, with her blue sky and rounded mountains and flowering vales, and little ancient towns tucked away in the hills within their mediæval battlements, down whose narrow ways can wind such survivals of the historic past!

When the procession had made its round of the streets upon its carpet of flowers, and regained the cathedral, we started again for San Quirico. On this drive the scenery changed rapidly from its former luxuriance of verdure to a remarkable barrenness. We had entered the peculiar chalk-country which extends from Siena on the north to Mt. Amiata on the south. The wild flowers ceased, the trees ceased, even the grass almost disappeared. The rounded hills now stretched away on each side white and cold, and Amiata glowered down over them with a look more grim and terrible. An hour of this brought us to San Quirico, clustering on its knoll about a mighty castle-tower. It is a town of no general interest, though more important to the peasants as a distributing point than Pienza; for it is but five miles from the branch railroad that traverses these mountains from Asciano on the northeast to the sea-coast at Grosseto. We amused ourselves by saying that the eighteen hundred inhabitants had a much more metropolitan look than those of Pienza. The main street was wider, and faced with more modern buildings of stucco, which to-day were decorated with similar banners and flags. I compared this clean, comfortable-looking little place with such other mountain towns as Trevi, Narni and Orte (which have the additional advantage of being directly on a railroad) and realized again how far the Tuscan villager is ahead of those further south.

We had our usual Italian lunch in the stateroom of the small albergo, upon its third floor;—they evidently think height above ground equivalent to height of luxury. Then we visited the chief sight of the town, which had brought us here, an ancient gothic church at the north end of the main street. It was founded in the eighth century and rebuilt in the twelfth, and from the latter period date its three extraordinary porches. They abound in those weird animals of the dark ages, which are so frightful and yet are decorative; these creatures supported the columns of the portals, and ran and fought over the entablatures. Upon the frieze of the main doorway two alligators (such they looked) were devouring each other. Within there was nothing of special interest; but the adjacent Misericordia church, entered from this collegiate edifice, contains an altar-piece by the great master of Siena, who illuminated that city and this surrounding country by his genius in the early sixteenth century, — Giovanni Antonio Bazzi, surnamed Sodoma.

It was with keen interest that I approached this first specimen of that master which I had found. The painting was on canvas, representing a Madonna and St. Sebastian and St. Agostino, and was much disfigured by cracking; nevertheless it was of amazing beauty. Here was a master contemporary with Raphael, who had never studied like him in the school of Umbria, but had evolved his ability from within himself; and here was a production magnificent in the Umbrian qualities of grace, gentleness, color and expression. Joined to them was a rich warm tone and a wonderful execution. The flesh coloring reminded me of Lo Spagna, though a shade or two darker. The Sebastian's naked body was most beautiful in proportions, graceful lines, and accuracy of drawing. I knew that Sodoma has the reputation of being often careless and slurring in his work — his great fault — but this picture was done with care. I afterwards saw but few of his hundred works in Siena that could equal it.

Before leaving San Quirico I visited also the great tower which so dominates it, situated in some charming neglected gardens beneath the southern wall of the town. Here very manifestly had stood a mediæval castle, of which this was the donjon; but all else had been razed so long ago that the man who conducted me knew nothing about it. The tower was of brick, about twenty feet square, and rose a hundred feet to heaven without a single opening. The destroyers of the castle had turned from it in despair.

We drove to Torrenieri and the railroad in another hour, continuing over the bare hills of the chalk district, and then descending to a more fertile valley, cultivated and wooded. Torrenieri is but a village near the station, utterly insignificant; so we waited upon the platform for the train, which soon came along. It took us up the valley for half an hour, following its stream, which plunged in the opposite direction — southwestward — to the Ombrone River and the sea. Then the train pierced by a series of tunnels the watershed that divides the slope towards the sea from the Valle di Chiana, and emerged at the junction of Asciano. Here we were not far north of Montepulciano, amongst the hills that rise westward from the Chiana; but these hills had not the amazing fertility and beauty of Montepulciano. We were still in the barren chalk district. And through this district we continued northwestward to Siena, until, within a few miles of the latter place, fertility again developed and oaks and olive-groves sprang up on the rounding slopes. Then the walls and towers of the great city that once struggled with Florence for the supremacy of Tuscany peered down from their hill-tops, the striped campanile of the Duomo and the battlemented top of the Mangia soaring above them all, glistening in the gold of the setting sun.

CHAPTER X

SIENA

The inhabitants of Siena will tell you that its origin was a settlement made in the first days of Rome by Senius, the son of Remus, whence the place obtained its name and emblem — a she-wolf suckling twin babes. But there is no doubt that the Etruscans occupied these three commanding hills, situated as they are in the centre of the region between the Monti del Chianti on the north, Mt. Amiata on the south, and the sea-coast range where Volterra lies on the west, — and overlooking to the east the rich Valle di Chiana. In evidence of this are the Etruscan vases found in the soil of the three hills and surrounding fields. At any rate Siena was a Roman military colony in the time of Augustus, and was called by the Romans "Sena," from *senae*, signifying a union of different villages into one city; to which they added "Julia" in memory of the great Caesar. Here was where the Sienese obtained their emblem; and their faithfulness to it through all the centuries fairly indicates their faithfulness to Rome; there is no record of any such revolt and suppression as happened to Perugia. The Sienese warlike spirit developed later than that of the Umbrian city, but when it came it was even more ferocious and destructive. It had not developed when the Roman Empire fell, for the city passed peacefully under the yoke of the Lombards, and remained subject to them, and afterwards to the empire which Charlemagne founded, till Charlemagne's weaker descendants loosened their grasp. Then, about 1125 A. D., Siena began her career as an independent commonwealth, with a rampant civic patriotism which has never waned. She erected a republican form of government; upon which the militant nobles whose lands and castles spread about the city were at first a drag and menace. Theirs was a nobility *de facto*, descended from the followers of Charlemagne upon whom he had bestowed the lands. Soon, however, they left their castles and built palace-fortresses in the city, under the protection of the government whose reins they then proceeded to take. There followed the civic discord and tumult which every Italian mediæval city seems to have undergone, — nobles, burghers and common people cutting each others' throats, exiling each other, destroying each others' dwellings, in a prolonged terrific struggle for the mastery. The nobles here, as elsewhere, came out on top, and then turned their attention to massacring the members of their own order. The

Salimbeni fought the Tolomei, the Piccolomini fought the Malavolti, in terrible feuds that lasted for generations.

While this incessant strife was tearing the city within, there was not less without. The struggle with Florence for the mastery of Tuscany began as early as 845, when Siena defeated her at the battle of Montemaggio. This was a struggle of political parties as much as of rival cities, although the politics were ludicrously nominal: Florence was the leader of the Guelph cause (with Perugia following) and Siena was the leader of the Ghibelline. The Perugians won a great victory over the Sienese in 1358; but in the conflicts with Florence the latter were generally successful, as at S. Salvatore a Selva in 1082, and Monte alle Croce somewhat later. In 1260 occurred the greatest battle in the annals of the city, which they have never ceased celebrating to this day. At Montaperto on the Arbia, some eight miles from Siena, the Sienese completely destroyed the Florentine army, slaying about 10,000 and taking about 15,000 prisoners. The "*carroccio*" (battle-car) of the Florentines, which was captured then, was hauled in triumph about the Piazza del Campo on every festa of the *Palio* — which occurs each August — for five or six hundred years, when it fell to pieces, and had to be replaced by a copy, that still makes the round.

Nothing better indicates the character of

Siena's Ghibellinism than that when the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa visited Tuscany in 1186, she was the only city to shut her gates against him; and when he sent an army to reduce the town, it was put ignominiously to flight. Again in 1369, when the Emperor Charles IV. sent a force under Malatesta di Rimini to peacefully enter the city and receive the nominal subjection of the people, and Malatesta, once admitted, proceeded to open the gates to a large army headed by Charles himself,—the citizens arose in the night and armed and ejected the whole of the strangers precipitously from the town with much slaughter. But at this time Siena had ceased to be Ghibelline in feeling; for her nobles were they who had upheld the Ghibelline standard, and in 1269, after they had suffered a defeat from the Guelphs at Colle di Val d' Elsa and returned discomfited to the city, the people seized the opportunity to rise and eject them. All were killed or exiled, and many of their palaces torn to pieces. A true democracy was instituted, with a governing body of thirty-six, taken from the *popolo grasso*, or bourgeois; this was soon reduced to nine,—the celebrated *Noveschi*, who ruled Siena for two hundred years. These were the palmy days of the republic, when,—although the population of 100,000 was reduced to 30,000 by the terrible plague of 1348, and the bourgeois families who obtained control of the offices eventually constituted a new and peculative nobility, — industries flourished, liberty was preserved, and art, new-born, was sedulously cultivated.

The reign of the tyrant came at last. In 1487 Pandolfo Petrucci, a commoner, who had been exiled by the Noveschi, suddenly by night surprised the city at the head of a small force, ejected the Noveschi, and installed himself in the Palazzo Pubblico. He maintained sole power for twenty-five years, being styled the Magnificent from his style of living and his extensive patronage of the arts, letters and sciences. Several of his descendants, much weaker men, succeeded to his rule. Alexandro Bichi, who followed them, was the last of the tyrants, being murdered in 1525; when the Noveschi tried to return, but were driven off by the people. Thereupon the great Emperor Charles V. proceeded to occupy Siena, and his legate Mendozza razed the mediæval towers of the nobles and erected with their stones a strong fortress in the city. After many severities he was driven out in 1552, and the fortress pulled down with an extravagance of joy.

Then came the last and fatal chapter in the annals of this brave city. Charles sent a great army under Marignano, which besieged it in 1554, and a year of fighting and starving ensued which is indescribable, and unsurpassed in history. After the Sienese had lost most of their men able to bear arms, and their women too, who had worked and fought on ditch and rampart, — after they had ejected the aged and infirm and all children from their gates, to die upon the bayonets of the enemy, — after they had eaten the last blade of grass within the walls, — the city fell. Amidst its ruins were left of forty thousand inhabitants but six thousand spectres of humanity; and most of these dragged their protruding bones across the barren hills to Montalcino. The republic of Siena, after its long and glorious life, so full of countless achievements in industry, science, art, liberal government, was annihilated. Its ruins, and former territory, were given to Cosimo I. of Florence by the Emperor, and remained a Medici possession, and a possession of the house of Lorraine, till Napoleon came to make them a French department. After Napoleon, Siena, slowly rising once more from her ashes — and it is a wonder that she ever did arise — became Austrian; and threw off this final yoke in the memorable days of 1859, when she was the first city of Tuscany to proclaim, by a plebiscite, her annexation to the Kingdom of United Italy.

Siena was always as independent in her practice of the arts as in everything else, and her school of painting is renowned for its individuality. Its beginnings run back at least as far as the twelfth century, and in the thirteenth there was quite a vigorous production of altar-pieces. In the first generation of the fourteenth, Duccio di Buoninsegna did his work, a great master, the true founder of the Sienese school of the Renaissance, who has often been compared to his contemporary Giotto, and by some considered his superior. Simone Martine, of the same generation, was Siena's other great early master. Following them came Lippi Memmi and Pietro and Ambrogio Lorenzetti, who, with other smaller men, occupied the middle of the century. In the third generation came Bartolo di Fredi and Taddeo di Bartolo, inferior as regards their pietistic work and altar-pieces, but able in large frescoes of dramatic action. Then there came an extraordinary decadence; after the Bartolos, throughout all the fifteenth century, Siena's painting not merely stood still, but retroceded. The quattrocentists Vecchietta, Matteo di Giovanni, Sano di Pietro and others, actually went back to primitive Byzantine style. It required new blood from without to bring Siena up with the world's progress; and this was furnished by the Lombard Antonio Bazzi, surnamed Sodoma, who came to the city about 1500, and with a dash of his magic brush consigned forever to the past the antique wooden saints and royal Byzantine Madonnas. He so filled the place with the products of his genius that when one thinks of Siena he thinks of Sodoma. Two native Sienese at this time developed great ability,—Peruzzi, who worked with Raphael at Rome and did very little for his own city, and Beccafumi, whose work is decorative and pleasing, but lacks the spark of genius. In the decline of painting which set in after this period all over Italy, Siena participated so entirely that she reached the bottom at a jump. Thus the interest in her school lies in the work of its trecentists, and the masterpieces of Sodoma.

It was these bits of history that I went over in my mind upon the evening of my arrival, cognizant of the fact that a knowledge of the annals of a place constitutes the view-point from which to enjoy it. And it was therefore with intense interest that I started out next morning to ascertain the present appearance of this city of the wonderful past, and see what structures are left from its former glories. Our excellent hotel was located upon the Via Cavour, the main thoroughfare of Siena, and down this I started for the Piazza di Campo. From an examination of the map it was already evident to me that the city was built upon three hills, or ridges, which meet at the centre, where lies the Piazza di Campo. The town is exactly the shape of an inverted Y; the longest ridge runs straight to the north, the others to the southeast and southwest. Each ridge bears a main street upon its back,—

the northern, the Via Cavour, the southeastern, the Via Ricasoli, the southwestern, the Via di Città. Smaller streets parallel these upon the slopes of the ridges, and cross-ways climb up to them on one side and descend upon the other. The southwestern hill is higher than the other two, and flattens out upon the top for some way into a kind of tableland; here was the original settlement of the town, and here the great cathedral was built, to look down over the city. Upon the eastern slope of the northern ridge, two-thirds of the way to the city gate, lies the railroad station; opposite upon the western slope there extends a considerable spur at right angles to the ridge, flat upon the top. Upon this was built the fortress of Charles V. which the citizens tore down, and a subsequent fortress of the Medici, remains of which exist to-day at the end of the spur in the shape of a high-walled quadrangular structure with huge bastions at the corners, used as a barrack, and called Forte S. Barbara. From this to the houses of the Via Cavour the top of the spur is now covered with beautiful gardens, the public promenade or "Paseggio della Lizza," enriched with a fine equestrian monument to Garibaldi surrounded with flower-beds. Upon these gardens the back of our hotel looked, its face being on the Via Cavour, and of them my room commanded a beautiful prospect, sweeping round to the great striped dome and campanile of the cathedral upon its hill to the southwest.

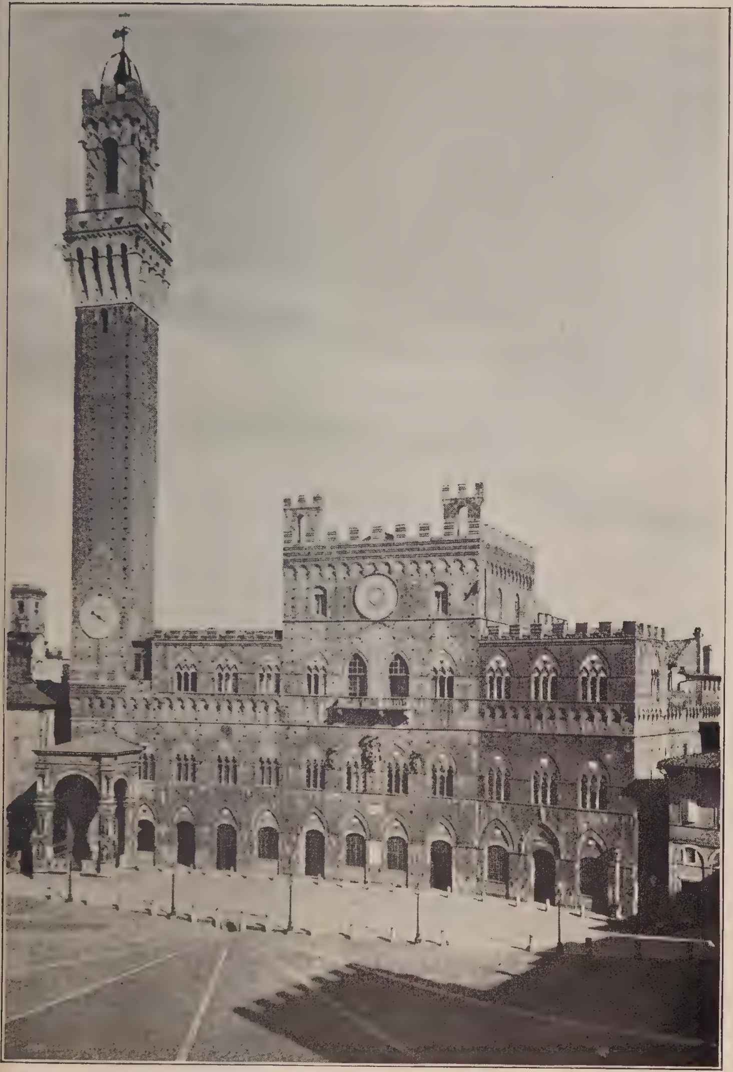
It was from this point, then, that I started southward towards the Piazza di Campo. The Via Cavour — always from ancient times the principal artery of the city's commerce, because it was the road to Florence and the north — was filled with a tide of busy people. It lifted five-story houses high above its comparatively narrow width of fifteen feet or so, and curved sinuously from side to side upon the level of the ridge-top, — gentle undulations, just sufficient to prevent one's seeing far ahead, to which the stuccoed walls accommodated themselves with grace. They were not all stuccoed; here and there was an ancient façade of stone, worn by time, and one or two of brick. In a few minutes a piazza opened out, surrounded with such handsome palaces that I stopped in astonishment. This was the Piazza Salimbeni, with the palazzo of that name on the east; on the north a heavy renaissance façade with rustica-work framing the windows; on the south the Palazzo Spinocchi — now used by the postal service — another elegant renaissance structure, with façade entirely rusticated, simple, square windows in the basement story, double, round-arched ones in the upper stories, and a massive cornice from between the consoles of which sculptured heads looked down. In the centre of the piazza was a fine white marble monument to Sallustio Bandini, the drainer of the Sienese Maremme. I gazed with special interest at the Palazzo Salimbeni. Here, then, was the home of one of those warring noble tribes that so tore the city's vitals with their internecine strife seven hundred years ago; it was a home worthy of them, — tall, strong, massive, yet graceful, in its gothic lines. In the very high basement there was a single great doorway in a pointed arch to the left, and no windows save little round-arched ones, heavily barred, set aloft as if in the clerestory of a church; above them ran a line of exquisite, large, airy, gothic windows, three in each arch, cinquefoil at the top, with slender marble mullions; above these the little round-arched openings again; all surmounted by a heavy, bracketed and battlemented parapet. I learned that it had been extensively restored of late — as all the Sienese palaces have been — but that did not detract from its white, graceful beauty, which fairly blazed in the sun.

Here the Via Cavour was filled with a crowd of people, apparently bent on business. Carriages dashed among them with an abandon which is a relic of mediæval times; for then, when the noble alone drove, a peasant killed meant no difference; and the horse still has the right of way. As I went on, the palaces multiplied on each side, adorning the street with their massive, elegant façades. Pretty shops filled the basements, from which people poured in and out, well-dressed people, who evidently had money to spend. This was all very different from Perugia, or any other mountain town. Here was a genuine city, with fine lofty buildings, and well-paved city streets. Here were evidences of modern industry and business life, and of the dress, comforts, and luxuries of modern civilization. The side-streets that descended the slope on each side had not the mediæval look of the mountain towns; they were straighter, cleaner, wider, faced with stuccoed dwellings in good repair. They went under few arches, and burrowed through but one or two tunnels.

It was evident that Siena has in modern times recovered quite thoroughly from her disasters, and is forging ahead as a centre of industry. I knew that her present population of thirty thousand is increasing rapidly. She presents the appearance on her main streets of a city like Florence, or Genoa, or Milan, rather than that of a hill town. I soon realized that here I must not look for the picturesque, the ancient, or the mediæval, but — as in the larger cities — for the art of the Renaissance; although there are a few picturesque bits in the town, and considerable gothic, mediæval palace-architecture. It was natural, after all, that Siena should have this sedate, citified, modern appearance, in comparison with the other hill towns; for the dwellings that were left from the old days came down from a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants; about these, as the town was re-created during the last two or three centuries, grew buildings of modern construction; and now all the old palaces have been completely repaired. Beside this, Siena has not the mountain-top, precipitously-sided situation of Perugia, Montepulciano, Assisi, Spello, Trevi, or Spoleto.

After leaving the Piazza Salimbeni some slight remains of Siena's mediævalism were visible in the shape of two truncated towers that raised their stumps above the roof-tops on the left. Soon another small piazza opened out, named after the Palazzo Tolomei, fronting it upon the right,—an early gothic edifice with quaint lions gazing down from the upper angles of its high portals, and lions' heads surmounting the mullions of its crumbling trefoil windows in the upper stories. In the piazza stood a column bearing a she-wolf and twins, which probably stood there when the Tolomei sallied out at night to assault the nearby stronghold of the Salimbeni. Soon after this the Via Cavour ended at a beautiful loggia—the Casino dei Nobili—having gothic pillars and groining, with round arches, and renaissance windows in the upper story, which was added later. Each pillar is occupied by a marble saint in a gothic niche. It was erected about 1417 in imitation of the Loggia dei Lanzi at Florence, and used to be occupied by a commercial court of justice. To the right here the Via di Città branched off, to climb its hill to the southwest, and on the left the Via Ricasoli commenced. Just beside the loggia, however, a flight of stairs descended through a tunnel, and following these, I found myself on the north side of the famous Piazza di Campo — now cruelly re-named Vittorio Emanuele. It has often been compared in shape to a horseshoe, a half-moon, a sea-shell, and an amphitheatre. The last seemed to me the best description. Occupying the southern side of it — the stage of the amphitheatre — rose the old Palazzo Communale of Siena, with two long rows of graceful, triple, gothic windows beneath its battlemented roof, and the Mangia tower soaring from one corner far, far aloft into the deep blue sky. Not a window pierced its long and slender shaft till just beneath the deep brackets of the parapet, when a single eye looked out; and from this platform rose a sort of high pavilion with a large arch, topped by another machicolated parapet and a bell. Nothing can describe the picturesque majesty of this edifice with its mighty spire launching its battlements against the clouds. What recollections chase themselves across the mind in looking at it: here labored the Noveschi at their task of governing the turbulent city, for two hundred years, often shut up during their terms of office like monks in a monastery, and suffered to go out only two at a time, with a third man to spy upon them; here rushed Pandolfo Petrucci with his fellow exiles on the dark night of July 21, 1487, and stormed the Noveschi in their guarded rooms, cleaning out the palace by a putting to the sword and a pitching out of the windows; here he ruled, and his descendants, and the Spaniards, and the Medici after them, — and the Medici shield of arms still hangs on the façade.

At the foot of the tower stands a beautiful white marble, renaissance loggia, containing an altar, above which is a ruined fresco by Sodoma, — the Cappella di Piazza erected by the survivors of the great plague in gratitude for their preservation; too lovely a reminder of so horrible an event. Directly opposite from the palazzo upon the northern rim of the piazza lies the modern copy of the famous Fonte Gaja. It is a marble basin of some size, rectangular, set into the slope of the piazza with sculptured parapets at the back and right and left, containing a number of wolves that spout streams of water from their mouths. The original fountain, now in the museum of the Duomo, was erected by Siena's great sculptor, Jacopo della Quercia, in 1412–1419; and the present bas-reliefs on the parapet follow faithfully his once beautiful representations of the Christian virtues, the Creation, and the Expulsion from Eden.



PALAZZO COMUNALE AND MANGIA TOWER—SIENA

Standing before the palazzo I looked northward over the piazza, following the course of the tall structures that line its higher, semi-circular rim, curving their level roofs about the field at a height of five stories. The piazza is perhaps three hundred feet from north to south, and five hundred feet from east to west; across its old brick pavement, well grown with grass, radiate eight lines of white stone from the centre of the palazzo, as if diffusing the power and splendor of the ancient government to all parts of the city. And the surrounding palaces answer back the splendor, in powerful, well-proportioned façades; one to the right carries three rows of the large, triple, gothic windows across its extensive front, surmounting them with battlements and massive tower; to the left is another ancient battlemented house, over which peers a heavy stone tower — truncated, like all the rest. What irreparable damage Mendoza did when he razed these many noble keeps!

As I looked over this historical field I thought of the countless struggles between nobles, bourgeois, and common people that used to fill it with noise and blood, the clangor of arms, the fierce shouts of the multi-colored partisans, the groaning of the wounded, the chasing of the defeated through the tunneled ways that ascend to the streets above. I thought of the Sienese returning triumphant here from their great victory of

Montaperto, laden with spoils, waving banners and crucifixes captured from the enemy, and dragging the celebrated Caroccio. There must have been such a jubilation as the old city never saw before or since. Then I thought of the counter-scene, — of the miserable, starving people crawling along that ancient brick pavement in the awful siege of 1555, scratching its cracks with their finger-nails for a blade of grass to eat.

Here is held every August the celebrated festa of the Sienese, — the Palio, — when those circling façades are lined with seats like a true amphitheatre, and all Siena crowds upon them and leans from window, balcony, and parapet; when twenty thousand peasants throng the central enclosure. Then marches around the unique procession of companies from each of the seventeen wards of the city, attired in mediæval fashion as heralds, pages, flag-bearers, and soldiers, each company attending its steed that is to race, and all followed by the Caroccio. Then comes the race itself, a heart-rending contest between these seventeen ancient wards, whose steeds are every-day work-horses, and whose jockeys are every-day young citizens. The horses tear round and round the piazza amidst the deafening shouts of the multitude, and the victor is the city hero for a year.

Returning to the Casino dei Nobili I followed the Via di Città till it began to ascend the hill of the southwest quarter, and then took a side street to the right that led to the foot of the Duomo. Here was a little piazza, faced on the west by the lofty rear of the cathedral, which is of unusual height because it stands on the brow of the hill above, and which is adorned like an ordinary church's façade. In its crypt is the Baptistery, or church of S. Giovanni. On the south of the little piazza rises the crumbling palazzo of Pandolfo the Magnificent, a huge, stuccoed structure fast falling to decay. Between it and the cathedral climbs a high flight of steps to the hill-top on the west, the route to the façade of the Duomo. I entered first the Baptistery, which is a beautiful structure, so lofty as not to seem like a crypt, having a groined ceiling completely covered with painted traceries and supported by two fine gothic pillars. Here in the centre I found the famous font executed by the best sculptors of the Renaissance; its hexagonal bronze base having bas-reliefs and statuettes by Jacopo della Quercia (who designed the whole) and Donatello and Lorenzo di Ghiberti. It was a great delight to examine this wonderful work. The reliefs portrayed such animated scenes as John the Baptist first brought before Herod, and his head carried on the salver to Herod at the dining-table. The grouping, the individual grace, action, and expression, were powerful and lifelike.

After some study of this I took the steps at the left, and emerged upon the hill-top through a beautiful gothic doorway in a detached wall, surrounded by enormous gothic columns standing about without visible purpose. These are the ruins of the tremendous nave for the cathedral, to the building of which the plague put a stop; so that the present Duomo was intended as a transept only. I could get an idea of the size which the nave would have had from the single arch of it which was erected, a magnificent structure, with beautiful gothic windows and details, towering aloft a hundred and fifty feet. The present cathedral, which lay to right of me on emerging from the stairs, with façade to the southwest, is large enough as it is, having a length of about one hundred yards and a width of twenty-six yards. I walked about to examine the façade, following the piazza which extends from the front around to this southern side. The first view was so dazzling as to require a shutting of the eyes. A thousand beautiful white sculptures radiated back the bright sunlight, running all over the vast façade in a perfect riot of grace and beauty. No church façade is so genuinely stunning to the observer at first glance, unless we except that of Orvieto. Three great recessed portals bear aloft the circular window and airy gothic arcades at each side; and surmounting these are three gables filled with rich modern Venetian mosaic, flashing down their warmer colors over the pure white of the marble. The sculptured saints and animals frame the window in great profusion, spread themselves all about the portals, and cling to the tapering, aerial buttresses with their pointed niches and spires. No trace exists on the façade of the alternate courses of dark and light stone that constitute the sides and campanile, except in the bases of the buttresses. The campanile alone is a thing of wondrous beauty. It soars far aloft, — the highest point in the city, — square and trim, yet seeming to taper and grow ever lighter as it mounts, because of the windows widening arch by arch and column by column with each additional story. Close beside it rises the huge dome, upon an open colonnade of slender columns, supporting a delicate, airy cupola.

I mounted the steps that spread about the Duomo on all sides, and entered to get a general view of the interior. This I knew well by repute to be one of the richest in Christendom, but nothing could prepare one for its unparalleled lavishness of decoration. Like the façade, it is not pure gothic, and one is not seized with the inspiration of soaring, aspiring lines; but one is dazzled again by the infinite multiplicity of beautiful detail wherever the eye can reach. The first sensation is one of positive bewilderment of riches. The great clustered gothic pillars stretch down the long nave with alternate courses of black and white, topped by gleaming white gothic capitals, carrying round arches whose soffits are elegantly coffered, and surmounted by a cornice from between whose consoles a hundred sculptured papal heads look down; black and white lines of marble seem to radiate all over the walls of the nave, dome, transept, and choir; the groined ceilings of nave and aisles shower down a perfect wealth of minute glistening traceries; and countless sculptures flash white their graceful figures from elegant renaissance side-altars. Great frescoes glow softly from the curving apse so far away, before which a flock of fairy-like angels seems to flit, alighting in bronze with waving tapers upon the pillars and high altar of the choir. One gazes and gazes at this vast, orderly confusion of beauty, whose graceful lines and glowing tones run indefinitely from arch to arch, from column to column, from pavement to ceiling, unable to rest the eye upon a single adornment, so helplessly is it circled about. And the pavement itself is a world of beauty, a tremendous mosaic of a hundred pictures and a thousand designs, carrying its gleaming scenes of grace and color everywhere through the maze of pillars, arches, chapels, and dome. Upon it labored four hundred years ago the greatest masters of Siena, and even Pietro Perugino; and so precious is it that the most beautiful pictures — in the nave —

are kept covered with a wooden flooring, which is removed only on certain occasions.

Knowing that it would take half a day to examine the countless treasures of art that the Duomo contains, and feeling that this first wonderful impression was all that my mind could hold at present, I resumed my initial wandering through the town. From the southeastern angle of the piazza, in front of the cathedral, a street leads straight on in that direction, — the Via del Capitano, — keeping the level of the hill-top. I followed it between the Palazzo Reale on the left, now the Prefecture, and the Palazzo Pecci on the right. The latter is one of the finest gothic secular structures with which the streets of Siena are lined; built as early as the thirteenth century, and of course restored, it carries above a ponderous stone basement an airy second story of brick-work with a line of triple gothic windows having white marble mullions, and above that a battlemented brick parapet. Close beyond opens out the little Piazza Postierlà, with the city's emblem on a column, and the massive Palazzo Chigi on the right. This is the central point of the southwestern quarter; here comes up the Via di Città from the Piazza di Campo, continuing westward under another name; and the Via del Capitano, which I had been following from the Duomo, keeps on to the south under the name of Via di San Pietro, leading to the church of S. Pietro alle Scale, whose steps I could see at the end of it.

I turned to the left and descended the Via di Città, noticing at once that it was more loftily built with palaces than any other street. They piled up grim and magnificent on each hand, eloquent reminders of the wealth that Siena once possessed, and how it was mainly held by her nobles. Here was the Nerucci on the left, of rusticated light gray granite, a large, powerful renaissance structure with elegant corniced windows. Here was the Saracini, at a bend of the street on the right, a tremendous gothic building of smooth-faced stone, having the usual row of simple pointed arches for doorways on the ground story, and two rows of the triple, airy windows above, with delicate white marble mullions. When not there it is hard to realize how these great palaces hang over the narrow darkening street below, menacing with their stern portals, smiling above with their light grace, frowning down again on the top with heavy cornice or battlement. Reaching the bottom of the short hill, and passing the Casino dei Nobili, I went for a short way down the south-eastern quarter of the Via Ricasoli; and here was the finest renaissance palace of the city, — the Palazzo del Governo. For absolute grace and harmony of lines I have never seen its superior. The façade is gently rusticated and free from adornment, other than the little iron brackets for hanging shields and holding flag-poles, which every palace shows; the beauty lies in the perfect proportion of opening to the solid, and the disposition of the arched windows and string-courses. As in all perfect renaissance buildings, it tapers from massive strength in the basement to graceful lightness above, surmounted by a cornice so delicately balanced in size and detail as neither to crush the airiness nor dispel the strength. In such a cornice is the crucial test of the architect's power; and Bernardo Rossellini, who designed this building in 1469, deserves a crown of glory as great as most of the mixers of color.

Just beyond the Palazzo del Governo — which contains the extensive and interesting archives of Siena — stands another ornamental loggia, erected by Pius II., who overspread Siena with his magnificence almost as thoroughly as he did Pienza. The Piccolomini seem to have been the most important people in this whole region in mediæval and renaissance times, and he was the greatest man of the family. This loggia of his is unadorned with sculpture, but is graceful and ornamental in simple renaissance lines. Adjacent is the dull façade of the church of S. Martino. Resolving to investigate its interior at another time, I returned to the Via Cavour and the hotel, laden with a thousand delightful impressions.

During the weeks that followed, it was a never-ceasing delight to go over the different parts of this route again and again — which it was necessary to do to reach the Campo, or Duomo, or the southeastern quarter — seeing the hundred beautiful palace façades with unremitting interest. The days were a pleasure from the first hour of morning, when I threw open my blinds on the Paseggio della Lizza to inhale the freshness of its trees and flowers, and watch the rising sun — bathing the bright dome and campanile of the Duomo to the south — pour over the intervening house-tops upon the rich foliage about Forte S. Barbara. And the pleasure continued — a delight of graceful lines, beautiful colors, and historic places — till I came home toward sunset by the Via Cavour, past the monumental palaces of the Tolomei, the Palmieri, the Bichi, the Spanocchi, and the Salimbeni. Wonderful people indeed were those old Sienese who built such private structures and such a public palace, who so adorned their city with costly loggias, fountains, and statuary, who undertook the greatest cathedral in the world, and built one that a nation to-day would shrink from attempting. They built many fine churches also, which lie more upon the outskirts of the city; in some way they nearly always neglected to add the façade or to face them at all, so that the edifices stand naked and ugly without, of rough, unpainted bricks, but the interiors are full of beauty and art treasures.

Before visiting these treasures, or those of the Palazzo Communale and Duomo, I took pains first to examine the collection of the Institute of Beaux Arts, where a great many of the works of Siena's masters are arranged in careful chronological order, thus affording opportunity to learn how they progressed step by step and retroceded. The Institute stands on the street named after it, which leads to the west under an archway from the Piazza Salimbeni, and falls down the slope of the ridge. It was founded in 1816, and much enlarged after 1860 by canvases taken from the Palazzo Communale and suppressed monasteries. The first room contains a most interesting collection of works of the thirteenth century, before the coming of Duccio and Martine; they are, of course, altar-pieces, but one is instantly struck by the remarkable dramatic action that they display. Here are the Byzantine Madonnas such as the rest of Italy was then fashioning,— wooden, bedecked empresses with oblique eyes seated on oriental thrones; but here are also scenes from the lives of saints and martyrs, full of figures that pray, talk, run and fight, and display many poignant emotions. These figures are somewhat stiff in their movements and out of proportion in their bodies, but their faces have not the Byzantine look — the countenances are quite natural. The grouping is unbalanced, the architecture is ridiculous, perspective and atmosphere and tone are wanting; yet the quaint pictures tell their stories remarkably well. Evidently Siena's independent school at this first epoch was well ahead of the rest of Italy, which waited for Giotto to introduce the dramatic. Another thing is evident: the Byzantine oblique eyes, razor nose, little pursed-up mouth with thin lips, and stiffly bent head of the Madonna of this period (which type the Sienese kept for centuries) were not the result of inability to draw better; therefore it must have been a developed, set type from the theory that the holy face should not be treated like an ordinary human countenance, but should have a different, ideal, unaltering appearance. The early Sienese surely thought this; they became accustomed to praying to this Madonna upon the altars of their churches, and refused to recognize her under any other form.

This can be seen in the works of Duccio, which follow. His genius and great advance over preceding painters are shown in the figures of his saints, which are correctly drawn and modeled, with lifelike faces full of character. He applied his good drawing also to dramatic scenes, developing balance and grace both in grouping and individual figures; but he kept the Byzantine Madonna. Martine's works also show the development of grace and balance and modeling; but he kept the Byzantine Madonna. Memmi, in the next generation, and the Lorenzetti adhered to her tenaciously, although the latter developed still further the scene of dramatic action. The Bartolos in the third generation, and all the masters of the fifteenth century, clung to the Byzantine Madonna. It is no wonder that she became the one type associated with Sienese painting. My Lady, however, whether alone or in her "Majestas" surrounded by saints and angels, is here an idiosyncracy. We look for the development of Sienese painting on other lines, — the sphere of story-telling and action. I afterwards found that the Institute was not the place to ascertain the true merits of the masters, because Duccio's masterpiece is in the Opera del Duomo, and those of Martine, Ambrogio Lorenzetti, and Taddeo Bartolo are in the Palazzo Communale. We must bear those *chefs d'œuvre* in mind when thinking of them. Duccio is often paralleled to Giotto, to whom it can easily be seen that he is equal in the exposition of dramatic action, but inferior in drawing and grace. Martine was not equal to either in the dramatic, but he almost equals Giotto in grace and beauty. Memmi possessed these same attributes, with a developed soft, deep, flesh-coloring which — in spite of the eyes of his holy persons being set so high in the forehead as to be unnatural — really made his Madonnas and angels quite charming. He was not a story-teller, and confined his efforts to the elaboration of gilded detail. The advance in the portrayal of action came with the Lorenzetti, who bettered Duccio in lifelikeness, natural grouping, posing, and easy movement, and developed perspective, architecture, and general background work. Here in the Institute I found what is one of the earliest — if not the earliest — pure landscape, by Ambrogio Lorenzetti: a little panel representing fields, trees, a lake, a castle, and mountains beyond. There is in its quaintness true atmosphere and perspective, but the inability of the period to portray a general effect is noticed in the absence of grass. If the trecentists, and most of the quattrocentists, wanted to show a grassy field, their only idea was to paint each individual blade.

In the third generation Bartolo di Fredi fell behind the Lorenzetti in lifelikeness, and, like Memmi before him, gave his attention to detail in halos and garments; but Taddeo di Bartolo, though retroceding generally in his individual figures, showed by his wonderful frescoes in the Palazzo Communale, that he kept up the Sienese tradition of story-telling and added to the dramatic realism of the Lorenzetti a warm tone and realistic, significant expression of countenance. After him the tradition perished, and the Byzantine Madonna reigned alone. So thoroughly did she impregnate the minds of the decadent quattrocentists of Siena that their saints and angels also lapsed into the Byzantine, and — after a century of the realism of Duccio, the Lorenzetti, and Taddeo di Bartolo — resumed their wooden attitudes about gilded thrones. Of these quattrocentists Sano di Pietro — called the Fra Angelico of Siena, although he had none of the Beato's versatility, power of drawing, and expression — is the most interesting; because, in spite of his Byzantinism, his holy beings have enough beauty of graceful lines and gorgeous color to charm as a richly embroidered garment charms.

In progressing chronologically through these rooms of the Institute, it is a vast delight to have Sodoma appear upon the scene at last. He does so, suddenly, in a small, rich canvas of warm, golden tone that is enough to take the breath away. What a mighty gulf we jump to this wonderful Madonna, simply bending over her child, an unbedecked, natural mother, without throne, or gold, or majesty! Yet she is the most beautiful of all. Here is the ideal of grace, sweetness, gentleness, expression, yet with realism of drawing, attitude, and gesture; and here are the new ideas that reanimated and complemented the art, — tone and light and shadow. The soft shadows play over the beautiful face of the Madonna with an allurement that is positively bewitching. Sodoma very often took no pains, but here every line is drawn with wondrous skill, and the moulding of the Madonna's bust, rounding visibly toward the spectator without his being able to see how it is done, is a marvel of art. In Sodoma's celebrated Flagellation of the Saviour here he displays the same skill of execution; also in his great Descent from the Cross, in another room. This last picture is such a perfection of painting that one cannot find how it could be improved, save, possibly, in the landscape background.

Pinturicchio is here, in two small panels of the Holy Family possessing the true Umbrian spirit and qualities, and in a large fresco that is surprisingly poor. His masterpieces are in the cathedral. And Beccafumi is here also, — a singular artist, who could draw exquisitely, who learned from Sodoma tone and light and shadow, but who generally neglected the tone and handled the light and color so flatly as to be displeasing. In the large room is his extraordinary "interior" picture, — one of the first realistic interiors with light and shadow; it was a single flash of genius. There are two rooms portrayed, one beyond the other, each with an unseen window whose light falls gently, imperceptibly, through the dusk, in an atmosphere so real that one can feel it. The Nativity is taking place in the first chamber, and beyond, in the second one, St. Joseph can be dimly seen through the open doorway waiting in anxiety for the news, — that news which was to change the whole wide world forever after.

CHAPTER XI

SIENA (*continued*)

THE old Palazzo Communale is a rambling structure within. It is really gothic and mediæval in its dark corridors that wander about without apparent intent, and winding massive stairways that climb to parts unknown. But the suite of large state-rooms upon the first floor (or second story) is definite. Four of them front upon the Piazza di Campo, and two of them upon the rear, with a small chapel in the centre. I went there one morning, after having been through the Institute des Beaux Arts, to see the masterpieces of the trecentists. Apparently these rooms are used for nothing now but show-places, — and they could have no better use than the preservation of good art; but once the Noveschi held sway here, in those good old days when public office *was* a public trust. In the larger of these two back chambers they used to sit in state behind their judicial bench at the east end, once a week, and listen to the prayers of their fellow-citizens, who flocked in to ask relief from exaction and redress from wrong. The large triple gothic windows looked out then upon the houses of Siena filling the wide ravine between the southern ridges, — a vast undulating mass of roofs sweeping along the slopes of the two hills and piling up in the vale, stretching off to the city walls far below. Those walls still stand, dwellings and churches still line the ridges, but between and below there is naught but grassy meadows. The adjacent smaller room, called the Hall of the Nine, is where the Noveschi sat about a long table in consultation and labor. That was six hundred years ago. How short is man's life in comparison with the duration of his works!

Above the bench in the court-room is Martine's great fresco, — a colossal "Majestas." It is so worn and defaced in places that its pristine beauty is hard to realize; but the faces of the angels near the Madonna are preserved, and are of exquisite grace and soft flesh-coloring. The countenances generally of the large crowd of angels and saints are remarkably natural for a pietistic work of that period. It is a monumental fresco; it is impressive from its vast size and the hundred figures with gilded heads that throng about the throne; and it is graceful from the careful balance of the throng.

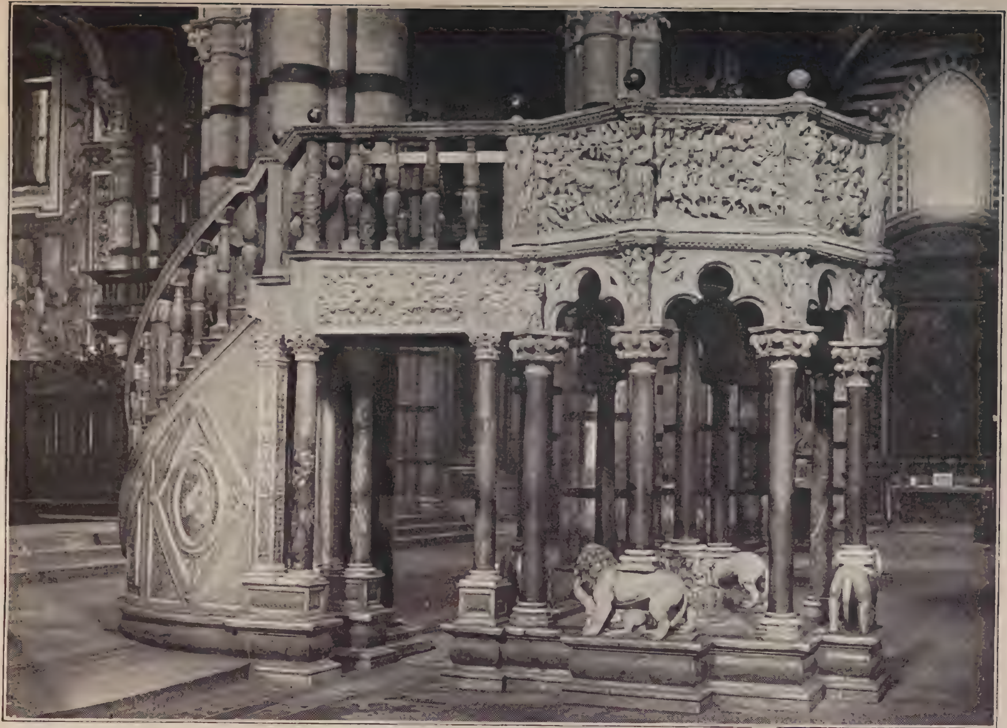
In the Sala dei Nove, or smaller room, are Ambrogio Lorenzetti's great frescoes, representing the Ideal State, Good Government, and Bad Government. The last two are much defaced; the first, and most important, is fortunately fairly well preserved; each occupies a whole wall, above the wainscoting. The Ideal State is represented, first as the female personification of Justice, with her scales in which the deserts of each citizen are weighed, meting out punishment to the bad and rewards to the good; secondly as a king in state upon his throne, with the sword of power in his hand, surrounded by six female figures upon a bench personifying the virtues of a well-governed community. Below all this is a crowd of good citizens marching soberly on the left, and a group of malefactors guarded by soldiers on the right. It is all a very charming allegory, — extensive, monumental, yet simple and graceful. Where in this is the Byzantinism of the pietistic work of that time? It is absent. These forms, faces, and attitudes are quite natural, with easy movements; the execution, especially in the figures of the citizens (in their interesting dress of the period) is remarkably fine. And here is the celebrated figure of Peace, apparently a Grecian maiden, laurel-wreathed, reclining on her arm. Where, indeed, did she come from, — this incarnation of the Renaissance? She might have stepped, as has been said, from some ancient Greek bas-relief to bring enlightenment to these mediæval Sienese, who were at this time struggling savagely with their brothers of Florence and Perugia, and living at home in such squalor that the plague very soon nearly annihilated them.

In the chapel are Taddeo di Bartolo's chief frescoes, representing the Burial of the Virgin, and her Assumption. These are also large compositions, filled with dramatic action of a high order, especially in the animated faces and gestures of the apostles and friends. And the latter picture has a wonderful background of dusky hills against a golden sunset sky, from which the shadows of eventide spread along the vales and envelop the group in the foreground, — an inspiration of extraordinary force and beauty.

From these frescoes we can see exactly how Siena held to and developed the idea of dramatic action on a large scale all through the fourteenth century, executing her scenes with power, realism, and expression. In these rooms are also some smaller pictures by Sodoma and the quattrocentists. The four front rooms of the suite, looking upon the Piazza through large pointed windows approached by steps, contain some elaborate ceiling frescoes by Beccafumi at his best, and some finely finished modern frescoes illustrating events in the life of Victor Emmanuel. Here I saw in a glass case a uniform worn by Victor Emmanuel in the stormy days of the War of Unification; nothing so spans the years for an observer as such a relic of personality, and in looking at it Solferino and Magenta seemed but as yesterday. I went down to the ground floor of the palace, where amongst the city archives of to-day, in small but lofty rooms filled with desks and cases and clerks working busily, an official showed me some Madonnas by Vecchietta, Sano di Pietro, and Sodoma. Then I went around to the open space just in the rear of the palace, in the centre of which is a many pillared, new, brick vegetable market; and there the Palazzo Communale frowned down more forbiddingly than in front, rising to a greater height, with a hundred windows irregularly set, — fierce gratings in the basement stories like a giant's teeth, and wide loggia at the top for a forehead.

I was now ready to visit the interior of the cathedral at detail, and it was a full morning's work to inspect its treasures even casually. Here, however, were not works of the native masters to be studied, save in sculpture; for in the painting an outsider is chief, and all in all. Pinturrichio came to Siena in 1502, when Pandolfo the Magnificent was lording it over his fellow-citizens and encouraging the adornment of the city, and filled the library of the Duomo with a series of great frescoes illustrating the life of Pius II. The library opens off from the left aisle near the transept; but before entering it I made the round of the cathedral proper. It was again a bewilderment to be so surrounded by beautiful things as not to know which way to turn, or how to resolve the glittering whole into its component parts. Here was the pavement under foot requiring and repaying minute inspection, — covered in the centre, it is true, but uncovered in the aisles and transepts, where beautiful female figures and huge scenes of battle spread their lines from pillar to pillar. Above were the rich marble altars and countless bas-reliefs and statuary to engage the eye. The altar of the Piccolomini is in the left aisle, lofty, elegantly cut in white marble, and adorned about its inset half-dome with five statues of saints by Michael Angelo. These works are rather small, and certainly well executed, but they do not show the force of genius generally displayed by him, which is explained by the fact that another hand, that of Torregiani, designed and partly cut them.

In the left transept, in the chapel of S. Giovanni, is a much admired statue of that saint by Donatello, representing him as emaciated and clad in rags of goat-skin; not beautiful, but strong. Here also are five small frescoes by Pinturrichio, of no great importance; like every one, he did not do his best until he tried, and he was not always inspired to try. Near this, by the pillars of the dome, stands the most important object in the cathedral, — the great pulpit of Niccolo Pisano, rising on its columns and sculptured lions, and looking with richly cut parapet over the whole interior. It is a wonderfully beautiful thing. In general design it is very much like his pulpit at Pisa, the eight supporting columns



PULPIT BY NICCOLÒ PISANO IN THE CATHEDRAL—SIENA

springing alternately from lions' backs, and the several panels of the parapet being sculptured in high relief with many figures. Here the subjects are from the New Testament, — Adoration of the Magi, etc., including a double-paneled representation of the Last Judgment. These are much stronger scenes than those on Pisano's fountain at Perugia, because containing so many more figures, massed and moved with dramatic effect; and amidst such a crowd the individuality of the faces and the realism, force, and meaning of each gesture and expression are extraordinary. As I looked it over, a mass was being intoned at the high altar by three priests, richly robed in crimson and gold, who were sometimes almost hidden by the clouds of incense which a little acolyte swung about. He relaxed this occasionally to ring a very large bell hung to the ceiling of the choir, which boomed through the arches of the cathedral like a summons to the Final Judgment which I was regarding. Not more than two dozen people were listening to this service at the chapel rail, — of whom several sat between the columns of the pulpit and rested their heads upon Pisano's ancient lions, — but scores of others moved about at a distance without their footsteps being audible. It was like St. Peter's in its vastness.

When the service was finished and the priests had changed their chasubles and retired to one of the many chapels to commence another, I entered the choir. The double row of stalls is most richly and delicately carved, likewise the tall reading-desk, a delight in itself. The extensive frescoes of the apse were once done by Beccafumi, but are unrecognizable now as his work. The right transept and aisle contain many works of lesser importance. Returning to the library by way of the dome, I saw the two famous flagstaffs, standing against pillars, which were captured from the Florentines at Montaperto with the Caroccio; there they stand century after century, only ugly, heavy poles thirty feet in height, utterly out of place — as so many have said — in a house of worship, reminiscent as they are of man's inhumanity to man; but even the stranger cannot restrain a thrill at the sight of them.

I found the library to be a long, lofty room, with the old choir books and missals in cases against the walls, and the great frescoes of Pinturicchio flashing down a thousand bright hues from above. One is instantly struck by the wonderful vividness of them; the preservation is so perfect that they might have been painted yesterday. Here, then, is an old master seen just as he wrought, without the fading hand of time or the defacing hand of the restorer to alter him. The tone of the whole ten scenes, stretching all the way about the room and reaching from wainscoting to ceiling, is exceedingly light, — of a keen brilliance with golden undercurrent; and the countless shades of color are vivid and strong, yet running harmoniously together. The hundreds of manly figures that pose and move upon backgrounds of sea and cities and charming country are distinct, vigorous, and absolutely realistic. Their combinations into groups and crowds are handled with consummate skill and balance, — compositions in which grace of the whole is combined with grace of the individual. Truly these are masterpieces, not merely of Pinturicchio, nor of the Umbrian school, but of all time and all place. They seem to combine the best of the various Italian schools. Pinturicchio was the Umbrian artist who was not limited to altar-pieces and pietistic work (perfectly as he could execute them); but who would have supposed that he could so thoroughly master also the dramatic action of the Florentines? Here are not only the Umbrian grace, gentleness, and beauty, but stirring movement, the disposition of masses, realism of forceful outdoor life, and significant gesture and expression. With all this he joins a wonderful perspective and execution and exquisite color schemes. He had perfectly mastered the art (exceptionally difficult) of drawing the perspective with reference to the eye of the beholder being far below the picture; and although these scenes are fifteen feet and more above us, and represent persons considerably elevated upon thrones and daïses above their entourage, yet we really seem to be looking *down upon* those thrones and daïses, and down upon the background beyond.

Pius II. is portrayed, first, as a very charming youth, elegant and refined, starting for the Council of Basle upon a spirited horse, with an escort of gay riders, and the sea in the background; then as making obeisance to King James I. of Scotland, — enthroned amidst his court, — to whom he had been sent by the Council of Basle; as being crowned poet by Emperor Frederick III., and then betrothing that emperor to Eleanore of Portugal at Siena, when we see Siena's towers and battlements cresting her hills in the rear. Later he is shown at the time when he was created cardinal, and elected Pope, when he canonized St. Catherine, and died at Ancona preaching a crusade against the Turks.

I left the cathedral feeling that one cannot judge an artist by seeing even half his works. Certainly no one can know Pinturrichio, or know what a quattrocentist was capable of, until he has seen this library.

Opposite the façade of the Duomo is the church of S. Maria della Scala, uninteresting in itself, but interesting as to the hospital of the same name, which is an eleemosynary institution of the best kind. I went there one Sunday to see the frescoes on its walls of the quattrocentist Domenico di Bartolo (I was always hunting in vain for a good Sienese quattrocentist work), and found myself more absorbed in the patients than in the pictures. The beds occupied a number of large wards with windows looking out upon the open country to the west, and the patients — poor *cittadini* and *contadini* — reposed or sat about in dressing-gowns and night-caps of white wool; they looked very forlorn and hopeless. Some were being visited by their families from the country, who carried large green umbrellas and talked violently, as usual. The peasant considers a sick person only as an incumbrance; and I realized what a blessed thing it was that here the incumbrance had a place to be taken and have good care, knowing the suffering he would endure at home from neglect and filth and insufficient food, which death alone would relieve.

A portion of the partly constructed nave of the cathedral had been utilized as a museum. Here I found the original sculptures of Quercia for the Fonte Gaja, — very mutilated, — an interesting reduced copy of the entire cathedral pavement, and Duccio's great "Majestas." This last used to stand over the high altar of the Duomo, for which purpose it was painted in 1310. Besides the Madonna and Saints, it portrays the life of Christ in twenty-six different small panels; and in these can be seen Duccio's wonderful dramatic genius. The figures are somewhat stiff in pose and movement, they are often ill-proportioned, perspective is lacking, yet they overpower one with their striking expressions, gestures, and actions. The story is told with an earnest vividness that leads up clearly and grandly to the profound drama of the Crucifixion. In this panel, which is appropriately larger than the others, a singular, strong effect is produced by massing the apostles and friends of Jesus on one side and the anathematizing priests and populace on the other; so on the left we have grief, humiliation, silent comprehension of the vast tragedy, and on the right, triumph, disdain, tumultuous invective. The figures and grouping are wonderfully powerful; the expression could not be surpassed. Yet this was done six hundred years ago, by a man who had no precedents to guide him, no masters to teach him, and who labored under great difficulties in the way of crudeness of his materials.

The other points of interest on the southwestern hill — besides those thus grouped about the Duomo — lie at a further distance. I first reached them by a delightful walk taken from the cathedral, starting by a way at the western angle of its piazza which descends a long flight of steps through a tunnel. At the bottom is the little sixteenth century church of Degli Innocenti, built in the form of a Greek cross, its interior walls covered with poor pictures from top to bottom. Thence a street leads southward upon the western slope of the hill, past a quaint little marble-cutter's shop, with no buildings for some way upon its lower side. I looked off over the green descent, covered with gardens and trees, to the mediæval city walls at some distance, thinking that it was once a mass of dwellings and streets. On every side Siena is thus shrunk from her extensiveness of the dark ages — drawn back upon the hill-tops which the first city covered. Following the street, I reached the church of S. Maria del Carmine at the southwest corner of the hill, a large brick edifice designed by Baldassare Peruzzi, with pretty cloisters now occupied as a prison, and a lofty, graceful campanile. The usual old woman who does duty in the Sienese churches as sacristan accompanied me about the nave, drawing back a curtain here and there from an altar-piece, and reciting her lesson as to the artists. She thus exhibited a Nativity by Sodoma of much beauty, amongst many others of no interest.

To the left of the Carmine three streets run down the hill to the southwestern gate of the city, — the Porta S. Marco. Descending one of them I shortly found myself without the walls on a sort of terrace before the gate, with ilex trees clustering about to frame the beautiful vistas from it. The view ranged from near Monte Amiata on the south to Monte Maggio on the north, embracing the long, high, forest-clad range of the coast mountains to the west. In the latter lay, I knew, Volterra and San Gimignano, whither I should soon be going. This side of them the country was all a gentle slope to the south, — to the valley of the Ombrone, — from the long ridge of Monte Maggio, which is the watershed separating it from the valley of the Elsa and the Arno. But the peculiarity of the view lay not so much in the mountains being more serrated and black with forest than those further south as in the comparative bareness of the middle distance. This rolling country about Siena has never recovered from the siege of 1555. The chalk region to the south, whose white hummocks glistened in the sun, has always been bare; but these green vales and rolling hills to the west and north were once luxuriantly massed with gardens, vineyards, and orchards. The Spanish soldiery destroyed not only nearly all the peasantry, but their farms as well, devouring the crops and stripping the fields of all their trees for firewood. Thus to-day I saw but barren undulations covered with thin grass, and no trees or cultivation, except occasionally about a chance farmhouse or monastery. There is certainly a desolateness in this landscape around Siena which is depressing. Turning about, I saw the city wall running off to the north, curving into a vale and rising again; and above it piled the buildings on the hill in a steep picturesque mass, surmounted by the pinnacles, dome, and campanile of the Duomo, glistening in the sun with their marble stripes.

Reascending to the Carmine, I followed the Via della Cerchi along the southern edge of the hill to the church of S. Agostino at its south-eastern angle. The streets here seem to have been built up entirely since the siege; they stretch off, quite straight, with high, plain, stuccoed walls, and are wider than mediæval ways. They have not even mediæval filth to make them picturesque. But I found in San Agostino one of the most interesting churches of Siena. It is a large brick structure, externally plain, like the others, with extensive convent buildings, now used for a grammar school; and out of these the boys came trooping with books under their arms, and flocked about me with energetic demands for foreign postage stamps. The philatelic mania seems only lately to have struck the youth of Italy. The sons of well-to-do parents were generally dressed rather picturesquely, with Tam O'Shanter caps and small stockings reaching just above the shoes, leaving the legs bare. These were more gentle in their demands, and here, as at Perugia, I used to carefully preserve for them stamps from my letters. Leaving the boys, I entered the church, which has a long, high nave, without aisles — the general design of Sienese churches — and rich, colored-marble altars at the sides. One of these on the right contains a large canvas of Perugino, a magnificent Crucifixion. It has a warmer tone than usual with him, and a beautiful green Umbrian landscape behind the figures. The figures are few, four or five apostles standing separated about the cross in attitudes of grief. It is not realistic, but it is sweet, with gentle curving lines and Peruginesque faces. Near by, in perfect contrast, is a superb Sodoma, — an Adoration of the Magi, undoubtedly painted at about the same period, — one of those works with which Bazzi took pains. In a rich dark atmosphere the Magi are coming down a hill-side on horseback with a cavalcade, and the beautiful Madonna and Infant are in the foreground. In the close group of men and horses in the rear the light falls sparingly through heavy shadows upon faces and steel arms, but the Bambino and Madonna's countenances are lustrous. Comparing these pictures, we see that Sodoma, when he tried, had not only the equal of Perugino's grace, composition, and drawing, but he added realism, tone, and light and shadow.

In the same chapel with the Adoration is one of Dupré's fine statues, representing Pius II.; it gives an accurate idea of the noble, powerful, clean-shaven countenance of that illustrious man. In the choir is an altar-piece of the trecento, said to be by Lippo Memmi, although it has not his marks. I went out to the piazza in front of the church, the eastern end of which looks across the ravine to the southeastern ridge of the city. The high, dirty backs of the dwellings upon it were turned towards me, falling in several tiers below the top of the ridge; and this confused mass of filthy walls and crooked chimneys stretched picturesquely along from the Palazzo Communale on the north to the large brick church of the Servi di Maria on the southeast. From this piazza a street that is also rather picturesque runs down and along the eastern side of this hill to the Palazzo, penetrating an old archway, and having several street stairways falling into it on the left from the hilltop as it progresses. On later occasions I took this path; but at present I took the straight way north upon the summit towards the Duomo, — the Via di San Pietro, — and after a few paces came upon the church of S. Pietro alle Scale on the right. As its name indicates, it sits at the top of a flight of steps, — a little, old, mouldy edifice having nothing remarkable within. The streets of Italian towns are always full of babies playing and rolling on the pavement, for they seem to thrive on dirt; but I remember a very pretty little girl of two or three years who sat at the foot of these steps. Her occupation was truly plebeian, for she was trying to catch fleas, and humming contentedly as she did so; but her deep coloring and glossy black hair and eyes were a picture framed in the high steps and crumbling old church behind.

A few paces further on, also on the right, I found the beautiful gothic palace of the Buonsignori. It is of the usual fourteenth century secular construction, having large triple windows on the second and third stories, with slim white marble mullions, and battlements at the top; but there is additional decoration here in the elaborate string-courses of tiny pointed arches carrying a ledge, and in the little block moulding of every window. The whole effect is a rare combination of richness and grimness. The Piazza Portierlà is just beyond, with the Palazzo Chigi; and reaching this, I took the Via di Città down the hill and homeward.

A similar walk took me one day along the south-eastern ridge to visit its churches. Following its main street, the Via Ricasoli, past the beautiful Palazzo del Governo, I came first to the loggia just beyond, built by Pius II., and the church of San Martino. In the latter I found some interesting things: a lovely altar decorated with rich patterns on pilasters and entablature by Lorenzo di Mariano, a Sienese cinquecentist sculptor who did some exquisite work of this nature; a Nativity by Beccafumi; a remarkable wooden gilded statue of the Virgin (it is so difficult to give any expression to wood, yet this is full of tender grace and feeling) by an unknown pupil of Quercia; and a quaint picture which apparently represents the return of the victorious Sienese from Montaperto, and must have been done at that time. The last is interesting for its view of Siena, showing the many high towers and picturesque buildings now vanished, and the dress and accoutrements of the returning warriors, struggling under their loads of spoil.

Thence the Via Ricasoli runs on, of considerable width, between high, dull stuccoed façades, till the church of S. Spirito appears on the left, a few paces down a side street. Its exterior is enlivened by a handsome portal by Peruzzi, and its interior contains some paintings by Sodoma over a side-altar. These latter, however, are not of his best work; and the fresco of St. James on horseback, which is sometimes admired, looked to me like a wooden image cased in armor. I went on to the Servi di Maria at the end of the ridge, and found in that a church of intense interest. It is long and wide, constructed in the early Roman basilica style, which it was a relief to see again. Many ancient columns separate the low aisles from the nave; early Madonnas glow down from their rich frames over the side-altars; and a large Coronation of the Virgin over the high altar sends its golden refulgence through the dusk. It was a true vision of the past, when the spurs of knights rang on this stone pavement and the spears of men-at-arms made those dents in the old columns. How many countless thousands came here in those bygone centuries to worship at the shrine of Our Lady on the right, where she looks obliquely down from the canvas where Coppo di Marcovaldo placed her in 1260! In spite of her vast age and Byzantine origin, she is still young and handsome, — to which fact, probably, she owes her reputation for working miracles; and the offerings of her believers hang numerously about on the walls, little silver hearts and gilded ornaments, indicative of their trust that she has not lost her youthful femininity.

Another Virgin almost as old, but likewise still fresh and beautiful, smiles down at us from above the sacristy door in the right transept. She was placed there by Lippo Memmi over five hundred years ago, but the blood yet blushes fair beneath her olive skin, and her eyes, though oriental, have a soft liquid gaze that steals into one's heart. She is almost as lovely, in her way, as the new Madonna in the chapel to the right of the choir, a virgin who surely is not older than she looks; and she looks the most beautiful woman that my eyes have ever rested upon, "tall and divinely fair," standing with her foot upon the round ball of the world, her hands crossed upon the breast, and her blue eyes turned upward with a seraphic yet humble expression. What modern artist may have painted her I know not, and care not, but her face will always be with me as the realization of ideal, angelic beauty.

The Coronation on the high altar, though painted by Fungai as late as 1500, is, nevertheless, Byzantine in conception and execution, and remarkable only for its gorgeous coloring. In some of the adjacent chapels are the remains of large animated frescoes by Ambrogio Lorenzetti, so altered and defaced that I could derive no pleasure from them. One more ancient Madonna greeted me as I passed out by the left aisle, — looking across the dim nave to her sister of Marcovaldo; she had a little more style and finish than the latter, for she was born just a hundred years later, and her features were handsomer; but doubtless she would gladly exchange them for the gift of working miracles.

Below the high end of the ridge on which the Servi di Maria stands, I found a large modern insane asylum, a handsome building, behind a garden of shrubs and flowers; and just beyond this, the mediæval city gate called the Porta Romana. This gate exists intact as it was when the Spaniards attacked it with bombard and sword, to be always repulsed by the desperate Sienese. It is of brick, like the walls, — which evidently served as well for defense as stone, — and still has the large square anteport before the archway, where in times of peace were stalled incoming cattle for inspection by the city health officials before being allowed to enter. This was not for health of the inhabitants, I believe, but to protect the city animals from pest; for we know in what unregulated filth the people lived. Without the gate I obtained a fine view of the country to the south, — the bare chalky hills stretching down to the valley of the Ombrone, and magnificent Amiata towering in the distance. In the vales near at hand it was pleasant to observe some modern cultivation of gardens and olive orchards, amongst which rose the squared walls of villas and farmhouses.

The churches and monasteries of the two principal brotherhoods — the Franciscans and Dominicans — were built as usual upon the outskirts of the city, in order that the brethren might have adjacent open ground to cultivate for their tables. They sit upon two little spurs that project right and left from the northern ridge a short way north of the Piazza di Campo, — the Franciscans building on the east, the Dominicans on the west. The brethren are gone forever; the cloisters and cells where they lived for centuries are occupied no more by brown robe and white robe, but by the blue coats of schoolboys and soldiers. So the huge brick churches stand desolate and bleak, bare enough originally, but denuded now of the picturesque costumes, trappings, and ceremonies that gave them life. They are kept up by one or two parish priests, to whose services a few people occasionally wander out; but in the vastness of those interiors — meant to be filled by a hundred officiating monks — a few cottas and candles and kneeling listeners are lost in the shadows.

In San Francesco even the side-altars seem lost, affixed to those bare, lofty walls at intervals, with the great barn-like roof of beams soaring far overhead. There is no *objet d'art* there of special interest; but in the adjacent chapel which the brethren built in the front wall of the monastery, called the Oratorio of San Bernardino, there are some admirable frescoes. The chapel is two storied, and the little room of the upper story is lit up by the gleaming colors of Beccafumi and the warm tones of Sodoma. Neither artist has much exerted himself. They seldom did when painting by contract a large space of monastery wall; yet the *tout ensemble* of this presentation of the life of the Virgin is pleasing. Connecting the spur with the hill proper is a piazza, the northern parapet of which looks down the sloping hill-side to the Porta Ovile below. This is another of the mediæval city gates, in size and shape just like the Porta Romana, and like it preserved intact; the city walls run obliquely down to it from the inner side of the piazza, and beyond mount again to the terrace where the railroad station lies. I descended to the gate, upon the occasion when I first visited San Francesco, by a street inside the walls that pitched downwards at an angle of forty-five degrees, between plastered dwellings of the poor that clung to its sides and slattern gossips that clung to the window sills and flung a wind of remarks across my head about my appearance and antecedents. The round dirty babies playing in the way, when they lost their feet, rolled halfway to the bottom before catching them again. After examining the stout walls and battlements of the gate, I remounted the hill-side to the west, to the Via Cavour, and went out to the north gate, the Porta Camollia. On the way I passed on the left the old church of Fontegusta, — the only thing of individual interest in this northern section of the city, — and stopped to see its interior. It contains an exquisite high altar, sculptured by Lorenzo di Mariano, and about the only painting of Peruzzi that Siena has, — a large fresco of the Sibyl announcing to Augustus the Nativity of Christ. This was carefully executed, and the figures of the sibyl and emperor are remarkable. They are out of proportion to the space allotted, and consequently the composition is ill balanced; but one is a very beautiful woman and the other is a very manly warrior. The power of expression shown, as well as the grace, indicate what Peruzzi could do. I saw over the main doorway of this church the arms that Christopher Columbus is reputed to have given to it on his return from America, — a falconel, a casque, a sword, and a round shield. Hanging there against the plastered wall, so rusted that a fall would break them, they look old enough to verify the legend.

The northern ridge of the city ends in a point at the Porta Camollia, which is a high arch in the city wall; but beyond it the ridge spreads out again to a considerable table-land, where lie quite a number of modern houses and the wide Piazza d' Armi, used by the peasantry for their fairs and weekly animal market. This is the road to Florence; and where so many armies marched out in centuries past with glittering armor and brazen music to give battle to the hated Florentines, now marches every Tuesday a huge cavalcade of steers, heavy and clumsy, but beautiful in the mass with their white hides and wide-spreading horns. A queer change, — a Hindu might call it a metamorphosis.

S. Domenico is more interesting in itself than S. Francesco. It is not quite so vast and barn-like, and it contains, besides a number of works by the quattrocentists Matteo and Benvenuto di Giovanni (Byzantine as usual), some painstaking frescoes by Sodoma. The last cover the walls of the little chapel of St. Catherine on the right of the nave, and depict events in the life of that saint. Here is the celebrated Swoon of St. Catherine, in which she is shown as fainting under the ecstasy of her approach to the Holy Throne, supported by two nuns, all in the white habit of the saint's order. Elsewhere Sodoma has shown his wonderful powers of composition, tone, grace, color, and action; here he shows his power of expression. The feelings that St. Catherine is undergoing, extraordinary and miraculous as they are, are nevertheless perfectly conveyed to the spectator, and subtly, — not only by her features, but by every line of her figure, and the unconscious postures of the sisters.

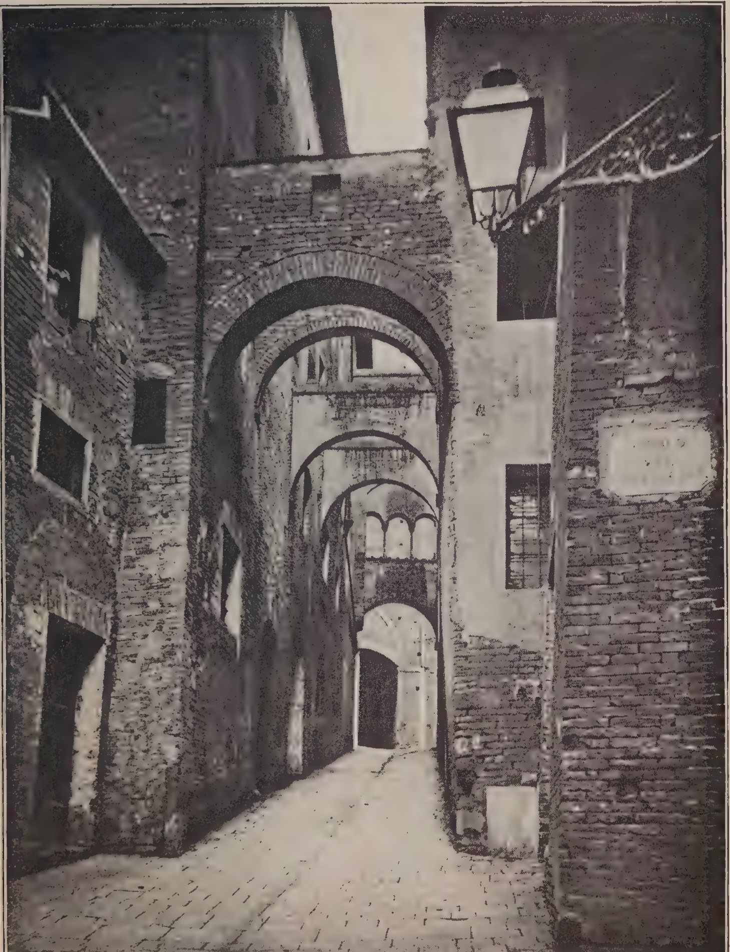
The story of St. Catherine is a part of the story of Siena; and it is exceptionally interesting because it is not embellished with the hundred legends of fancy that accompany or establish the usual sainthood, but is absolutely historical. She was born in Siena, in the latter part of the fourteenth century, in the house which still stands just below this church of S. Domenico in the vale between its spur and the hill of the Duomo. This vale, always known politically as the Ward of the Goose — from its emblem — is one of the oldest parts of Siena, inhabited from ancient times by tanners, who still ply their trade exclusively there. It slopes steeply down to the west from the lower part of the northern ridge of the city, where the palaces of the Salimbeni, Tolomei, and other nobles rise, between the Duomo and S. Domenico on each side, to the famous old fountain of Fontebranda and gate of the same name. Here Catherine was born, the humble daughter of Giacomo the tanner, who used to beat her in childhood because of her alleged religious ecstasies and visions. She felt herself drawn near to Christ, declared that she held converse with the Holy Family, and finally announced that the Saviour had espoused her. This, which sounds very ridiculous to modern ears, became thoroughly believed in those times of ignorance and mysticism. Catherine cut off her beautiful hair, donned the garments of a nun, slept on a stone floor with bricks for a pillow, and otherwise did constant penance. She preached earnestly against the cruelties and vices of the period, and when she had reformed her fellow-citizens, started to reform the Church. She criticised boldly the baseness, venality, and worldly ambition of the prelates and became a person of great political importance, traveling all over Italy and Europe on missions of good, to which popes, kings, and emperors lent ear. Finally, to her is accredited the achievement of inducing Gregory XI. to bring back the papal court from Avignon to Rome, ending the long schism of the Church.

I went down from S. Domenico to visit the house of S. Catherine (who was canonized by the ever present Pius II.). The workshop of Giacomo has been rebuilt into a chapel, and the living-rooms above have been converted into oratories and adorned with paintings. The approach is by a little street to the rear of the house, where I rang a bell, and the usual old woman conducted me up the flight of outside stairs and through a short hall to the former kitchen. It bears no traces now of its original occupation; beautifully cut pilasters on the wall support a fine coffered ceiling, and large paintings by the cinquecentists Francisco Vanni, Fungai, and Salimbeni cover the spaces between the pilasters. Thence I was taken back through the hall to a graceful loggia at the head of the outside stairs, erected by Peruzzi, and through that to an oratory upon the spot where the garden formerly lay. Here, upon the altar, was the little wooden crucifix from which Catherine is said to have received the stigmata; the walls were covered with mediocre paintings. I descended now, by the inside front stairs of the house, to the dwelling-rooms where Catherine lived and slept, and the hard stone floor was shown where for years she reclined her tortured body at night. At the head of this "bed," preserved under a grating, are the bricks, laid with their edges upward, upon which she placed her head. This is a proof that human nature can get accustomed to anything. The saint must have had sleep during those years that she lived in Siena, and she had it on this pillow. I saw also a fragment of the rough hair shirt that she wore next her skin, the bag in which her head was brought from Rome in triumph, — to be placed in her chapel at S. Domenico, — and other relics. It is curious how people of those times used to dismember the bodies of their holy persons. St. Catherine's body is scattered all over Italy and Europe, amongst a hundred churches who rejoice in a thigh, a rib, a finger, or even a vertebra. Most of these relics are, of course, alleged to have worked miracles. We could not think without horror to-day of cutting off the head of one deceased who had been beloved and revered.

The church on the street-front, occupying the former workshop of Giacomo, was uninteresting, and I went on down the slope to the Fountain of Fontebranda. This is a lavatory for clothes, filled with running water from a conduit that has been in use for nearly a thousand years. Three great gothic arches cover the pool, clear as polished glass, and far above it soar on each side the precipitous grassy cliffs and mighty walls of S. Domenico and the cathedral. Eastward the Ward of the Goose climbs up the steep slope in narrow winding streets between tall mediæval houses whose top stories are open and filled with drying skins that impregnate the air with their peculiar odor. Westward is the old arched city gate that Pandolfo Petrucci scaled with his followers on the dark night of July 21, 1487, making an end of the Republic of Siena; to it the city walls leap down the cliffs on each side, picturesquely clinging to every chance foothold. It is this picturesqueness of the spot, together with the miracle of such clear water in an Italian city, that gave it renown six hundred years ago; for Dante and Boccaccio sang its praises.

I often wandered through those narrow streets upon the slope above; they are the picturesque portion of Siena. The houses are tall and slim and old, showing their age in furrowed stones and crumbling plaster; they launch here and there decaying arches across the ways, under whose rooms the streets become tunnels; they thrust feeble arms to the opposite walls for support, leaning upon these braces with decrepitude. Through the archways one catches curious vistas of streets falling rapidly away below him, the roofs descending also like pairs of stairs. And through dark tunnels this quarter emerges upon the splendid Via Cavour, contrasting the near-by squalor with the palaces of the Renaissance.

One may be sure that the people of Siena do not wander here. When the blazing sun sinks toward the west and the work of the day is done, they turn their steps out the Via Cavour to the Lizza, to walk amongst its beautiful flower-beds and thickets of fine trees. A merry, happy throng they are, for the Sienese is proverbially light hearted; and the shady walks and terraces are enlivened by well-dressed, pretty children, who sing at their games. I will admit that this was as pleasant to me as the Ward of the Goose. I had this prospect from my chamber window; and it always lured me forth towards sunset, however tired I might be from the day's excursions, to mingle with the happy throng under the chest-



HOUSES UPHELD BY ARCHES—SIENA

nuts and ilexes, and catch the hues and fragrance of the brilliant flowers. I used to stroll over to the shadows of the eastern wall of Forte S. Barbara, where there were quaint booths of strolling players amongst the trees, and where a game of pelota was usually being played by white-flanneled experts against the white masonry. Or sometimes I followed another branch of the throng to the top of the old fortezza, now covered with foliage, from whose outlying bastions wonderful views ranged out over the city and surrounding country. On Sunday afternoons a band always played in the Lizza, by the Garibaldi monument; and then the gayety was at its height. The fair daughters of Siena — and they are *very* fair — vied with the flowers in their hundred hues of raiment, and the bright uniforms and swords of officers flashed amongst the crowd. Thus does Siena, ever *allegro*, after all her woes and miseries of the past, arise smiling for a new career.

CHAPTER XII

VOLTERRA AND SAN GIMIGNANO

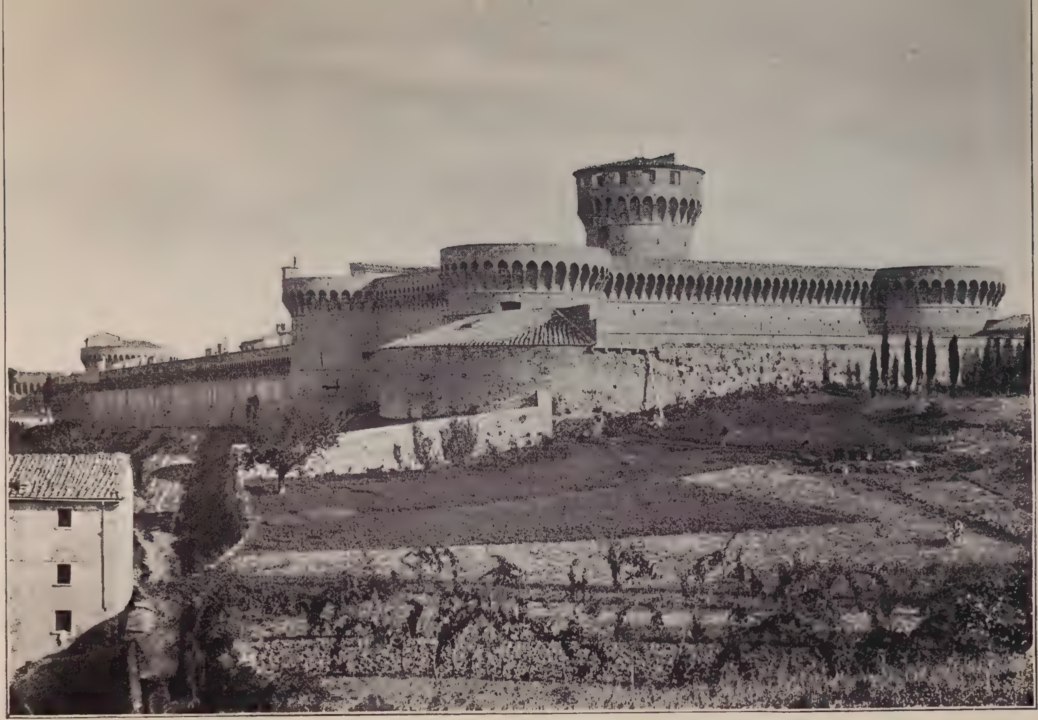
In the first days of the Etruscans, when they had just occupied the country between the Arno and the Tiber, the times were very troublous, and they built their cities for defense on hilltops. The highest hills of the region, save Amiata and a few peaks clustered about her, are the range of mountains extending along the seacoast south of the Arno; their loftiness and vicinity to the ocean drew the attention of the Etruscans — naturally a seafaring people — and here, upon an isolated cone in the northern part of the range, they raised their city of Velathri. Impregnable itself upon its precipitous height, it also commanded the coast to the west, and the luxuriant valley of the Arno to the north, with its rich vales of the Elsa, the Evola, and the Era running down from Velathri's hills. This city became probably the most important and populous emporium of the Etruscans; and when times became peaceful and they assumed command of the sea, developing a great trade with Africa and the Orient, its importance did not diminish; for the principal port for this commerce arose near the north of the Arno, within a few miles of Velathri, which thus became its protector, and to a large extent its recipient. Velathri's prosperity waned only with the coming of the Romans, when the tide of foreign commerce ceased to flow; and she almost lost her identity under the new name of Volterra bestowed by the conquerors. A hundred years later she still retained enough vitality to withstand for two years a siege by the Roman troops of Sulla, which makes us realize what her strength must have been in her prime; but the city continued to gradually waste away, and in the early Middle Ages suffered almost total extinction. Under the Empire of Charlemagne, Volterra was rebuilt to some extent, with the collapse of that power in Italy became independent, and as a free city enjoyed for two centuries or so a new and flourishing career. In that period, like all the hill towns, she drew to herself the population of the country roundabout for protection and freedom, developed industries, and practiced the arts. Within her close mediæval walls rose a cathedral, a fine *palazzo pubblico*, and a great many private palaces of distinction, built at first in the gothic and later in the renaissance styles. Then, when Florence, Siena, and Perugia had outgrown the other towns and begun to lay hands on them, came the Florentines to subjugate Volterra.

This they did after a bloody siege; and in spite of several rebellions, the arms of the Medici in due time permanently replaced on the walls of the Palazzo Pubblico those of the free republic.

Volterra is still about as inaccessible as in the days of the early Etruscans. No railroad has succeeded in penetrating the mountain range even to the foot of her lofty height. One from the seacoast has crawled up the valley of the Cecina to within two hours' drive, and one from the Arno has succeeded in ascending the vale of the Elsa as far as Colle, whence it is a four hours' drive. The latter route is the nearest from Siena. I started for Colle one bright June morning when it looked less like rain than usual, regretful at leaving the beautiful old city of the Noveschi, but full of anticipations long held for the ancient metropolis of the Etruscans. The train, which, like most upon the line, was a combination of freight and passenger cars, lumbered slowly northwestward up the slope to the divide of Monte Maggio, which it was necessary to cross before reaching the vale of the Elsa. The problem of crossing was solved by a long tunnel, more than a mile in length, from which we emerged upon the northern slope, and gravitated downwards more rapidly. Here the scenery was at once utterly different from that on the southern side; instead of paucity of vegetation and bare hills, here were luxuriance in the vales and thick woods on the summits. This was rich soil, bearing vineyards, wheat, and olive groves in profusion, and the dense foliage of the heights added to the sense of abundance. It was a little tributary of the Elsa whose course we were following, winding in and out through picturesque glens and leafy coverts, with the water splashing musically below. We reached the Elsa itself at Poggibonsi, where I changed cars to ascend it to Colle. This little branch climbs due southward from the main line at an acute angle, mounting the vale of the Elsa by many turns within its lofty banks, and reaches Colle in less than twenty minutes.

Colle is another example of modernity overcoming mediævalism; while the old town sits behind its battlements on the hill-top above, a new one has sprung up in the vale, with wide streets, comfortable dwellings, and several factories. I ordered some lunch at an albergo near the station, engaged a vettura, and while the lunch was being prepared, strolled about the lower town. These modern thoroughfares seemed like one of the new lower quarters of Rome. Most of the population were in the streets chasing with excitement a stray lamb, which darted about bleating in a frightened state. After lunch I drove up the steep hill-side to the old town, and looked about its dark, tortuous ways, holding here and there a renaissance palace and a cathedral of no account. Then we started through a gateway in the fine battlemented wall for Volterra, driving for some way across a table-land richly cultivated with grain and corn — the first that I had seen. As we continued westward the landscape became gradually very hilly, with soft glens of vineyards and woods, into which we dipped, and rounded summits bare of trees. These hills increased in size until, by two hours' time, they had become veritable mountains, along whose sides we crawled, climbing from rich vales to their barren crests. We were now well in the coast range, and its hundred peaks indented the horizon on every side. The scene was truly alpine in its grandeur; and it might have been the Alps themselves that thus billowed away on every side, were it not for the little gray towns that looked down here and there from behind their mediæval battlements, and the occasional crumbling castle that lifted its mighty keep against the sky. The Tuscan flowers still were with us, spreading their vivid hues over the summits of the lower mounts, and descending the slopes to the rich vegetation of the valleys. The beautiful crimson clover was especially prolific, for it had become wild here, and often covered a whole mountain with its glowing shades.

Volterra finally came in sight upon its isolated cone, rising to a far height with a valley on every side — towers and battlements marked against the sky. It was a long climb upon its flanks, looping back and forth towards the sum-



THE FORTRESS OF VOLTERRA

mit; but at last we approached its tremendous fortress, which loomed vast and grim upon a rock at the southeast angle of the town, great round bastions jutting out at the corners, and deep brackets raising atop the walls a heavy machicolated parapet. I know of no castle or fortress of so imposing a situation and appearance. Antiquity and mighty strength show in every line of its massive stones and deep barred windows. The older part was constructed in 1343, and the newer by the Florentines after their capture of the city. Like many other citadels, it is now used as a prison; and this was the reason for the appearance of some soldiers whom I saw standing, gun in hand, outlined against the blue on a great tower of the long wall. Just so, I thought, did the Florentine sentinels stand five hundred years ago, with morion, corselet, and halberd, watching for any sign of disturbance from the subjugated country.

We coasted along its vast southern wall, a quarter of a mile in length, between which and the precipice there was just room for the road; beyond it extended the city wall, of mediæval small stones upon heavy Etruscan foundations. Reaching an opening in this, we turned in, to the north, entering a piazza with some barracks on the right and the albergo at the inner end. Once settled at the albergo, which I found very good in spite of this distance from civilization, I walked out upon the piazza again. To the west of it, opposite the barracks, the town dipped into a vale, over the roofs of which the parapet of the piazza looked, to the towers of the Palazzo Pubblico rising beyond. This outlook was very picturesque; for the descending roofs of the houses in the vale were ancient golden brown tiles, the campanile soaring above them was in graceful renaissance lines, the high octagonal drum and dome of the Baptistery rose beside it, and to the right was piled up the lofty Palazzo, old and mediæval, with battlemented walls and tower.

But the view from the front of the piazza, to the southwest, was enough to take one's breath away. Sheer below fell the mountain side for a thousand feet, to a valley fair with little checkered fields of light green wheat and crimson clover. This valley stretched around the peak to the west, and to the east where we had climbed from it. On the further side of it, not far away, rose other mountain walls, precipitous and grim, rounding into summits where the clover glistened; and over these summits looked higher peaks, more rocky and serrated, cutting the wide horizon with their hundred teeth. In this mass of mountains there was one opening, just opposite, to the southwest, where sloped a green valley to the sea. I could see gleaming in it the little river of Cecina, and a tiny gray town which was probably Saline, the end of the railroad from the coast. Then far beyond, at the end of this defile — most wonderful of all — glimmered faintly the water of the sea, the blue Mediterranean itself. There it was, set like a gem between the dark mountain slopes, speaking of Corsica beyond, and Spain, and the pillars of Hercules, and the shores of home, that its waves splashed four thousand miles away.

Turning from this fascinating scene, I left the piazza by the albergo and descended the narrow street that led down the adjacent vale between high old crumbling stucco façades. At the bottom was the mediæval city wall with a gate intact from Etruscan days, — the Porta all' Arco. The arch was about twenty feet high, twelve feet wide, and fully twenty feet in thickness, thus showing the tremendous solidity of the ancient Etruscan wall, which here coincided with the later wall. It was built of huge blocks of peperino laid in careful lateral courses, the stones being two feet in width and varying from three to eight in length. On the outside of the arch I saw three mutilated sculptured heads, of indistinguishable features, their defacement telling plainly of the countless spears of entering horsemen that had struck them since they first looked down over two thousand years ago. This was probably the principal entrance of the Etruscan city, which occupied the mountain-top with an area ten times greater than the present town.

Volterra of to-day takes up but the southeast corner of old Velathri, whose walls can be traced far to the north and west in fragments of mighty masonry, making a circuit of nearly five miles. Volterra has but 5500 inhabiants; Velathri must have had well over 50,000.

I reascended the street leading up from the Porta all' Arco, and turning to the left at the top, found myself immediately in the central piazza, — a piazza of amazing picturesqueness. On the south rose the thirteenth century Palazzo Municipio, with its high dark walls and gothic windows, with its battlemented parapet and lofty machicolated tower. It is a pure type of the irregular, picturesque fortress-gothic; in the ground story a single great shadowy pointed arch affords entrance, undecorated, speaking of dark narrow corridors, little winding stairways, and horrid dungeons below. This impression is heightened by the small rectangular barred windows of the same story, deep-set in the thick walls. Above them are affixed a string of mediæval coat-of-arms and a row of heavy plain corbels for the support of a balcony that has long disappeared. Then come the lighter windows of the upper stories, two in each pointed arch, separated by a slim marble mullion; and these windows wander sparingly and irregularly about the grim façade, as if afraid to lighten it by their grace.

But on first entering the piazza one does not merely see this palazzo; he sees a dozen others of similar size and picturesqueness stretching around the spacious square, raising massive ancient walls, looking down with a thousand quaint windows of arch and column, menacing with heavy battlements and fortress towers. Nowhere else is there such a perfect mediæval piazza; there is not a breath of the Renaissance in it, or a hint of later days than those of lance and battle-axe and foray. It is a true square of the dark ages, — which were not dark to the free burghers of this mountain town, — remaining just as it was when they congregated with sober gowns and tasseled caps to discuss the doings of their republic, and when their elected *priori* sat in crimson state behind the stray windows of the Municipio.

I entered the sombre doorway of the public palace, looked from the vaulted vestibule down a winding stone stairway that led to greater darkness and dungeons below, and mounted another such to the lofty rooms of the *priori* above. In one of these I found the little municipal art collection, hung about the four walls which listened for two centuries to the deliberations of the fathers of the state. Amongst the pictures was a Signorelli, so altered as to be of no account, and a Ghirlandajo of wonderful beauty. This Florentine quattrocentist had created a Christ in Glory, with saints below, in a deep, glowing, mystical atmosphere, of superb composition, execution, and coloring, dominated by a grace that enthralls the spectator. I looked at it long, lost in the hazy landscape with those luminous, beautiful saints, and was loath to return to the mediæval world without.

The cathedral lies just back of the Palazzo Municipio, with its apse against the rear of the palace and its façade upon a little piazza to the south. I found the entrance, however, to be by a passage from the main piazza that runs alongside the Municipio, reaching a door beside the apse; and by this I effected ingress to its picturesque interior. It was built as long ago as the beginning of the twelfth century, and this age is indicated by the ancient columns separating the low aisles from the nave. A soft low light filters in only from the rose window of the façade, unable to disperse the mediæval gloom that lingers about the side-altars and the choir. The choir and transepts are considerably elevated above the nave, so that from it one looks dimly up a wide flight of steps to the high altar at the top, glimmering with half a dozen candles. There is a fascinating twelfth century pulpit, raised upon the backs of four uncouth and crouching lions, sculptured with quaint figures upon its parapet; and beside the high altar two lovely marble candelabra cut with garlands and upheld by angels — a work of Mino da Fiesole. About the walls of the aisles and transepts are quite a number of fine old tombs, including the richly sculptured sarcophagus of St. Octavianus. But the treasures of the Duomo are in its chapel of S. Carlo, opening out of the right transept; here are numerous canvases and altar-pieces, covered carefully with cloths, which the usual old woman removed for me, jangling as she did so a bunch of enormous keys. Amongst them I saw a lovely Sienese Madonna by Taddeo di Bartolo, and an Annunciation by Signorelli of beautiful coloring and genuine grace (and when he did attain grace, joined with his usual power of composition and execution, it produced a remarkable result). Best of all, there was a little *predella* by Benozzo Gozzoli, portraying scenes from the New Testament and a Madonna in Glory of astonishing beauty. This master, whom I had last seen at Montefalco, spent considerable time in this part of the Florentine territory, and left at San Gimignano, upon the walls of its church of S. Agostino, his masterpieces.

Leaving the cathedral and the piazza, I followed the principal streets of the town northwestward to the gate of S. Francesco, passing mostly stuccoed dwellings of the last few centuries, with occasionally a dark stone façade of earlier days, or a heavy mediæval tower. The gate is a construction of the Middle Ages, set in the walls of that period, and made picturesque by two great battlemented towers that jut out close at hand. I followed these walls on their outside for some way, returning to the southeast, towards the Porta all' Arco, skirting the edge of the precipice; and they swelled and dipped brokenly over the inequalities of the ground, showing brown-tiled roofs over their crumbling tops. To the right was the same wonderful view of valley and mountains soaring beyond. Reaching another mediæval gate, — a curious one, approached by a flight of steps and therefore constructed only for pedestrians, — I climbed back to the main street; and from it, by diverging to the right before arriving at the central piazza, I found the little piazza of the Duomo. The Duomo thrust upon it a quaint old romanesque façade, in consonance with its interior; opposite rose the octagonal Baptistery, with a front of marble in alternate stripes of dark and white. This building is supposed to have been erected as early as the seventh century. Its interior I found rather bare, although it contains a graceful marble arch above the high altar, cut with traceries, and a handsome octagonal font and ciborium.

Volterra speaks of the Florentine domination with its great fortress and its plastered buildings of two to five centuries ago as well as with an occasional stone palace of renaissance days; it speaks of the Republic with its Piazza Maggiore, Palazzo Municipio, and grim mediæval towers and walls; it speaks of the Etruscan metropolis only with its Porta all' Arco, fragments here and there of the early enceinture, and the relics of those days in its museum. But these relics are quite remarkable. I found the museum at the eastern end of the town near the cathedral, in a handsome building entirely devoted to its use. Here were over four hundred sarcophagi, cinerary urns, and vases for the reception of the bones only, adorned with a vast variety of reliefs. The general execution was poor, as elsewhere, but some of it was admirable. The subjects were either Etruscan, depicting the departure of the deceased for Paradise on foot or horseback or by boat, or Grecian, illustrating many legends with which we are familiar. Here was the abduction of Helen by Paris, the voyage of Ulysses past the rock of the Sirens, Œdipus and the Sphinx; and there were numerous battle scenes, in one of which — an assault upon the city — the Porta all' Arco was introduced, showing the three heads over the arch as they originally looked. It was extraordinary to see this representation, made twenty-two hundred years ago, of something that still exists to-day, when nearly all other traces of the men that made it have vanished. Here also I found some tombs of prehistoric men, constructed of square slabs of stone, with fragments of bones and stone implements found in them.

After a night at the albergo, comfortably passed in one of its great beds, in a tiled room large enough for a dancing-hall, I started for San Gimignano in the morning. We descended to the surrounding valley by the way we had come, and continued to follow back the same route over the mountains for about two hours, till Volterra and its peak had long disappeared from sight. Then we turned north, soon bringing San Gimignano to view with its many towers against the sky. A deep valley intervened, which we had to descend and ascend laboriously, — a valley filled with utter luxuriance of vegetation, in sharp contrast to the bare mountain-tops above. On the other side there appeared a table-land, from which the nearing city was raised on its hill but a few hundred feet. Its beetling towers seemed to extend over a wide circuit; and they really did so in the days when San Gimignano was, like Volterra, a prosperous and happy republic. The fratricidal struggles of its noble families, however, so weakened it that it became an easy prey to the ambitious Florentines; the fifty towers have been reduced to fourteen, and the large population to three thousand. But situated at this remote height, out of the way of modern industry and life, it has never lost its mediæval buildings; so that it is famous to-day for its accurate appearance of the Middle Ages, as well as for its early renaissance frescoes. Gozzoli, Lippo Memmi, the Bartolos, Ghirlandajo, and others brought their genius here at a time when the city, though under the Florentine rule, still retained considerable wealth and importance.

Approaching the town now from the west, we reached its crumbling brick walls of the dark ages, thrusting out here and there a loftier bastion, and made a quarter circuit under them to the northern gate. Within this I saw the main street stretching away directly to the south, climbing the hill-top to the central group of towers; upon it, near the gate, was the albergo, distinguished by a wooden sign swung before it upon a rod, with a rampant beast upon the sign. Here I deposited my baggage, and after a little lunch started up the street. It was a fairly wide thoroughfare, well-paved with large blocks of *pietra serena,* left over from the days when San Gimignano was a town of thirty thousand instead of three. The majority of the façades upon it were stuccoed, as elsewhere; but the plaster showed age, and so did the fronts of plain, undecorated stone, crumbled at the edges. Ahead a dark archway blocked the way, and above soared the grim square towers like a bunch of spears. The gateway comes down from the earliest epoch, when it marked the limits of the town on this side, before the prosperity of republican days extended it northwards down the hill. It is a plain old arch blackened and seamed by time, — a gate in the ancient city wall. Close within it to the right I passed two towers rising side by side from mediæval dwellings, their squared dark stones almost touching, alike in thickness and height; queer twins of a time when the importance of a citizen was measured by the loftiness of his building. The houses from which these sprang were not much larger than their own diameter; no windows marked their stern upward flight, for they were constructed for the business of internecine warfare. Those were strange days, when a city waxed and flourished in proportion as its people fought amongst themselves, like the Spartan youth carrying the wolf in his bosom for the development of his courage and fortitude. But here the city could not cast out the wolf when it had done its work; it grew large enough to rend the breast that carried it. The Salvucci who lived in these twin donjons were one of the two leading families of the Republic; and they continued to struggle with their mortal enemies, the Ardinghelli, through decades of recriminating slaughter and devastation, until the Florentine entered from without.

Shortly beyond I entered the Piazza, where beat the pulse of that savage state, and saw rising about it the same grim walls that looked down upon its assemblies and conflicts six hundred years ago. There was the battlemented Palazzo Pubblico on the south, the old cathedral on the west, and the Palazzo del Podestà on the east, with a round archway. On the north and about the Podestà rose mediæval private houses, and all around soared the dark square towers into the blue sky, frowning still as savagely at each other as they did when bowmen thronged their lofty parapets. It was a most interesting piazza, not large, yet telling more than a dozen books could tell of the extraordinary life of a mediæval Italian city. There swept the beautiful wide flight of stone steps up to the graceful façade of the Duomo, which looked peacefully down them upon the battlemented square when citizens were slaughtering each other upon its pavement. Did not the message which it spoke ever deter them from their savagery? Probably not. They saw no incongruity in the religion of Christ and the worst passions of men standing thus side by side; and we know that the people who attacked each other in the morning went quietly to benediction service in the afternoon. Religion was then something outside and above every-day life, with which it had nothing to do. How vastly was the mission of St. Francis needed to regenerate the world! But its work was accomplished very slowly, and did not attain genuine fruition for centuries after his death.

The battlemented Palazzo Pubblico has been extensively repaired; but its simple low-arched windows, three in a story, and the discolorations and scars of its façade, speak clearly of the days when pompous *priori* ruled from it the wide valley of the Elsa. However filled with life it must have been then, it was quite deserted now. I looked in vain for a living soul about the premises, until a small boy hovering near volunteered to run for the custodian. While waiting for him an old man appeared, whose sole occupation was the keeping of the tower, and he besought me so earnestly to ascend it that I yielded. The climb was a long and really perilous one, upon a series of ladder-stairs suspended within the lofty shell by ancient beams running from wall to wall, that threatened to give way at every step; but at the top, where hung a massive bell which is rung on festal occasions, the view was superb. Below lay the little town, shrunk within its mediæval walls to the single street running north and south, and a couple branching off from it to the east; and at this height I could look down on the flat tops of the other towers. Immediately to the west and within the walls rose the ruins of the ancient citadel, — a crumbling stone enceinture, holding no castle now, but a garden of bushes and fruit trees. Over the wide rolling country the shadows of the clouds played here and there and masked in gloom the summits of the coast range to the west, where sat Volterra on her peak, invisible. To the southeast loomed Monte Maggio, hiding with its long gray ridge the campagna and city of Siena. To the north stretched the fair valley of the Elsa, rich with vegetation, veering to the west as it sloped downwards to the distant level plain of the Arno; and in it sparkled white in the sun three ancient towns, raising their towered feudal castles on crags beside them, — Certaldo, Castelfiorentino, and San Miniato. Here was the country over which Florentines and Sienese marched and counter-marched for centuries, taking and retaking cities, striking an occasional blow at each other, and inflicting the most misery on the inhabitants.

On descending I found the custodian of the palazzo waiting, who conducted me to the Sala del Consiglio, or grand council-hall, upon the first floor; a room of moderate height and some fifty by thirty feet in size, bare now of furniture, save some benches and chairs, but once richly adorned for the ceremonials of the *priori*. Here came Dante in 1299 as ambassador from Florence, to request the San Gimignanans to send delegates to a meeting of the Guelph cities. How strange, I thought, to feel that these stones were actually trodden by the "divine poet" and these walls heard his voice. Upon the back wall I saw Lippo Memmi's great fresco, larger and more monumental than any work he left in Siena, — a "Majestas" with many figures of life-size. In doing this he submitted himself to comparison with Martine's similar "Majestas" in the Palazzo

Communale at Siena, and we see that although a generation later, he had not Martine's grace and execution. Yet the picture is beautiful, of that orderly, balanced sedateness which achieves beauty chiefly by its gilding and coloring.

On the third floor of this building is the municipal art gallery, in which I found a fine Annunciation by Filippino Lippi, of pleasant warm tone and pretty landscape, and a Madonna in Glory by Pinturicchio of most extraordinary beauty. She is seated on white fleecy clouds above a charming *paysage*, with her bare feet upon the heads of two lovely cherubs, surrounded by others of these cherubs in an oval ring, with two kneeling saints looking up at her from the ground; and with hands in prayerful attitude she is bending her beautiful face downwards in a mixture of gentleness, humility, and glory. The grace of the whole composition, and the grace of every line of the Madonna's figure, hands, and countenance, are marvelous. Yet joined with this is a deep splendor of coloring, not hard and bright like his retouched frescoes in the cathedral of Siena, but softly intense, humid, golden, glowing as if by a hidden light. The rich crimson of the Virgin's robe is made more lustrous by the creamy white and lavender of the garments of the saints below. What a genius indeed was this little hunchback, Bernardino Betti of Umbria, who displayed the height of power in every branch of his art!

After looking at some insignificant and almost obliterated figures by Sodoma — how very often he did not try! — in the rooms on the ground floor, I left the palazzo and entered the cathedral. This is an edifice of the twelfth century, with fine old stone columns and lofty aisles so filled with paintings as to be a veritable museum. Gozzoli covered the entrance wall with a huge Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, and many saints; Taddeo di Bartolo placed above this and upon the neighboring arches of the nave a Paradise, an Inferno, and a Last Judgment; Barna da Siena, an unimportant trecentist, spread over all the walls of the left aisle a story of the Life of Christ; and Bartolo di Fredi, having a like space in the right aisle to fill, and desiring to show once for all what he could do, colored it with an extraordinary succession of animated scenes from the Old Testament. These last are extraordinary because they are so extensive, grotesque, and full of action; they surpass Barna's work in the left aisle, and they fall behind his contemporary Taddeo di Bartolo's work at Siena. Besides all these paintings, Ghirlandajo a century later filled the chapel of Santa Fina on the right with frescoes, and these are pictures of great skill and fine coloring. Finally, in the choir there are many altar-pieces, including a Madonna by Tamagni, the pupil of Raphael, that is truly Raphaelesque in its exquisite beauty.

On leaving the cathedral I continued southwards on the main street, and came immediately to a second piazza, surrounded by old stone and stuccoed dwellings and a couple of grim towers, with the ancient fountain of the town in its centre. Thence branched off to the east one of the two side streets, which I followed down the hill-side between façades with occasional curious imbedded arches of terra-cotta moulding, and found the prison at the bottom. A prison seems an essential in every Italian town, however small; and here, in default of the old fortress being habitable, they had to build one. This great prison population does not speak well for Italy, and must be a drain upon its resources second only to that of the army and the clergy.

A walk to the southern gate was equally uneventful, beyond the ever-present picturesque vistas of dark old façades and menacing towers; and I returned to the northern gate, near which is the large church of San Agostino. In this are Gozzoli's famous frescoes. They cover both sides of the choir, in a good light from the rear window, and portray in seventeen large scenes the life of Saint Augustine. They are in hard bright colors and wonderful clean-cut execution. Gozzoli shows here greater powers than at Montefalco, handling his crowds of figures with astonishing skill and balance, creating an atmosphere of perfect realism and perspective, and

STREET SCENE—SAN GIMIGNANO

endowing his groups, individual figures, and faces with great grace and beauty. He introduces the saint three times in the same picture, in a number of the scenes, with such deftness that it seems quite natural. Gozzoli's remarkable superiority to other artists of this period (1465) is realized when we compare this composition, grace, and execution with the failures of the Sienese quattrocentists and with the work of the Umbrians Buonfigli and Niccolò da Foligno.

On the following morning I arose at six o'clock and drove down the hills to Poggibonsi to catch the early train for Florence. The freshness of the summer dawn and the fragrance of the dewy fields and wild flowers enveloped us as we rolled downwards between vineyards and olive groves. The hills, here softly rounded, curved about on every side in constantly varying undulations, the clover and poppies covering the fields upon their slopes, and the black cypresses mounting them in double files along a road, or cresting them against the sky. In this vaporous balmy atmosphere each breath was a delight, and over these billowing meadows and gentle woods each look was a happiness. Now and then we met a peasant driving his great team of snow-white oxen, with their huge branching horns and gay red ribbons hanging about the eyes. An hour brought us to Poggibonsi, where I bade adieu to my good vetturino and the fast horse which had pulled us for three days, and caught the Florence train.

We descended rapidly the valley of the Elsa, with its luxuriant growing crops of wheat and oats and corn, passing farmhouses situated in the fields and modern-looking villages that all spoke of the adoption of nineteenth century ideas. How different was this from the antiquity of southern Etruria — from the mediævalism of southern Umbria! Here were not only detached comfortable dwellings and villages with wide modern streets, but everything had an air of prosperity. I think that the people fare very well in that rich valley. We passed Certaldo, Castelfiorentino, and San Miniato, which I had last seen from the top of that tower now far away, and rolled into the plain of the Arno at Empoli. From there to Florence it was a quick run up the river, picturesque when we threaded the defile between the middle and lower plains, with the hills rising steeply above on each side and the water dashing along below. Emerging from this we traversed the middle plain of the Arno, seeing Prato off to the left against its mountain side; and soon, at a sudden turn, the vast dome of Brunelleschi shot into view ahead, over the tree-tops of the Cascine, with Giotto's wonderful campanile beside it, and the grim old battlemented tower of the Palazzo Vecchio to the right, speaking of Savonarola and Donatello and Michel Angelo and the hundred other heroes who made Florence the garden of the Renaissance.

CHAPTER XIII

AREZZO, SANSEPOLCRO, AND CITTÀ DI CASTELLO

Shortly to the east of Florence the valley of the Arno contracts again to a defile which winds up to the southeast between the Monti del Chianti and the Prato Magno; and on leaving that city for Arezzo early one June morning I soon found the train climbing between the precipitous flanks of those mountains, clad — where the slopes were not gentle enough for vine and olive — with a dense growth of bushes and woods. We followed the tortuous course of the stream as it splashed along under willow trees, passing an occasional village nestled on its banks with dam and water-wheel; and ever here and there in the lofty walls of verdure glistened white the façades of farm-houses and villas. In these walls charming glens often opened out, reaching up towards the mountain-tops, with little hamlets tucked in their umbrageous depths. At Pontassieve the valley of the Sieve came grandly in from the north, cutting a deep wedge for its wide stream in the hill-sides; and the ancient bridge which gave the town its name spanned the river with half a dozen great arches, over which I saw white houses stretching along the green banks beyond to cone-like peaks towering far overhead.

All this was truly Florentine country, with the scattering villages and villas built in those renaissance days when the Mistress of the Arno gave peace and security to her territory. And it was still Florentine country when the defile opened out into the upper valley of the Arno, the mountains graciously receding in the neighborhood of Figline, and holding between them another of those beautiful upland plains that constitute the fertility of Italy, for whose possession men have always fought and made history. This plain swept away, in its luxuriant level width of several miles, to Arezzo in the southeast; and we rolled rapidly through its wheat-fields and vineyards, by its pretty villages embosomed in copses of elms and oaks. Arezzo lies at its eastern end, just as Florence herself lies at the eastern end of the middle valley, located similarly on the flat land, but climbing from it onto a gentle isolated hill. She was Arretium in Etruscan days, — one of the twelve Etruscan capitals that acquiesced more readily in Roman rule, — and fought on the side of Rome in the stormy centuries preceding the Empire. She was then, when all industry was hand-work, distinguished by her manufacture of terra-cotta vases, glazed and decorated with reliefs so artistically as to defy competition, and this industry was afterwards a source of considerable wealth to her in the peaceful commercial days of the Empire. The Middle Ages brought her sacking and distress, as they did to all plain towns easy of capture. Relieved from this by the Empire of Charlemagne, and becoming on its wane an independent republic, she found her inevitable domestic tyrants in the family of the Tarlati, who held sway until the conquering Florentines appeared.

The railroad station lies at the southwestern side of the city, just outside the mediæval walls, which once enclosed a population several times the present one of twelve thousand. Consequently the town has shrunk back, upwards to the east upon the slope of the hill, culminating in the old fortress that sits on the highest point, on the edge of the cliff on the further side. Two modern streets, however, have extended themselves into the plain to the railroad station, — the Corso Vittorio Emanuele and the Via Guido Monaco; the latter named after Arezzo's illustrious monk who invented musical notation. And it was the latter avenue that I followed, entering the town on foot, stopping to see the statue of Guido in the round piazza into which it opened halfway up. The street ended in the Piazza Umberto on the slope of the hill, from which the thoroughfare of the Via Cavour stretched away to north and south, encircling the summit I found these streets thoroughly modern in appearance, with goodly stuccoed houses and stores surmounting their wide stone pavements. Arezzo has thoroughly accepted modern ideas, being on the main line from Florence to Rome, and having the former city so near at hand.

In the Piazza Umberto is the principal inn, and beside it the old gothic church of San Francesco, where morning service was going on at a side-altar as I entered. The interior consists of a lofty nave, without aisles or transepts, having one chapel, opening on the left, and a slightly elevated choir. On the entrance wall I saw a fresco representing Christ at table with Mary Magdalen by Spinello Aretino, the trecentist pupil of Giotto, who was a native of Arezzo. It was easy to see Giotto's influence in this picture; it exhibited his lifelikeness and quiet, natural action, although it had not his grace. Threading the crowd of kneeling worshipers amid the monotonous chant of the priest, I made my way to the chapel on the left, which Spinello once decorated with frescoes, but found them too much injured to be intelligible. Better things were in the choir, adorned on both walls with a great series of scenes from the legend of the Holy Cross by Piero della Francesca, the early quattrocentist master of Luca Signorelli. He is the principal artist to be studied here, as at his neighboring native town of Sansepolcro. These frescoes — illustrating such scenes as the search for the Cross in a stream by St. Helena, the bringing of it to Jerusalem, and the rescue of it from Chosroes the Persian by the Emperor Heraclius in a terrible battle — portray a great many figures in dramatic action, which, for the period (1450), is remarkably well sustained. But the movement shows the same frenzy of energy and lack of grace that we find in most of Signorelli's works. In these few powerful undraped figures by Piero, we also see where Signorelli got his power of executing the nude.

Leaving the church, I followed the Via Cavour southwards to its junction with the Corso, the view down which towards the railroad displayed an animated aspect. People were busily thronging up and down between its high stuccoed walls, talking vigorously, carrying merchandise, and passing in and out of the little shops. Up the Corso there loomed another huge church, with a lofty romanesque tower; and ascending to it, I saw one of the most interesting façades that it has ever been my lot to find. This was the ancient church of S. Maria della Pieve, built a thousand years ago upon the substructure of a Roman temple. Its high stone façade contained five recessed arches in the ground story — three with doorways decorated with antique reliefs; and over them it raised three extraordinary tiers of columns, increasing in number towards the top.

The columns were slender, in every kind of design and cutting, — plain, fluted, spiral, or teeming with patterns, — and there were as many as twenty-four of them in the second tier and thirty-two in the third. The effect was very unusual, — of these arcades with seemingly infinite parts towering high above the way, here narrow; and it was not decreased by a more minute examination. Over the central doorway was a Madonna in alto-relievo, and about her most curious ancient figures engaged in various homely acts, — such as chopping wood and reaping, — including a two-headed man seated on a stool.

The interior was fully as interesting. Huge romanesque columns, with capitals of distorted beasts and human heads, supported the lofty nave and separated it from the aisles. There were no transepts, and the aisles kept on into the choir, which was considerably elevated and carried several more of the quaint columns on each side. The high steps to the choir were in the aisles, and in the nave broad steps swept downwards to the spacious crypt beneath. The whole effect was one of great antiquity, massiveness, and gloom, feebly illumined by the apse window, and by nine little windows set in three tiers in the entrance wall — between the columns of the façade — that sent shafts of rose-colored light filtering through the dusk. I ascended to the choir, whence the antiquity of the building was further visible in looking down at the nave and seeing how the outer walls leaned out and the columns leaned in. The building has been so entirely restored as to have been practically rebuilt — so said the old sacristan, jingling his keys; but the renovations did not intrude themselves. Looking up, I saw just before the choir a curious old wooden dome, quite flat, supported on a drum with many columns in relief; and these columns ran also along the upper walls of the choir. Back of the high altar I found a triptych by Pietro Lorenzetti, whose sad, sweet-faced Sienese Madonna seemed like an old friend. The sacristan showed also a fresco figure on a column, which he declared was by Giotto, and which was evidently executed a century after Giotto was dead. I descended to the crypt, whose sixteen columns and several piers, all with fantastic capitals, dimly illumined by a sputtering candle, were reminiscent of the extraordinary ancient crypt of the cathedral of Nepi.

Walking around to the back of the church, I found there a wide piazza on the slope of the hill, fronted by ancient, discolored, plaster dwellings on the south and west, and by a great colonnade built by Vasari on the east. On the north the church backed in its high semi-circular apse, adorned by a row of columns in relief and two colonnades above, with the campanile lifting far aloft its square crumbling top, pierced with many stories of round arches. Adjacent to the apse rose a beautiful secular gothic building of the fourteenth century, the Fraternità della Misericordia, having three deeply recessed and sculptured arches on the ground story, statuary in niches above them, and an exquisite balcony with open-work parapet running across the façade just under the roof. In the lowest corner of the square, by the church, an ancient fountain cast up its gurgling water, and round about it were gathered a dozen vegetable and fruit stalls, at which old peasant women were selling their produce. The colors of their bright kerchiefs and glowing piles of cherries added gayety to the scene, and the three bells of the clock tower on the roof of the Fraternità chimed out the hour.

I passed on under Vasari's colonnade, returning to the Corso, east of S. Maria della Pieve, upon whose fine old romanesque tower I could look at a level. On the Corso here was the Palazzo Pubblico, uninteresting save for its many armorial bearings immured in the façade. Just beyond were the public gardens, lying on the top of the hill beside the ruined fortress. I walked about under the spreading trees with a sense of relief, — for it was undeniably hot in the June sun, — looking out over the roofs of Arezzo sloping down to the west, and over the fertile plain of the Arno on the east. On this — the east — side, the hill suddenly ended in a cliff, that descended to the level of the plain, where fields of wheat and vine stretched off to the surrounding mountains. I could see the entrance to the upper defile of the Arno — called the Casentino — on the north; between those dark walls the river came plunging southwards from its source in the mountains east of Florence and rolling here into the upper valley, made a great curve to the northwest, hastening on to the picturesqueness of the Ponte Vecchio and the grandeur of the quays of Pisa. Those mountains to the east separated this basin from the upper valley of the Tiber, where lay Sansepolcro and Città di Castello, and it would be necessary for me to traverse them; yet they looked impossible for any railroad, so sheer did the mighty heights rise from the plain. To the south of the little park sat the fortress, inaccessible; to the north the mediæval city walls descended along the edge of the cliff through gardens that once were streets, enclosing the vast old brick church of San Domenico; and nearer the town on this side rose the apse and campanile of the cathedral, the former showing three vast lancet windows through the rich foliage of the trees. It was a beautiful spot — this promenade — and many old soldiers, wearing the blue linen uniforms indicative of a veteran's home, lounged about in the checkered shade on the stone benches, gazing off at the mountains with all the pleasure of a stranger.

I passed out by the apse of the cathedral — a huge bare stone edifice — and along its western side to the façade, which was covered with scaffolding. They were at work facing it, according to the original plans of six hundred years ago. Entering the dim interior, I was at once struck with that sensation of soaring lines, lofty magnificence, and religious dusk, which a good gothic cathedral alone can give. Far overhead towered the brown clustered pillars of the nave, lifting a frescoed groined roof, and separating the aisles — almost as lofty and similarly groined — by graceful pointed arches that ran on to the choir. Over a beautiful glistening white marble high altar rose the three lancet windows of the apse, richly glowing with a hundred hues that merged into the lustre of crimson. Two fine pulpits further decorated the nave, encircling opposite pillars with their banisters and supporting columns. In spite of the brown austerity of the stone, the whole effect was thus one of splendor — splendor not bright but softly glowing, from the hundred frescoes on the vaulting, the sculptured marble of altar, pulpits, and tombs in the aisles, and the rose light that fell over all from the lofty windows of the choir.

I found the high altar worthy of close inspection. It was executed in the latter part of the fourteenth century, by two comparatively unknown artists of the Florentine school, and the sculptured figures are rather stiff and crude; but there is much grace in the slender columns upon which it is supported, and an exceeding richness in the *tout ensemble.* Of the tombs the noticeable one is in the left aisle, that of Bishop Guido Tarlati, ruler of the city about 1325, a warrior prelate who fought many battles; under his high sarcophagus, between the thin spiral columns supporting it, are sixteen reliefs portraying scenes from his life. Opening from this aisle is a large chapel, rich to gaudiness, but containing five treasures in the shape of reliefs by Andrea della Robbia. Of these one is especially beautiful, a Madonna in the oval ring of cherub's heads, surrounded by four graceful angels. It is an ideal for the terra-cotta work, making up for the color that a painting has by the superior modeling of the figures.

From the Duomo a street leads down the hill northwestwards, past the Via Cavour, to the museum on the street beyond it. In the museum I found a good many broken specimens of the famous Arretian ware of Roman days, — the glazed terra-cotta vases decorated with reliefs, — and the beauty of them was simply amazing. I had never suspected that any artist of Roman times possessed such wonderful power of grace, composition, and lifelike execution; here were reliefs of dancing-girls, nymphs, Apollos, and warriors worthy of the best skill of Greece. The beauty of the nude or scantily clothed figures must have been even greater when seen upon the vase as a whole, and not requiring to be picked out from fragments. It is no wonder that Arezzo became famous for her terra-cotta work and amassed riches from it.

In the same building is the art collection, chiefly noticeable for the remarkable early Madonna of Margaritone, the artist of Arezzo who was a precursor of Cimabue. This Madonna, although executed about 1240, displays the beginning of the Renaissance in the lack of gorgeous trappings, in the simplicity of dress and demeanor, in the portrayal of maternity and sweetness; her face is not very Byzantine, and is almost as well executed as those of Cimabue fifty years later. Close at hand, in the same street as the museum, is the church of Sant' Annunziata, a handsome renaissance edifice constructed by Sangallo. I proceeded to it, after waiting for a religious procession to pass by, — with priests, banners, and clumsily marching laymen, — and found the interior truly beautiful. It is all in soft gray stone, with pleasing harmonious lines; an ante-hall precedes the nave proper, having columns at the sides upholding a simple entablature; and in the nave itself round arches divide off the aisles and lift far above a graceful dome. This is one of the very few renaissance churches that are not rococo, display a genuine classical spirit, and are really symmetrical.

I returned by the Via Cavour to the Piazza Umberto, took lunch in one of the better-class inns that front upon it, and about four o'clock repaired to the station for the continuance of my journey to Sansepolcro. I found the line thither to be of narrow gauge, and the cars to be little open vehicles with aisles down the centre in American fashion, and hard wooden seats that added to the discomfort of the jerky motion. The engine looked like a toy, and it is still a wonder to me how it ever pulled us over the mountains. We headed at once for them, and ascended a ravine to the southeast of Arezzo, climbing at a stiff grade along its sides for several miles. Then we crossed its head, tunneled a mountain northwards, stepped over another ravine beyond by a high trestle, and returned westwards towards the plain upon the further side of this second ravine, still climbing. Thus do the Italian engineers surmount difficulties. I could see Arezzo directly below us now, topping its little hill in the flat valley, with ruined fortress and park at the summit; yet already we were at a height of fifteen hundred feet above it. Southwards the Val di Chiana was now perfectly visible, stretching richly green between mountain walls on to Cortona and Montepulciano; it is drained to-day into the Arno here near Arezzo by an artificial channel. Soon we left this ravine and crossed the hill-tops northwards to a third one, along whose southern side we climbed to the top of the divide. Twenty-two tunnels in all were traversed before we reached the summit, and this was pierced by another, the longest of all. Once on the other side the descent became rapid. We rolled downwards beside a pretty brook, that soon led us from the barrenness of the mountain-tops to a dense luxuriance of foliage. From the neighboring crags mediæval hamlets and ruined castles looked down as we neared the valley of the Tiber; and one fair-sized town was passed, perched upon a precipitous rock, peering with several towers over heavy battlements. Close beyond it we rolled into the level of the valley, and I was surprised to see the extensiveness of this upper plain of the Tiber, so near to its source, ensconced so high in the mountains; it stretched away to the south for apparently an indefinite distance, with a width of four or five miles between the surrounding slopes. It glistened richly with cereal and vine, and on its eastern bank gleamed amidst olive groves the white walls of Sansepolcro in the setting sun. Far above that city rose to heaven the lofty serrated peaks of the central ridge of the Apennines, with Monte Maggio, largest of all, lifting into the blue sky its five thousand feet of pyramidal rock. And this vast mass glowed softly roseate as the sun sank behind the western summits, throwing the valley into velvet shadow. Through this shadow we speeded to Sansepolcro, looking upwards at the beautiful afterglow of Monte Maggio, showering rose and golden hues through the dusk.

The station was at some distance from the walls, and no vettura was at hand; but I found a boy who hoisted my heavy bag to his shoulder, and staggering under its weight, piloted me up the tree-lined avenue to the northern gate, and along the main street within to the albergo. I passed the night as comfortably as its primitive accommodations would allow, and set out early in the morning to examine the town. All of Sansepolcro is primitive — from the mediæval brick battlements and moat to the narrow roughly paved streets with their crumbling stuccoed houses. It has the air of the Middle Ages, unswept by the breath of modern improvements; and it has the aspect of poverty, in spite of the rich valley that lies around. The streets are fairly rectangular, lying as they do upon the plain, and but few buildings of distinction rise from the mass of brown roofs that extend to the slope of the mountain. From the northern gate, where I entered, the main street extends for nearly a mile to the southern gate. I passed along it to the Piazza in the centre, stopping to observe en route an extraordinary mediæval frieze over one of the shops; it was a bas-relief in Romanesque style, of uncouth beasts, dragons, and knights on horseback, with a genuine spread-eagle in the middle;

a relic of the days when Sansepolcro was a self-satisfied little republic and this was the home of one of its nobility.

The Piazza groups round an isolated campanile, the centre and the loftiest building of the town. It was constructed of cut stone, centuries ago, by the citizens at the height of their pride, as an ornament and bell-tower for the city. Its ornamental qualities are now impaired by the crumbling away of the stones and mortar from the corners aloft, leaving jagged lines against the sky; but the bells still ring out on every possible occasion. On the south side of the Piazza rises a rather handsome old palace with well-proportioned window-frames of rusticated stone set in the plaster façade; it is the best looking building in Sansepolcro. On the north extends a line of shops, in the ground floors of edifices that once were noble dwellings, as is indicated by the remnants of mediæval towers that they raise here and there. To the east is a narrower extension of the Piazza, more picturesque than the wide space, with the little Municipio on the left, approached by a flight of steps, and the plain cathedral on the right. Beyond the cathedral rolls the renaissance arcade of the Palazzo del Marini, now used as the law courts. A wall here ends the Piazza, having an archway through which I caught a glimpse of a white house in the street beyond, with a pretty loggia on the first floor.

I entered the Municipio, and was admitted by the ancient custodian to its small art collection. Here I hoped to find some good specimens of the work of Piero della Francesca, for Sansepolcro was the birthplace and home of Signorelli's master. There were a number of his works in the collection, but I was disappointed in their excellence. The best was a fresco of the Resurrection, portraying Jesus rising from the tomb with four Roman soldiers lying about asleep; but the attitudes were stiff, and the composition so poor that one of the myrmidons was actually reclining in the air. I saw also some uninteresting specimens of Raffaelo del Colle, the pupil of the great Raphael, showing occasionally considerable executive ability, but absolutely without the stamp of genius. I know no other artist whose work shows so clearly the difference between genius and the lack of it; for he had the power of drawing, color, and action, yet the divine spark was wanting to tell him how to begin and where to stop.

I crossed over to the cathedral, with its dull stone façade, unornamented save for an old romanesque recessed portal, and found the interior rather picturesque from a similar crudity. It had a nave and aisles without transepts, and large columns with romanesque capitals of leaves and scrolls. In the choir I found the best thing in Sansepolcro, an Assumption by Perugino. It was distinguished by all his usual depth and grace of composition and expression, in spite of being so full of figures as to seem overcrowded. There were five or six apostles on each side below, and Christ with four angels above, almost shutting out any view of the golden background; but one forgets the overcrowding in contemplating any one of the rapt heavenly faces. Across the choir is a Resurrection by Colle, representing Christ bounding out of the tomb with a white banner in his hand; and the fact that Colle did not know where to stop is forcibly demonstrated by the manner in which the sleeping soldiers are thrown sprawling in all directions. In spite of the subject, I could not help laughing.

After this I spent some time in strolling about the town, following the main street to the southern gate, and searching eastwards amongst the side streets, narrow and dirty, till I brought up against a little park on the first rise of the mountain side, decorated with an excellent marble statue of Piero della Francesca. Near the park, in the private palace of the Collachioni, is his reputed *chef d'œuvre*, — the Infant Hercules. A worthy citizen conducted me to the palace, — which had an exterior as ugly and dull as any other, — and a pompous *portiere* admitted me, in the absence of the family. The interior was as rich and elaborate as the outside was plain, which is typical of Italian houses generally. There was a handsome lower hall, with suites of living rooms, parlors, and billiard room opening off to right and left; and at the end was a curving stone stairway that led to a smaller hall on the first floor, adorned with arms and armor. From this opened a spacious salon of seventeenth century style, with frescoed ceiling and tables of precious marble, and here upon the end wall was Piero's painting of the Infant Hercules, — a sturdy, bare-limbed child, aglow with vigorous strength, a true precursor of Luca Signorelli's athletes in his Last Judgment at Orvieto. I learned from the *portiere* that the Collachioni — resident mostly at Rome — came to this one of their country homes but one week in the year, and that was usually as a stop-over on the way to or from Florence. Nevertheless the house had to be constantly kept in perfect readiness to receive them in case of a sudden visit. I do not blame the Collachioni for spending only one week a year in this splendid villa; that is a long time in Borgo Sansepolcro.

Having now visited all but the western quarter of the town, I proceeded thither, and roamed about its streets, picturesque here and there with an old church façade or loggia. The western gate was but a simple round archway in the brick town wall, with a stone bridge beyond spanning the moat, whence the road ran off across the luxuriant plain between elm trees laden with garlands of vine. On the parapet of the bridge sat an old man, sunning himself in the noonday blaze, gazing sleepily down at the dry bed of the ancient fosse; and along came strenuous womanhood — which does more work in Italy than the men — in the shape of a peasant woman carrying on her head a load of hay so huge as almost to obscure the means of its propulsion. This is a very frequent sight; for so does feminine labor feed the donkeys that the lords and masters drive. Soon after I returned to the inn, and after a hurried lunch took the train for Città di Castello.

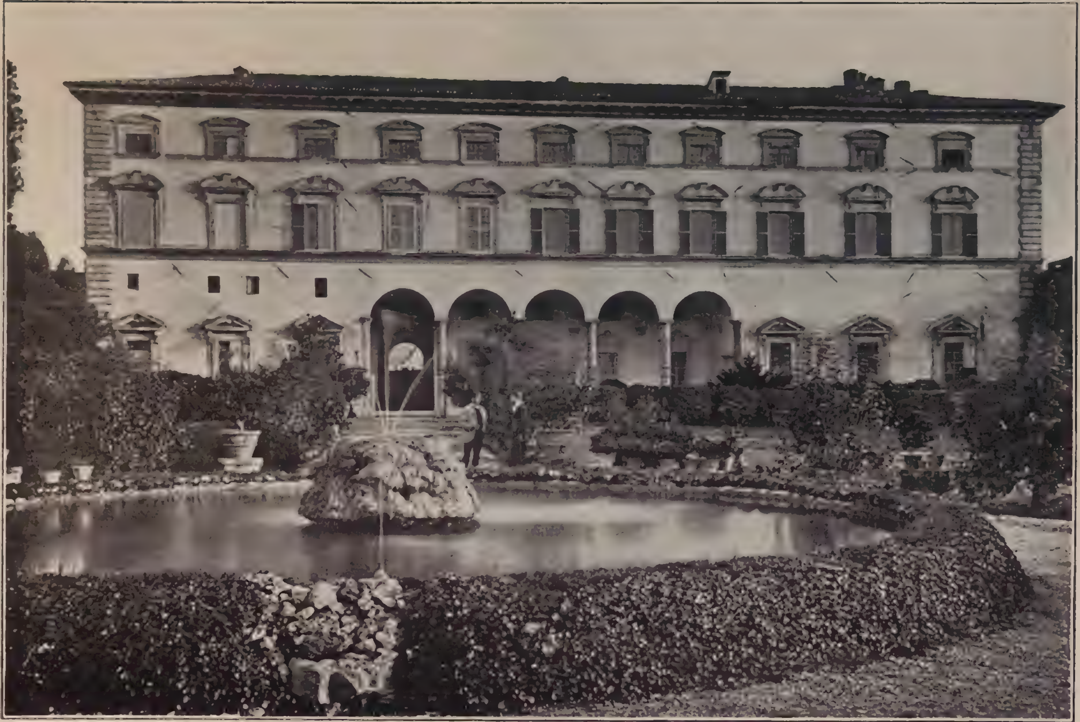
The narrow gauge railroad carried me ten miles down the valley, at no faster a pace than that with which we had yesterday climbed the mountains, and which a nimble horse could easily equal. The Tiber accompanied us, in gentle meanderings beneath great willow trees and oaks; it was here but a brook some twenty feet in width, not yet impregnated with its distinctive muddy color. We passed frequent villages, — one having an old fortified monastery of unusual picturesqueness, — and after crossing the Tiber, stopped at the station of Città di Castello outside its eastern gate. I perceived that the town lay on the west side of the valley, instead of on the east, like Sansepolcro. Its huge brick battlements rose sheer from the level of the plain, with but a trace here and there of the ancient moat, that had mostly been filled up. Over the wall to the right of the gate soared the extensive pile of one of the palaces of the Vitelli, the mediæval tyrants of the city; and adjacent to it was a garden with a copse of beautiful trees growing on the top of a bastion in the wall.

It was to another of the palaces of the Vitelli, now used as an inn, that I betook myself with my luggage; I found it at the southern angle of the town, a rambling, disconnected structure, quite ruined save for the part now inhabited. Once it was a gorgeous renaissance court, with the resounding name of the Palazzo della Cannoniera, bedecked with all the ornament that the art of the Renaissance could devise. They were not bad tyrants, these Vitelli; they spent the money of the citizens in building, which is far preferable to making war. Città di Castello owes more fame to-day to their brief lordship in the fifteenth century than to her historic importance in Roman times, — when she was a proud and wealthy municipium under the name of Tifernum Tiberinum, enjoying all the trade of this rich upper valley of the Tiber, and of so much account that Totila the Goth turned out of his way to sack and destroy her. The population then, as in subsequent renaissance days, must have been several times as large as the present one of five thousand. The city was merged in the States of the Church after the end of the power of the Vitelli, and has declined ever since. On walking about it that afternoon, I found it to be quite in the shape of a coffin, lying with its head to the north, a half mile distant from the hills on the west of the valley; and a coffin is also suggestive of its absence of life. Only a very few people were crawling lazily about its ancient sun-baked streets, with their remains of mediæval grandeur. The white stuccoed façades, interspersed with an occasional front of stone, were in fairly good preservation, but it seemed like a city of the dead. The long straight line of the main thoroughfare, — the Corso, — running from the southern gate to the northern, was deserted; in the cross thoroughfare, running from the eastern gate at the railroad station to the lofty bastion at the western angle, there was more shade, and here a few inanimate beings sat drinking coffee at several cafés.

The central Piazza lies, naturally, at the junction of these ways; and here is the arcaded Prefecture and a third palace of the Vitelli, now used as a barrack. I returned to the eastern gate to inspect the largest of these palaces, which I had noticed on my arrival. There was a little piazza before its white plastered façade, inset with stone-framed windows and doorways, imposing only from the proportions of the mass and the nicety of the spacing of the openings; and in the middle of the Piazza rose the ever-present Garibaldi in marble. This palace is still in the possession of a private family, which, of course, lives at Rome and visits it but seldom; but it accounts for its being kept in royal condition. Hoping to be admitted, I rang the bell at the porter's door, but received no answer. Then a bystander who had appeared conducted me by a long route through a lane where an old couple were making rope to the grounds at the rear; there, in a field behind the garden proper, some men were haying. The limits of the garden were marked by a graceful stone colonnade, and advancing through its arches I saw the back façade of the palace across a beautiful stretch of lawn, cut with graveled paths, set with countless orange and lemon trees in vases, and ornamented in the centre with a wide splashing fountain. It was a picture ideally Italian. A colonnade in the ground floor of the old palace added to its grace, and on the left rose the thicket of lofty elms and ilexes upon the bastion of the city wall. Through these curving walks and fragrant shrubs once strolled the courtiers of the lords of the city, resplendent with laces, silks, and satins, discussing the new-found beliefs of Humanism and the latest canvas of Perugino.

One of a number of women who were drying clothes upon the bushes turned out to be the wife of the care-taker, and informed me that the palace could not be entered; but she enjoined her small son to conduct me to the "Palazzino." This he did by leading the way along the top of the adjacent city wall to another bastion some distance to the north, upon which I found a thicket of shrubbery with a charming summer-house hidden behind it. Its airy loggia was completely frescoed with mythological subjects in a happy manner, of which enough had been spared by the assaults of time to show the original rich glow of coloring. It was thoroughly consonant with the gay spirits of the people who built and made use of it.

I returned to the central Piazza, after some wandering through the narrower, darker ways of the northern section of the town, and then followed westward the main cross-street; it soon opened into another piazza, with the Palazzo Communale upon the south side, and the little park of the city terminating it upon the west. The Palazzo Communale, or Municipio, is a delightful little building of the fourteenth century, of general renaissance characteristics in form and rustica work, but with gothic windows and doorways. In the hall I found a fine ponderous gothic stone stairway, curving upwards about a huge column. On inquiring of a gorgeous official, I learned that the municipal art collection which used to be kept there had been transferred to another building some distance to the north; and thither a little boy conducted me, who revealed the freedom of Città di Castello from visitors by refusing to accept a fee. The art



REAR FAÇADE OF PALACE—CITTÀ DI CASTELLO

collection did not amount to much save for some examples of Signorelli, and a church banner by Raphael, on whose linen he had painted a Trinity on one side and a Creation on the other. These were distinguished by his usual great power and grace, in spite of much fading and defacement. They were all that Città di Castello has left of the many works with which Raphael once adorned it in his early days at Perugia; the others have been carried off by conquerors, or sold, or disappeared without trace.

Returning to the Palazzo Communale, I found the cathedral near-by, fronting westwards upon the park. The original church upon this site was founded in 1012, but all that remains of it is the unusual round campanile, pierced with several tiers of windows at the top, and the quaint romanesque side portal on the north. The present church was erected about 1500, in renaissance style, and its façade, finished through the first story only, is in the usual rococo. I climbed the high sweeping flight of steps to the doorway, and searched through the lofty gilded interior in vain for some work of merit. There were a nave and transepts without aisles, but with many side chapels having elaborate altars and modern paintings; and there was a large choir, in which the chapter of the cathedral was intoning afternoon service with many breaks and haltings.

After a dinner at the remains of the Palazzo della Cannoniera, I watched the sun set behind the hills from the little park on the western ramparts. On this knoll, the highest part of the town, once stood the castle or fortress from which it derives its name. The razing of that fear-inspiring citadel gave place, as in the case of so many cities, to shady walks and flower-beds; and on its great bastion at the western angle of the city wall, raised sixty feet from the plain below, where pontifical soldiers once kept watch and guard over city and valley from grim battlemented towers, the free citizens of United Italy now loll beneath umbrageous ilexes. Here I saw the sun sink to the crest of the mountain that raised its steep verdurous slope but half a mile away, covered with olive orchards and clumps of oaks embosoming picturesque white villas. The peace of a summer evening descended on the scene, and the lowing of a cow from some distant farmyard but accentuated it. I watched the sun-line rise upon the long, high, brick wall of the city stretching northwards, till it reached the battlements, and leaped from them to the white façades of houses and churches within. Up these it swiftly crept to the bronze-tiled roofs that peered over the valley, and forsook them for the few campaniles that soared above the mass, whose tops glowed rosily for an instant while all the town below was wrapt in shadow. Then with a last flash the golden light took flight into the air and perched upon the lofty peaks of the mountains to the east. Wonderfully they gleamed from every rocky spur and pinnacle in hues of gold and pink and crimson, over the deep shadows of the historic valley of the Tiber, — just as they had done for so many thousand years. And it seemed to me as if in those shades of the rolling plain I could see the bonfires of the legions of Rome begin to glitter, reflecting from corselet, shield, and morion; but they were but the house lights of some modern peaceful *contadini.*

CHAPTER XIV

GUBBIO, FABRIANO, AND URBINO

Early the next morning I took a train to continue southwards down the valley as far as Umbertide, and mount thence to the east to the tableland of Gubbio. As we rolled on through the never ending fields of wheat and vine, — looking more like orchards from the richly leaved elms supporting the avenues of garlands of budding grapes, — the Tiber's course was always in sight to the left, marked by a double row of lofty willows and oaks. This majestic avenue meandered gracefully from side to side of the valley, and occasionally we approached it closely enough to skirt the bank, disclosing the stream twenty feet below the protecting boughs, already growing muddy from the garnered soil of the plain. We passed frequent homely villages on the level, modern ones, scattered about unpaved streets with no enclosing walls; more ancient towns were visible upon the heights here and there, — clumps of brown-tiled roofs looking over broken battlements. Now and then a pilgrimage church or mediæval castle lifted its gray tower upon some mountain crag. After traversing about fourteen miles we crossed the Tiber and rolled into Umbertide, which proved to be quite a town, with a considerable extent of good-looking modern buildings; it is the metropolis and distributing point of the lower end of this fertile valley. Beyond it the Tiber flows into a narrower defile that it has cut southwards through the mountains, and continues in it for eighteen miles, till it emerges upon the plain of Umbria. Beside that point of emersion rises the hill of Perugia; and the realization that I was once more so near that most wonderful of all Italian hill towns made me long to get out and take horse for it. Beautiful Perugia! I recalled the day when I stood upon her lofty northern ramparts above the mighty gate of Augustus, gazing out at the jagged summits of the main ridge of the Apennines, and thinking that in the valley below them lay Sansepolcro and Città di Castello, which I hoped some day to visit. Here I was now in that valley, and would give a good deal to be back on those ramparts.

At Umbertide there flows into the Tiber from the east a little stream that brings the waters of the table-land of Gubbio; and through the ravine that it has worn in the intervening mountains the train now proceeded to climb. I saw upon a hilltop to the left the castle for which Umbertide is renowned, a massive quadrangular structure, with lofty dark walls of heavy stones and huge round towers at the angles, apparently in a very good state of preservation. As the glen narrowed, another castle fully as picturesque, and more ruinous, reared its broken keep and crumbling enceinte upon a precipitous grassy mount to the right, looking directly down upon the sweeping willows and splashing water of the stream. Further up the ravine, as the train crawled through its tortuous windings with a tunnel here and there, we lost sight of such evidences of mediæval civilization, and had but a trace of modern, — in the shape of an occasional farmhouse in some level covert. And as we mounted ever higher with laborious puffings, ascending into the very heart of the bare peaks that loomed above us, it seemed as if we must be leaving far behind not only man but even vegetation.

It is a revelation, then, that awaits the traveler at the end of this rocky defile, — a vision like that of the promised land after the journey across the desert; as one fancies that he must be at last near the bald summits of the central Apennines, with the world of life left far below, the train suddenly emerges from the glen on a wide-stretching fertile plain glistening with luxuriant verdure, rich with fields of grain and vine. Still beyond it rise the loftiest peaks, mounting from its village-dotted landscape in sheer walls, whose lower flanks are green with olives and whose upper soar into barren cones and crags amidst the clouds. So I saw for the first time the strange lofty plateau of Gubbio, nestled here with its fertility and life between the summits of the highest mountains, and Gubbio itself gleaming white upon the encompassing wall to the southeast, looking with proud palaces and towers over the land that it has always called its own.

When we had crossed the plain and come nearer to the city, it appeared from the car window like one of those weird phantasms of oriental imagination, — like an extensive town built grandly upon a level and then picked up bodily and plastered against a perpendicular mountain side. When I dismounted at the station, which is out upon the plain distant some way from the city, a still nearer view was obtained that was not too close to want a full comprehension; then I realized that not yet in Italy had I seen anything so wonderfully picturesque. At the far top of the lofty crag against which the city backs sat a heavy building like a mediæval castle or fortified monastery, forming the apex of the gigantic pyramid. Halfway down the bare and rocky mountain side clung a ruined fortress, a buttress of the city wall, with crumbling top and huge dismantled tower; from it to right and left swept down the remainder of the mediæval battlements to the plain, — gaunt and terrible upon the precipitous stony slope, raising at frequent intervals other lofty towers. Some of these still were intact, and some with the inner walls fallen, causing them to loom like grisly skeletons above the city. Some way below the ruined citadel forming the apex of this triangular enceinture rose the highest buildings of the town, two large adjacent stone structures, distinguishable by the ruinous state of the one and the ancient romanesque campanile of the other as the old Palace of the Dukes and the cathedral. Below them again was the central, chief feature of the picture, — the Piazza della Signoria, a long artificial level built out from the hill-slope upon mighty foundations of masonry, with a tremendous gothic pile rising from it upon the left that towered over the whole city, dwarfing all other buildings to insignificance with its arcaded mass and frowning battlements. This I knew must be the old Palazzo dei Consoli, or Municipio, now disused. Large buildings also fronted upon the two other sides of the Piazza della Signoria; and from this predominant group of structures the town fell away on right and left to the level of the plain.

I proceeded to an inn at the lower edge of the city, situated where the walls had been razed and the ground they had occupied converted into a park-like piazza, and after a little lunch took a steep street that led from the Piazza directly up to the Signoria. The slope of this became more acute as I advanced, climbing between plain old houses with crumbling stained façades of stucco. To the right, southwards, opened off two long straight thoroughfares that maintained a level along the side of the mountain; and on the more important — called the Corso — I saw the shops of the city extending away for half a mile, with quite a throng of people passing to and fro. There was many times as much life here as at Città di Castello, although Gubbio was likewise destroyed by the Goths, suffered the blighting influence of papal rule, and has to-day about the same population. But modern life is on the plain, and the ancient loftier quarter to which I was climbing was as dead as any antiquarian could wish. Just ahead now loomed the vast substructure of the Piazza della Signoria, a series of colossal arches opening black and cave-like to the air. I passed along under them to the left, gazing at the parapet of the Piazza, eighty feet above, with amazement. Truly the mediæval Gubbians spared no toil or time for a thing that suited their fancy; they were inspired by the freedom and pride of civic independence in those centuries. Like all other municipalities after the wane of the Empire of Charlemagne, Gubbio was first a republic and then an autocracy. In such days was built this huge Palazzo dei Consoli, or Palace of the Consuls, towering now far above me on a substructure of pointed arches. I mounted to it by a winding stair-street on its north, that led me ultimately around into the Piazza della Signoria, as out of breath as if I had climbed a mountain. Yet another stairway, direct and imposing, led from the level of the Piazza to the great recessed doorway upon the first floor of the Palazzo. The door being open, I entered and found a single vast hall, embracing all the dimensions of the building, bare, void, and dismantled. Here doubtless once took place the public meetings of the citizens and their elected officers; there was no soul about to inform me exactly. I climbed a long flight of stairs affixed to the outer wall, and emerged at the top upon the wide loggia under the battlements. The view thence was inspiring. It ranged over all the city below, with its parallel streets upon the side of the hill and steep ways falling from them to the plain, and it took in the whole luxuriant valley with its surrounding mountains.

Returning to the Piazza, I observed the long renaissance Palazzo Ranghiasci-Brancaleone — as monumental as its name — stretching along the eastern or mountain side, with a high rusticated basement, and the two upper stories connected by pilasters in the style of Palladio. On the south side rose the dull, ugly Palazzo Pretorio, another ancient civic building, now used as the municipio. In this I found some human beings — the first sign of life in this quarter — and one of them exhibited to me the famous Eugubian tablets. They are inscriptions upon bronze plates in the ancient Umbrian and Latin languages, referring to sacrificial ceremonies, and were unearthed here in 1440. In this building is also the little municipal art collection, having no painting of importance, but some fine old woodcarving and specimens of Gubbio's renaissance majolica-ware. For this she is as much celebrated as for her extraordinary religious festival called the Elevation and Procession of the Ceri, which occurs on the fifteenth of each May.

It was another long climb to the cathedral and the ruined Palace of the Dukes. The ruin of the latter is not so evident externally, but nevertheless is sufficient to prohibit entrance; looking through a hole in the wooden partition that hoards up the courtyard, I saw the remains of past beauty and magnificence in the graceful colonnade that ran about it on three sides. Opposite is the façade of the cathedral, ornamented with crude mediæval statues of the evangelists. The interior is bare and gloomy, denuded of what paintings it had for the municipal gallery.

There is, however, a painting in Gubbio of priceless worth, — the famous Madonna of Ottaviano Nelli. That earliest great master of the Umbrian school, born here in Gubbio, has left so very few examples of his art behind him that it is rare and difficult to find any one of them. I had not yet had that pleasure, in spite of traversing so large a portion of Italy. The knowledge that he preceded even Gentile da Fabriano had made me anxious to see if his works showed the origin of Umbrian pietistic gentleness and grace; and it was with anticipations that I now took my way eastwards along the street just below the Piazza della Signoria to the church of S. Maria Nuova. The church was closed, but a small boy procured the sacristan, who very soon unveiled in a chapel in the right the renowned Madonna. The lifting of the concealing cloth was like letting in a burst of golden sunlight upon the shadows of the nave; the wide canvas glowed and scintillated with bright hues as though it were freshly painted. I saw Madonna and Child sitting on a dais with fairy-like angels making music before and holding up a canopy behind; with their tender grace and beauty, both of form and coloring, were contrasted two sombre old saints to right and left. It was all nearer the Byzantine than Giotto was; but the beginnings of Umbrian sweetness and grace were there, and in abundance. In spite of the crudeness of disposition and awkwardness of postures, its wondrous charm filled me with deep delight, and I continued gazing into its golden world of music and tenderness, until the sacristan jangled his keys in weariness, to bring me back to this mundane sphere.

Continuing on this street, which is parallel to the Corso, it eventually brought me by a turn into the latter at the southern gate of the city; and just outside this I found some other paintings of Nelli, frescoes in the church of S. Agostino. Most of them were in the choir, high upon the walls and ceiling back of the high altar, depicting in a spirited and dramatic fashion events from the life of St. Augustine. I was surprised to see Nelli possessed of such dramatic talent in addition to his power of repose. The execution was not as good as in the Madonna, but this was evidently because of less pains. Certainly no one in his period — the early part of the fifteenth century — equaled Nelli, and no artist surpassed him in this region, until Benozzo Gozzoli placed his wonderful frescoes in the church of S. Francesco at Montefalco. In the nave here they had recently discovered some work of Nelli's beneath the barbarous whitewash with which it had all been covered; and I saw another exquisite Madonna, appealing to one's every conception of the beautiful.

Strangely enough, there is a Gentile also at Gubbio, in the church of S. Maria outside the Porta Vittoria, at the southwest corner of the city, upon the plain. It is a simple Madonna, which I found to be quite Byzantine in drawing, yet strangely fascinating, — as many a Japanese etching is beautiful, upon lines which we cannot comprehend.

I returned to the inn — after investigating a number of other churches with no reward worth mentioning — by way of the Corso, with its crowd of rough-looking mountaineers. The people here are quite different in appearance from the Tuscans; they have not behind them so many generations of peace and plenty as the latter, and are correspondingly more uncultivated in face, dress, and manners. They are new wards of our modern civilization, for it is but a few years since the little narrow-gauge railroad reached them; and before that epoch-making event the plateau of Gubbio was rather inaccessible.

I realized its inaccessibility still more when the time came for me to leave Gubbio for Fossato. Fossato is a station on the trunk line from Rome to the Adriatic, — which leaves the Umbrian plain at Foligno and reaches the sea at Ancona, — and lies, like Gubbio, against the backbone of the Apennines. The train rolled along to the southern end of the table-land of Gubbio, and then turned eastwards into a valley with precipitous sides. Straight ahead soared into the clouds some mountains with terrible pinnacled forms, loftier than any I had yet seen; precipices cut their rocky sides, and vast ravines wound about their crags and bases. A circular widening of the valley which we were following opened out this stupendous view. We kept on the southern side of it, mounting with many windings so slowly that I began to fear for my connection at Fossato. There was but ten minutes leeway on the time table between our destined arrival and that of the Adriatic express from Rome to Ancona, which would not wait for any tardiness; and already we were twelve minutes behind time. I had disagreeable visions of spending the night in some horrible mountain inn at Fossato, which is but a hamlet on a pinnacle near the junction. But as we rounded the eastern flank of a hill and approached the junction from that direction, I saw the Adriatic express just pulling in from the west. In the excitement of the moment I yet could not help being impressed with the awful grandeur of the scenery about us. Tremendous rocky forms hung from the clouds on every hand, savage and threatening, accentuated by the darkness of an impending downfall of rain. I caught a glimpse of Fossato perched far above, with beetling battlements upon its crag; then we clanged into the station, with the panting express waiting to start across the platform. Down came the rain in a perfect deluge, from the midst of which appeared a providential *facchino*, to whom I hurled my heavy bag and with whom I darted across the boards. Even as we reached the side of the express it began to move; but, dripping wet, I plunged into a compartment whose door was still open, held by the guard, and the *facchino* threw the bag in after me.

Never was I more thankful for a narrow escape.

On recovering composure I found that we were climbing rapidly a deep ravine, in the final ascent of the peninsular divide. Through the rain I could see its sides rising sheer into jagged peaks; and so high were we that the tree line ended but a hundred feet above. Soon it disappeared entirely, and we crawled through a rocky gulch made terrible by the ominous darkness of enfolding rain-clouds. At last came a tunnel, and as the train reverberated through it for some minutes I knew that we were at the summit of the road, rushing beneath the topmost ridge of the Apennines.

On emerging the scene had wholly changed. On this Adriatic side, although dark clouds hovered about the peaks, it was not raining; and we descended rapidly another ravine, which soon opened out into a charming valley. Meadowland and farms reappeared, patches of grain soon dotted the landscape between the stretches of wood, and villages showed their brown roofs from distant knolls. Finally a wide extent of buildings came into view on the right, spreading about the valley with domes and towers, and the clouds around the western summits parted to throw a flood of rosy light upon them. It was Fabriano. I descended at the station and took a vettura for the inn, some way below.

Fabriano is an old town; there was a city upon its site in the days of the Romans. It first became important towards the end of the Middle Ages, after the introduction of paper-making into Italy, when its situation upon the banks of a clear, never-failing mountain stream attracted the location of that industry, to which a constant supply of good water is so essential. Since the invention of paper-making from wood, Fabriano has increased her output, for she is one of the few places in Italy with an available timber supply. Her population of six or seven thousand is also engaged in manufacturing powder and hats and tanning skins. The evidences of a prosperous factory town were at once apparent as I entered the main quarter; the factories and tanneries were partly visible to the west, and the people were better dressed, more active. Yet I was plunged at once into a picturesqueness as intense as that of any mediæval hill town that went to sleep centuries ago. There were arcades everywhere; arcades on the main street running from the railroad southwards, arcades on the central Piazza, into which it opens, arcades on the side streets to east and west. They were of every size and quality, though entirely renaissance in effect, and spread over the upper as well as the ground stories of the buildings.

The inn at which I located myself was so filled with commercial men that there was only one room available. But this looked out from the fourth story front over a wide piazza opening westwards, having an arcade upon the right, and upon the left a long ascending street rising from each end to a terrace. The hill back of it rose southwards, bearing the white mass and campanile of the cathedral, with brown roofs clustered roundabout and curving off to the west. Over this scene fell a golden light from the western mountains, — which loomed up like mighty pyramids beyond the end of the Piazza, their wooded flanks and dark bristling crags but a few miles distant.

Leaving the inn, I walked on down the main street to a huge arch that spanned it not far away, a great curve of stone masonry that marked the central Piazza. The stones were dark with age, and it appeared of mediæval construction. Beyond it spread the Piazza, with a long colonnaded building on the left, — the arcade being picturesquely placed on the second story, — and the old Municipio and bell-tower on the right. The Municipio, of course, was also arcaded, and beneath the arches a staircase mounted through the building to another piazza on the hill behind. Climbing it, I found myself in a strange open space to the rear of the Municipio, with the cathedral facing upon it from the south. The latter was a large renaissance building, approached by a fine flight of steps, and its dusky interior I found spangled with the candles of the vesper service. Their glimmering light reflected from golden mouldings and altars, distributed about with the indiscriminate ornateness of the rococo. Missing art, I interested myself with watching for a time the simple people who came in and knelt, said a few prayers, and left again. Doubtless they departed consciously comforted by the faith of divine forgiveness for any sins committed during the day, and unconsciously stimulated by the gorgeous trappings of their cathedral, gleaming in the golden candlelight, — strange and utter contrast to the poverty of their homes.

I returned to the central Piazza and followed the main street southwards to the city gate, between stuccoed houses of good size and repair. Everything was fairly clean, and the side streets showed similar evidences of wakefulness to modern ideas. The gate was mediæval, set in the old brick battlements, with dry moat beyond; but beside the moat was a modern little park, pretty with clumps of trees and shrub-lined walks, with views over the city wall of the undulating roofs and springing towers within. Here was visible the complete circle of lofty mountains with which the city is surrounded, piercing the sky on every hand with an unbroken succession of sharp peaks. No town that I had seen possessed a so perfectly enchained situation. The sun that had now set, leaving the valley and city in twilight, still illumined the sky, and ruddied the bare summits with the wonderful drawn-out softness of the Apennine afterglow.

I had but a few hours' sleep that night, in the little room over the western piazza, and at half-past three in the morning, before the first rays of coming day were yet above the horizon, was dressing for another journey. My course was northwards now, through the mountains of the central range to far-famed Urbino, the ideal court of the Renaissance. The railroad which had just been finished to that city from Fabriano ran but two trains a day, one at five in the morning and the other at seven in the evening; and after some hurried bread and coffee, a vettura conveyed me to the former. The sun was fairly up when the train started, with but a few souls on board, carrying me alone in a comfortable compartment. I thought with some emotion that this was my last rail ride through the Apennines,—for beyond Urbino the iron horse has not yet penetrated, — and I should have to reach the sea with one of flesh and blood. We puffed northwards to the limits of the little valley in which lies Fabriano, and then struck off boldly amongst the rocky peaks glittering in the early light, penetrating a deep ravine, and winding through it to emerge upon some rolling highlands beyond. Here were occasional farmhouses and hamlets situated in leafy vales, and flocks of sheep and herds of cattle grazing upon the higher grassy slopes in true Swiss fashion. The scenery continued to be an alternation of such rolling uplands, bordered with precipitous crags, and deep ravines through which waters splashed beside the track. Once upon emerging from such a glen, the wildest of them all, I found it suddenly opened to a little round valley filled with the roofs and towers of Cagli, above which we crawled upon a mountain side. Directly over Cagli's picturesque campaniles soared a vast summit, tree-clad and darkly terrible, hiding its conical rocky head in the clouds. Other such mountains bounded and hemmed in the little vale, so that its appearance was more like Grindelwald than Italy.

Not long after that we crossed a deep valley falling eastwards towards the sea, in which direction a huge cleft in the mountain wall proclaimed the presence of the Furlo Pass. The valley was that of the Metaurus, through which the Consul Caius Flaminius, who fell at the battle of Thrasymene, constructed in B. C. 220 the great highroad connecting Rome with the Adriatic and Lombardy; it was named after him the Via Flaminia. The Furlo Pass is where the river cuts its way through the mountains by a mighty gorge, by which the highway ran until the Emperor Vespasian conducted it through a tunnel at the narrowest part. This was always the chief means of communication between Rome, Umbria, and the valley of the Po, until the advent of the

Ancona and Bologna railroads. I thought of the countless companies of peace and war that had passed beside that bright stream flashing in the valley below, and penetrating yonder chasm, during a momentous history of two thousand years. How many Roman armies marched that way with glittering shields and flying banners during the early centuries, and how many barbarian hordes poured in the other way with uncouth accoutrements, when Rome had fallen! Beyond the Furlo Pass is the hill of Pietralata, where the epoch-making battle of the Metaurus was fought in B. C. 207 between Hannibal's brother, Hasdrubal, marching southwards with sixty thousand men to Hannibal's support, and the Roman consuls. Hasdrubal's defeat and death saved Rome from destruction.

Piercing the hills to the north of the Metaurus, we rolled on through glens and tunnels to Urbino. Another stream was crossed, and other rolling highlands, with now and then a mountain village in sight, and always the circumscribing peaks. At last, about nine o'clock, we pulled suddenly into the terminal station, built at the foot of a huge lofty mountain, which barred all further progress to the north. It was the mountain of Urbino; and on descending I could see, cresting its summit far above, the lines of mighty battlements and towers. A diligence was waiting, shaped like a train-car, pulled by three horses; and into this the passengers climbed for the long pull to the city. The road wound gradually around to the eastern side of the mountain, gradually climbing, with a magnificent panorama of valleys and peaks unrolling itself as we rose. It was the eastern gate in the ramparts that we eventually entered, and then skirted to left about the southern flank of the summit, crowded with piled-up houses.

As we curved around this flank I realized that the summit was not one, but twain; for a deep gorge cuts into it at the centre of the southern side, a gorge which climbs from the far valley below, — where the station lies, — decreasing in depth as it mounts, and then makes a single furrow across the mountain-top, to deepen and expand again upon the northern side. Thus Urbino sits upon twin peaks, connected by a saddle. Upon the saddle grew the original town, in remote ages, long before Rome extended her conquests to the north; for it had a position of natural advantages that attracted the attention of the earliest inhabitants. The mountain of Urbino is isolated, and its sides so lofty and precipitous as to render the town at the summit impregnable; it rises midway between the rich valleys of the Metaurus on the south and the Foglia on the north, commanding both, and having by them an easy access to the sea. There is other rich land in the vales immediately about the mountain, and upon the broad table-land to the west. All this territory became owned by the inhabitants of Urbino as they waxed numerous and powerful upon their secure retreat. Their ownership was somewhat interfered with by the Romans, who called the city Urvinum Metaurense, — whence its modern name, — but was regained and strengthened in the Middle Ages. Then, when all men took to the hill towns for safety, Urbino as an independent republic was at the height of her prosperity. The inevitable tyrants made their appearance in the thirteenth century in the family of the Montefeltri; but they seem to have been extraordinarily sensible tyrants, who kept the city at peace within and without. Therefore their power lasted long; and when in 1474 Federigo Montefeltro married his daughter to a nephew of Pope Sixtus IV., he was recognized by the papacy, then the predominant power in Italy, as a legitimate ruling prince, and given the title of Duke of Urbino. Federigo was a remarkable man; under his wise rule the city not only prospered so exceedingly as to be the envy of all other states, but he adorned it with the greatest ducal palace in the peninsula, and filled this palace with a court so brilliant as to be the talk of Europe. It was brilliant not merely with silks and precious stones, but with intellect and culture; its stately halls were filled with visiting artists, scientists, and philosophers, and its walls were adorned with numberless paintings, sculptures, drawings, mosaics, and woodwork, the finest that the art of the Renaissance could produce and unlimited wealth could obtain. Among the artists were Piero della Francesca, Timoteo della Vite, — who first aided the growing genius of Raphael, — and Justus van Ghent, the Flemish master.

Federigo's son Guidobaldo continued the life and brilliancy of this ideal court, with the aid of his celebrated beautiful wife, Elizabetha Gonzaga. This was the period when the Renaissance and the culture of the beautiful were at their perihelion; with their wane waned the refulgence of the dukedom of Urbino. But it continued in the possession of the Montefeltri family until 1626, when Francesco Maria II. brought their centuries of autocracy to an exceptional and not inglorious end by abdicating his childless throne in favor of the Church. Urbino has also declined; although it has about 15,000 inhabitants to-day, and is next to Siena and Perugia in size amongst the mountain towns, this is probably not a third of its magnitude four centuries ago. Also it is poor where once it was rich; the railroads from Bologna to Florence and from Ancona to Rome opened new trade routes, which the recent completion of the line from Fabriano has not impaired.

Much as Urbino is celebrated for its great ducal palace and past courtly splendor, it is not of these that the average man thinks when the city is spoken of; he thinks of that which is perhaps its greatest title to fame,—the birth there of Raphael Santi in 1483. This master painter of the world was the son of another wielder of the brush, Giovanni Santi, who was no mean artist, and employed his talents under the patronage of Duke Federigo. Giovanni died in 1494, too early to have moulded his son's budding genius; but Raphael remained at Urbino till 1500, receiving there his first artistic impressions and instruction, taking ideas from Timoteo del Vite that he never forgot; then he left for the school of Perugino.

It was of these things that I had been thinking while we climbed the mountain side; and when we turned the southern angle of the eastern peak and curved around northwards into the hollow between the mounts,—to see a vast edifice looming far above upon the right with mighty pavilions, towers, and turrets, dominating the town as a cathedral dominates its close,—I knew it at once as the palace. It sat upon the westward slope of the eastern mount, the upper portion peering with countless windows over the thick tree-tops of the spreading garden, now used as a public promenade; the stories increased in number as it descended the slope, merging over the roadway into a huge, lofty pavilion, having a column of recessed arches for balconies in the centre, and picturesque round turrets with steepled tops at each angle. Beyond this it stretched northwards in great blocks of buildings, with a massive dome and bell-tower looming over their flat roofs. Nothing could be more characteristic of the hill towns of Italy than this view of Urbino with its palace. Immediately below the vast ducal pile lay the ancient town, spread over the sharp saddle between the peaks, — a sea of white stucco façades and brown-tiled roofs surging against the palace on one hand and the western peak on the other, and falling like a cascade down the widening gorge into a broad white piazza like a pool. This last was the market-place, as I could see by the stalls and herds of animals, and it extended from bank to bank of the ravine upon ponderous arches of masonry. Lifting the eyes to the western mount, I saw the town climbing it in stair-like streets and circling tiers of houses, piling far up to its conical summit, where fitly sat an old and ruined fortress.

I had not long to enjoy this wonderful, picturesque view, for the diligence kept steadily on towards the centre of the city, passing well above the market-place and directly below the palace, till it stopped in a street with the palace wall upon the right and a long arcade upon the left. Under this arcade were many shops, and here I found the entrance to the principal albergo, at which I made a resolution to stay some time, for Urbino is not to be hurriedly seen.

The room allotted me looked out upon the gorge in the rear, with its steeply falling houses and animated piazza, with the fortress-crowned peak looming high above; a scene that had unvarying interest from day to day.

One can never forget his first walk about the hill-sides of Urbino. I took mine upon the eastern mount, — holding the palace and the cathedral, — to obtain a view of the latter and a closer inspection of the former. There was no entrance to it in the mighty stone walls that loomed a hundred feet above the arcaded street where I was stopping, and I learned that the entrance was on the other side, upon the hill-top. I started off northwards under the arcades, and was led directly to the central Piazza upon the back of the saddle. Here beats the heart of the ancient city. It is a little space, between low, time-worn buildings faced with colonnades, with half a dozen streets branching out of it. They lead down the ravine on each side, and up the hills, giving vistas of houses ascending and descending in steps and bounds. The Piazza was crowded with townspeople, peasantry, soldiers, and constabulary, gathered in large groups in animated discussion, which looked like election excitement but was simply gossip. The soldiers represented the large garrison here quartered, and the country people were left over from the market attendance of the morning; for it was Saturday. The old picturesque costumes of the peasants have disappeared, but the throng was *outré* with rough clothes and wide-brimmed felt hats, offset by the blue uniforms of the infantry.

I took the Via Pucinotti to the right, and climbed its steep, narrow pavement between old, stained plaster façades till it widened near the summit into another piazza containing the objects of my search. It was minus the crowd, but held in the centre a beautiful marble statue of Raphael, recently erected. The figure was clad in his usual graceful costume of long hose and small cap, and stood upon a high pedestal with four female figures reclining at the angles of the foundation. On the right rose the main façade of the palace, whose rectangular baying-in caused the Piazza, and I saw that the stone facing of its bare walls had been completed only through the first story. It was handsome as it was, from the perfect proportions of the parts and exact interposition of window-space with solid, and would have been very magnificent if the rich facing of smoothed stone, pilasters, and cornices had been completed. Evidently that was too costly even for the purse of a Duke of Urbino. The right wing bore an arcade on the ground story, but in the left — the most finished — opened the entrance to the palace, a round archway leading to the main courtyard within. I penetrated to the *cortile*, and found it of moderate size and two-storied, but exquisitely graceful from the round-arched arcades on all four sides. There is no finer specimen of the Renaissance in Italy. The monolithic columns are rich with composite capitals, and the same order is maintained in the pilasters between the simple window-frames of the upper story. There is not a false note in the harmony of this elegant structure, not a tone too severe, nor an ornament too much.

Opposite the façade of the palace rises the cathedral, of inferior renaissance, the great door approached by a high flight of steps. The interior is of no special interest, the good paintings which it contained having been removed to the collection in the palace, and the architecture being insignificant save for the imposing dome. I kept on up the hill-side by the Via Pucinotti, reached the summit, — where there was no look-off on account of the crowding houses, — and descended on the further side to the eastern gate. There I met the road of circumvallation, built upon the ancient ramparts, which near the gate bulged out on a bastion into a view-point with stone seats. Some tired mothers had brought their children out here for the air, who were filling it with shrieks and wails; but in spite of the outcry I enjoyed the marvelous panorama spread out before me. Sheer below fell the precipitous mountain side for a thousand feet, to a rich valley checkered with fields of grain and vine, which curved round to east and north as far as I could look, in its embrace of Urbino's peak. On its further side soared other mountains, in all directions, one behind another, their summits cutting the sky with round and jagged outlines. It was like the view from Volterra, not so stern, but even more lofty. Off to the east here lay the sea, as it lay to the west of Volterra, but no sign of it was visible. The sea! The thought of it thrilled me. Soon I should see it again, — after these seeming years amongst the mountains, — and should walk beside its welcome surf.

I followed the road of circumvallation around the northern side of the city, with the winding valley ever below; there was an opening in the mountains towards the valley of the Foglia, and through it wound a fine, white carriage-road, the road to Pesaro. Reaching the ravine upon this side, I climbed up it to the central Piazza through what was evidently one of the oldest quarters of Urbino. The stones of the street that were visible through the filth, and the stones of the houses that had escaped the decaying stucco work, were black and seamed with time. Often here, as everywhere else in Italy, I saw good-looking, well-dressed women seated in the windows of hovels unfit even for animals. From the Piazza it was but a few steps to the inn.

My next walk took me up the western peak, and the start was necessarily made from the Piazza as before. From its arcades the street to the summit is quite straight, and lies at a very acute pitch, although wide and well-paved. Some of the dwellings have been in modern times refaced or rebuilt. Halfway up on the left there clings to the hill-side the house in which Raphael was born, a simple, narrow, brick building, designated by an inscription. It is now owned and kept up by the "Reale Accademia Raffaelo." The interior contains but engravings from paintings of the great master; nevertheless it gives one a thrill to think that within these walls that surpassing genius first saw the light.

At the summit the street ends in a grass-grown open space looking westwards, — a wide bastion in the old city wall, which runs up here from the northern and southern angles of the peak. The ancient moat is in evidence, curving about the open bastion and running off to encircle the adjacent citadel. This fortress I found to be now inaccessible, because the authorities are using its precincts for a penal institution; but the look-off could be obtained on both sides of it. From the little grass-grown Piazza I saw the peaks of the central ridge of the Apennines sweeping magnificently along the western horizon, and in the middle distance a rich and deeply rolling upland, one of the sources of the wealth of mediæval Urbino. From a little street descending the hill east of the fortress I saw the city piled upon the opposite peak about the turreted palace, and falling thence to the gorge so far below. I descended this street, or by-way, which wound in steps back and forth upon the cliff, between dwellings perched like the eyries of birds. Nothing more picturesque could be found than the vistas down it, and down its leaping cross-ways, of steeply falling old tiled roofs and crumbling façades; of people toiling up the worn brick steps, cleft by a channel for the rain to rush in like a cataract; of children playing in the spots of sunshine that filtered through the walls, and at the end of the vista; of houses climbing again upon the opposite hill to the vast menacing towers and flying turrets of the palace. From all this I emerged eventually near my starting-point at the Piazza.

Urbino joins to its surpassing picturesqueness the element of beauty, in one of the most interesting collections of paintings of the mountain towns. It is visited at the same time with the rest of the interior of the palace, which altogether occupies half a day or a day, although like anything else it can be rushed through. I gave the greater part of a day to it, starting from the beautiful *cortile*, where a governmental official picked me up and led the way by a grand stone staircase to the first floor. The national government restored the whole edifice as a monument, at considerable expense, and now maintains it. It also gathered the present collection of paintings from the churches and monasteries of Urbino, — the memorable and priceless gallery of Duke Federigo having been transported to Florence, through the marriage of one of the duchesses to a Medici, to form a principal part of the Uffizi collection. Naturally Duke Federigo had not left in Urbino outside of his gallery many paintings of worth; nevertheless these that have emerged from the dusk of churchly secretion are keenly interesting from the presence among them of works by Giovanni Santi and Timoteo della Vite. They are hung upon the walls of eight or ten rooms amongst the great suite of the *piano nobile*, which is the second story at the entrance and becomes the third and fourth as the palace descends the hill.

I was introduced to this setting of the ideal court of the Renaissance by way of the throne room, a huge and lofty apartment between the courtyard and the front piazza. It is still a magnificent room, of fine proportions, decorated ceiling, and handsome, great stone chimney-pieces; opposite the long windows looking upon the Piazza is the dais for the ducal throne, now most appropriately occupied — as genius lives when worldly pomp is dead — by a sitting marble statue of the boy Raphael. It is a thing of wonderful beauty, exhibiting great technical skill, — a modern work, showing the grace and spirit of the ancients. With the appearance of gentle youth are joined the delicate hands and features of the artist, the noble lofty brow of intelligence and high ideals, the inset eye and concentrated look of genius.

Upon the walls here were a number of canvases, — also upon the walls of the stately apartments which opened now, one after the other, in a continuous procession of magnificence. The art of their fine proportions, colored friezes, carved pillars, mouldings and chimney-pieces, and intarsia-work upon doors and cabinets, was as beautiful as the art of the paintings that adorned them. The intarsia-work was especially remarkable; there were dozens of doors almost as fine as the celebrated choir-doors of S. Pietro at Perugia; the private library of Duke Federigo was filled with intarsia upon all the walls and ceiling, — forming scenes of every nature, and portraits of himself and others, with accuracy of perspective, grace, and expression. From this library a door opened upon a balcony in the turreted pavilion at the southwest angle of the palace, looking far over the gulf descending southwards from the saddle, and beyond the fortress-crowned western peak to where the white road to Florence wound towards the distant mountains.

Amongst the paintings there were four or five by Giovanni Santi. I looked them over at once upon catching sight of them, to see whether Raphael inherited his genius from his father. True enough, the heritage was there. Predominant were the grace of Raphael, his tender, Umbrian sort of beauty, his power of composition and expression, his executive ability. One painting represented a maiden standing in a fine open landscape, with a crown upon her head and a phial in her hand, — a simple subject, yet enthralling with its sweetness of tone. Her head was remarkably Raphaelesque. The other subjects were Madonna and Saints, S. Sebastian, S. Rocco, and Archangel Gabriel. So great is the likeness between Giovanni's work and his son's that the last canvas has been sometimes attributed to the son.

The paintings of Timoteo were next in order of interest; among them a marvelously beautiful St. Apollonia exactly in Raphael's manner and drawing. From this I saw where Raphael obtained his uniquely lovely women, not Umbrian, not Florentine, but of a style all their own; he never ceased to paint the type that he obtained from Timoteo, — not because he was unable to change it, but because he thought it the sweetest.

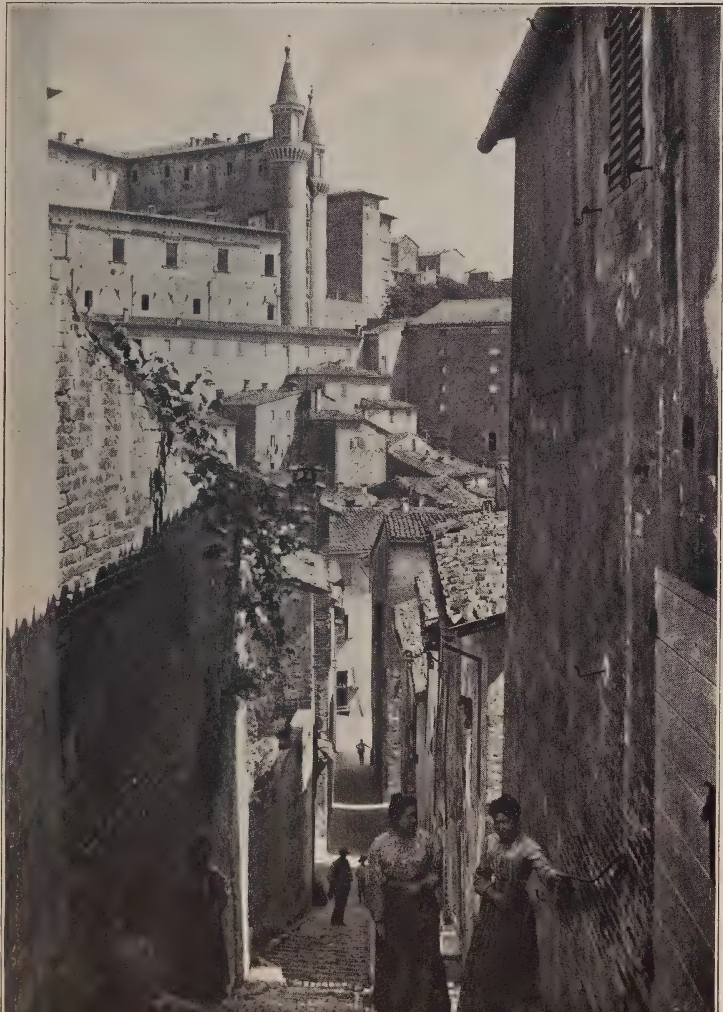
I found some works of another native of Urbino, Baroccio, which, like those of his elsewhere, were mostly overdone, overacted, and affected; one, however, a Stigmata of St. Francis, was really very fine, being remarkable for a clean-cut execution, effect of light and shadow, and powerful expression. There was an extraordinary architectural study by Piero della Francesca, unique at that period for its subject, and yet accurate in its details and perspective ; some panels by Paolo Uccelli (also of Urbino), noticeable for their lifelikeness ; two unimportant Titians ; an exquisite Annunciation by Vitelli, beautiful in color, tone, and finish ; and one of Fiorenzo da Lorenzo's lovely Madonnas, that contrasted with a crude Archangel by Barna da Siena.

I visited at different times many of the churches of Urbino, which have not been despoiled of all their objects of beauty. The most interesting sit upon the inner slope of the western peak, reached by lateral streets from the main thoroughfare, or Contrada Raffaelo, leading to the summit. One of these side-streets circles the hill-side to a northwestern gate of the city, whence a road continues westwards along the mountain slope ; and upon this street I found the little old church of S. Lucia. It was closed, but a boy rang up for me a good *padre*, who let me into it through his house, and exhibited two Signorelli's hung upon the rear walls, so far aloft that they could hardly be distinguished. They were the two sides of a church banner, and enough could be seen to recognize the familiar drawing and great power of the master.

South of the Contrada Raffaelo, just above the steep street falling down the ravine to the animal market, are perched the chapel of S.

Giuseppe and the Oratory of S. Giovanni. The former contains an unusual sculpture-group in plaster, representing the Nativity, with life-size figures of persons and animals upon a platform filling the whole end of the chapel. In the dusk the plaster shines like marble, and the perfect modern execution renders the scene one of wonderful vividness and dramatic power, creating an impression upon the beholder that he can never forget. The Oratory is filled upon all its walls with early quattrocentist frescoes by Lorenzo da S. Severino and his brother, of the school of Giotto, so retouched that their original worth is hidden; but they are of extraordinary realism, action, and execution for that period.

After all, next to the palace the most enjoyable thing about Urbino was to wander through its precipitous streets, climbing and descending their worn brick steps, watching the people living their outdoor life upon them, catching every moment new picturesque vistas of weather-stained crumbling façades and brown roofs falling into the valley and piling upon the peaks. Over the mass of them soared always the old campaniles, pealing the passing hours, sounding summons and anthems through the long summer days. And at eventide, when the sun had just disappeared behind the jagged mountains, they raised a grand united chorus that echoed through the calm air over valleys and hills, calling to



A STREET IN URBINO

the distant villages on crag and pinnacle, that answered now as they answered to Urbino, their suzerain, four hundred years ago.

A stay in Urbino, a stay in the wonderful old hill towns of Italy, must end — as all good things in this life must end. And one mellow afternoon found me rolling through the pass in the northern mountains, — with a lingering backward look at the ducal city enthroned upon her towered peak, — into the narrow valley of the Foglia. Eastwards then we hurried, down the ever widening vale with its dashing river, hour after hour, till the westward mountains receded low upon the horizon. Then, from level fields softly aglow with the color of the Orient in façades and tiles of village houses, I gazed at them for the last time, — those Apennines upon whose crags are perched the hundred hill towns of romance, art, and history, now darkening points against a sunset sky. Amongst those pinnacles — where I had been what seemed a lifetime, living over again the marvelous past of thirty centuries — were lovely Spoleto, ancient Viterbo, holy Assisi, proud Siena with her hundred palaces, castellated Volterra, San Gimignano with her mighty towers, jeweled Orvieto, and Perugia, queen of all, upon her cloud-swept citadel. There dwelt the Etruscans, there marched the conquering legions of Rome, there sprang into being in embattled times that wonderful Renaissance of Art and Literature and Religion which spread to all the world, to make it what it is to-day.

Forwards then, with a reluctant sigh, I turned my gaze; for man must ever forwards. And as the vanguard of Xenophon's Ten Thousand, after their months of marching homewards through the mountains of Asia, on seeing afar the dancing waters of the Euxine cried "Thalassa! Thalassa!" so did I exclaim "The sea!" For there it lay, deep blue in the rays of the setting sun; against the blue rose up the golden battlements of Pesaro, tower after tower soaring above them in refulgence against a cloudless sky; and beyond, over the rolling waves, skimmed the red-sailed fishing boats of the Adriatic.

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